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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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WHY MORE WOMEN VOTERS DON'T VOTE

When lovely woman stoops to voting, she sadly disappoints those who expect her to be the perfect citizen of the idealist's dream, and also those who thought equal suffrage would bring about a political millennium. This seems to be the general conclusion of newspaper editors throughout the country who have been asked by The Literary Digest as expert observers to give their opinion of the actual workings of woman suffrage. Few of these editors, however, would therefore call woman suffrage a failure, for most of them believe that the lately enfranchised woman voter should have a fair chance, and that she is doing at least as well as the male voter. The argument started, as our readers will remember, in a number of magazine articles, which came out early this year, containing declarations that woman suffrage is a failure because women "do not care for the vote, are not interested in using it," and have not benefited the country by having the ballot. This was the conclusion of Charles Edward Russell, and a woman writer, George Madden Martin, who were quoted in our columns in the issue of April 12. And so aggressive a leader in the woman's rights movement as Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont came back from England the other day to report that the women there "are far ahead of us" in politics.

But when we ask the editors of the country whether woman suffrage really has failed, we receive practically no affirmative replies. The Indianapolis *News* ventures to admit that "politics does seem to be closer to the lives of men than those of women," and a Texan editor comes to the same conclusion, but rather takes the edge off it by explaining that "the political mess the male voters have stirred up, and into which they have been invited, is so thoroughly disgusting that delicate women don't care to touch it."

A number of dailies which have been led to editorial treatment of the subject by the discussion in The Literary Digest find themselves still unable to come to a definite conclusion. Papers like the Boston *Herald*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and Syracuse *Post-Standard* in the East, and the Davenport *Democrat* and Omaha *Bee* in the Middle West, do little more than echo the old phrase, "there is much to be said on both sides."

A faithful supporter of equal suffrage, *The Illinois State Journal*, admits that unless they have some special personal or family contact with the political questions at issue, women do not vote, and that "on moral and quasi-moral questions women have not acted with the concert that was expected." But the Springfield editor does not consider this any argument against woman suffrage, which he believes to be based simply and solely on its justice. This is also the stand taken by the Duluth *Herald* and the San Diego *Union*. The Duluth *News-Tribune* declares that "women have and should have the right to vote, and that implies the right to make their own political mistakes." It may very well be that women do not vote as frequently, as intelligently, as independently, or with as wholesome an effect on the Government as they should. But all that is "more or less irrelevant"—

> "It would be as pertinent and as fitting now to discuss whether or not men should vote. Probably a very good case could be made out for the claim that we would have a better and more effective Government through a benevolent despotism. But men claim the right to make their own mistakes in government, and women should be accorded that same right."

All the woman voter lacks, in the opinion of several editors, is a little more education in voting. "Give women a square deal, equal chances, and as much time as would be accorded even school children for a primary education, and they will show these pessimists whether female suffrage is a failure," declares the Hamilton *News* in Ohio. The Wilkes-Barre *Record* realizes that the critics of the women voters have much truth on their side. "But," it argues—

> "It may be said of woman suffrage what is said of Prohibition, that the cause must grow, and there must be patience until its virtues can be fully demonstrated—in the case of suffrage by a period of preparation in which women may be educated up to the opportunities that the law grants them. It is a fact that at present comparatively few women take an interest in political affairs, but the various organizations under the leadership of women are growing in membership and the leaders are most aggressive in the way of educative influence. It required a good many years for the women to advance into their present position of independence from the time when wage-earning and salary-earning occupations were shunned as beyond their province. It may require as many years for the women to take hold of the voting privilege in a way to make their numerical representation at the polls as strong as that of the men. We can not judge from present conditions that woman suffrage is going to be a permanent failure.
>
> "The rest is merely a matter of education."

And in this matter of political education is involved not only the training of the woman voter but the development of women political leaders, say others. The development of such leaders "can not be accomplished in a moment," the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* reminds us, "and the success of woman suffrage probably depends on its leadership to a greater degree than on any other consideration." The same idea is interestingly developed by a New York State paper, the Watertown *Standard*, which believes that, after all, woman suffrage is a success:

> "Suffrage is comparatively so new that women have not raised their own leaders. Those in command in politics have been declared and appointed by men. In party work these appointees are not behind the men in ability and efficiency. Where a woman fulfils her political duty in a perfunctory manner, the organization head can readily match her with a man. With like opportunity women have shown themselves as capable as men, even tho they have voted only a few years. In judging women politically few give consideration to the fact that there isn't a man in politics worth while who has not been active for more than ten years. In fact, the new order of politics, due to direct primaries which makes voting and the preliminaries of election a card-index inanimate proposition, has not in the State of New York produced in either party a man promising to measure up to the leaders of the day who had the advantage of political forums

supplied by conventions. If the system hasn't produced a man, what chance for the development of a strong woman leader?"

It might be well to note also what some women have to say on this phase of the subject. Miss Opha F. Wren, who has charge of a department of women's activities in the Bloomington (Ill.) *Daily Pantagraph*, and is in close touch with many women's organizations, believes that "our women are voting very well. They are given far more consideration by the politicians than ever before, which probably indicates that their power is felt." She thinks that "in the majority of cases the women have worked toward ideals, whether or not those ideals could be reduced to practical operation," but she observes in a letter to THE LITERARY DIGEST that "women are natural crusaders" and "almost invariably endorse" the various "causes" which are presented to them by persons clever enough to stir their sympathies with a sentimental appeal. In her newspaper column, Miss Wren remarks that while women have not entirely lost the high aims of the suffrage campaigners, "the necessity of participating in politics as well as in government has cooled some of the fervor in which entrance thereto was made." She believes that women "are really thinking" and that they are gaining experience in clubs and societies for social, political and civic betterment, which will help them politically.

From a business woman in Shreveport, Louisiana, comes this indignant reply to the critics of the woman voter: "By George, it does look like the women should have been able to revolutionize the financial and political world in four years, when for centuries they have been trained to keep house, knit, and sit and look pretty, waiting for some man to come along and marry them in order that they might do what they have been trained to do!" For the most part, expostulates this woman, men have had a business training before going into politics, most women have not, and "as office-holders they will be failures, and can not expect to compete with the men, unless they are business women first." And the writer does not stop here. She has an answer to the criticism that women voters take no interest in the various political issues before the country:

> "As to the question propounded the women regarding various and sundry bills before Congress, I would like to ask how many men in the ordinary walks of life would recognize or know any more about the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill, the World Court, or the Sheppard-Towner law, than do women in comparison. I ask some intelligent business man every once in a while what he thinks about some subject being discust in the press and he usually answers: 'I am not keeping up with it in detail—just read the headlines.' Sometimes I get a thoughtful, sensible answer. Again, I ask about the capabilities of some two or more men running for office—where I know none of them—and am told that they know nothing about them either and they expect to 'just vote for either of them.' I usually keep on until I find some one who knows all candidates, as I can not bring myself to vote blindly, but I want to say that the average man is taking no more interest in the ballot than the women, and you might as well ask if suffrage has failed and not dub it particularly 'woman suffrage.' In my opinion neither are taking the interest in affairs that they should, or there would not be such wholesale scandal among our office-holders."

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SHE LEADS THE REPUBLICAN WOMEN

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton of Ohio, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee.

And there are plenty of men in editorial offices willing to agree with Miss Prudence Little, of Louisiana, that the masculine voter is just as blameworthy as the feminine.

The case is well put by the Philadelphia *Record:*

> "When the average male citizen of the United States shall have attained to that stage of political education where he will keep in reasonably close touch with governmental affairs, and can intelligently discuss the principal issues affecting the welfare of city, State and nation, it will be ample time for him to chide the women for their ignorance. Our own impression is that the lack of information on such subjects among male voters is appalling. The percentage of our citizens who are sufficiently interested in any political policy about which there are divergent opinions to inform themselves of more than one side of the question presented in the columns of their favorite newspaper is infinitely small. Political opinions are as a rule received ready-made from the columns of partizan organs, and the facts on which they are founded are very widely ignored. Who can blame the women if, with the evil example of the men before them, they content themselves largely with a glance at the headlines of the news regarding legislation, economics and administration, and turn to the topics which interest them in lieu of sports, markets and comics that engage the absorbed attention of the bulk of the men?
>
> "Let him that is without the sin of civic lethargy cast the first stone."

It is rather risky, observes a Western daily, the Helena *Independent*, "to charge the women with ignorance of political and governmental affairs, when the average male citizen, with his years of experience with the ballot, displays ignorance and frequently amazes his hearers by the peculiar twist he has on public affairs, much of which he has sponged from the saying of some professional politician." Or, as the Akron *Times* asks, "if the retention of male suffrage were contingent upon the results achieved by men voters, in how many States would it survive a single decade?" That the women voters are doing just as well as the men voters is likewise the conclusion of the Newcastle (Pa.) *Herald*, Newark (O.) *American Tribune*, Akron *Beacon Journal*, Grand Rapids *Herald*, Jackson (Mich.) *Citizen Patriot*, Des Moines *Capital*, Lincoln *Star*, Duluth *Herald* and Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*. The Cincinnati *Post* believes that when it comes to comparing the sexes politically, the woman voter has a shade the best of it:

> "No men voters have organized a voters' league to study the problems of citizenship; but women have.
>
> "No men voters are conducting schools of citizenship; but women are conducting such schools in many sections of the city.
>
> "The only men who are interested in politics and government every day of the year are the politicians and the office-holders.
>
> "Before we throw stones at the new woman voter, let us inspect our own glass house."

Women's organizations, according to the Bismarck (N. D.) *Tribune*, "probably have accomplished more minority legislation through the vigor of their lobbies and threat of retaliation than men's organizations."

One point made by the critics quoted in THE LITERARY DIGEST, was that "suffrage has only doubled the vote." The implication, observes the Phœnix *Republican*, is that it would have been better to let the husband do the voting for the family, since his wife votes as he does anyway. But the Arizona editor argues:

> "If that is so, why increase the vote by admitting the son to suffrage on his attaining his majority, when there is yet living to represent the family, the father? The son is as likely to take the political shade of the father as the wife is to adopt the party view of her husband. It is one of the peculiarities of party politics and religious beliefs, that they are matters of inheritance."

As a matter of fact, "women are wielding a considerable influence in politics," declares the Oil City (Pa.) *Derrick*, adding:

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SHE LEADS THE DEMOCRATIC WOMEN

Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, Vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and National Committee-woman from Missouri.

> "Those who run for office are trying hard to get the votes of women, for women are voting, and in many cases are making a real study of the political situation before going to the polls. Politicians are finding conditions changed, and are in many cases changing front in attempts to win the approval of the new voters."

Woman suffrage is proving, in the opinion of the Grand Rapids *Press*, "an acquisition of a new and very desirable influence, particularly for practical changes in the interest of humanity." In Indiana, the Muncie *Press* voices its belief "that wherever the women have exercised the franchise they generally have directed it for better things." And it asks:

> "If Prohibition were to be submitted to a national referendum, who doubts that women would appear at the polls in equal number with the men? And who, incidentally, doubts as to which side would get these votes?"

The Prohibition issue also occurs to the mind of an editor on the editorial page of the Cleveland *News*, who says:

> "A good test of the soundness of these conflicting judgments passed upon woman suffrage, as it has actually functioned, can be made by considering what enemies it has made, what forces would be glad to see the ballot taken from women.
>
> "For example, it is clear that the liquor interests would rejoice if that could be done. They would be delighted in Cleveland. They would hope, all over Ohio, that Prohibition could be wiped off the statute books of the State and the nation. That feeling is common to the wets of the entire country.
>
> "And so of the grosser and more brazen forces of evil in politics. Every bestial person who tries to make money unlawfully or gain power in public office, or as a political boss, would like to see woman suffrage abolished. He knows that the feeling of women toward such persons as himself is more hostile than the attitude of men.
>
> "On the other hand, the elements in the population that care most for high principles and exalted standards in public affairs are most thankful that woman suffrage is here to stay."

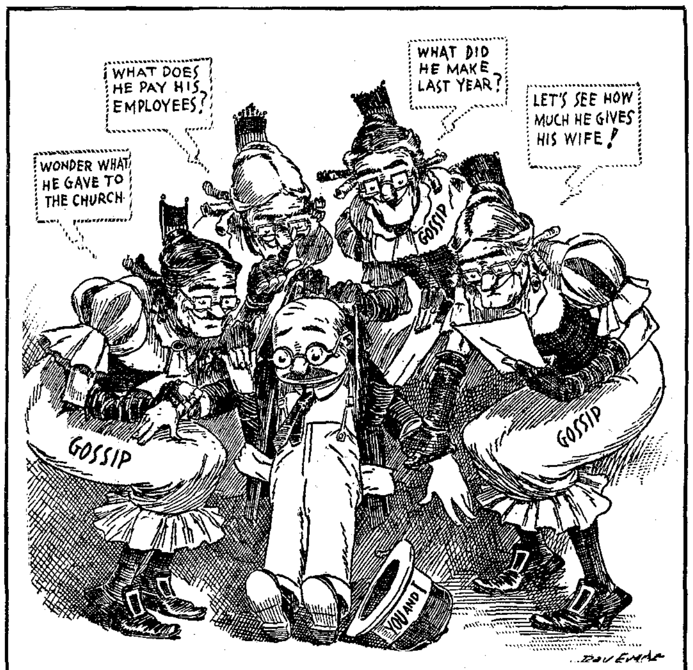
Several editorial writers call particular attention to the results of woman suffrage in their own States. In Washington, says the Seattle *Times*, "suffrage is a success." It is asserted that in this Pacific coast State women have many times turned the tide in important local elections. In the neighboring State of Oregon, the Portland *Telegram* points out that "State-wide Prohibition was lost by about 19,000 votes in 1912," before women voted; "two years later, with the women voting, Prohibition carried by 36,000." "Making all due allowance for a growing sentiment throughout the State for Prohibition between 1912 and 1914, the woman vote must be credited with carrying the State for Prohibition." And, continues *The Telegram*, "this is not all":

> "It must be credited with keeping Prohibition a permanent fixture here. The Anti-Saloon League leaders say that once the women voters believe a candidate for a law-enforcing office to be crooked or unquestionably wet, they may be depended upon to defeat him. Not only this. Evil-doers in Oregon have it in the back of their heads that women do not like evil doings and that these women have a ballot. In this way the women voters of this State are like a standing Army, that tho it may never be called out is its own reason for not being called out."

In Wisconsin, the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, Madison *Journal*, and La Cross *Tribune* agree that women have become a large factor in State politics and that their influence has been potent in bringing about better legislation on such matters as child labor, regulation of industry, penal reform, public health, public morals and education. "The women of Burlington proved the big factor in the recent municipal campaign," admits *The Hawkeye* from that Iowa city. Women are forcing the recognition of high ideals in Indiana, declares the Evansville *Journal*. In Ohio, Mr. Erie C. Hopwood, the editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, makes this detailed answer to the three questions which have been so widely asked:

> "(1) Are women voting?
>
> "In Cleveland and in Ohio generally they are not voting to the extent many advocates of suffrage expected. Only about one-third of those legally entitled to vote do so. These are the more intelligent women, and as a rule the percentage of women voters is in proportion to the intelligence of the neighborhood. Political bosses in controlled districts have not been successful in getting out or handling the woman's vote.
>
> "(2) Are women making their power felt?
>
> "There is no doubt whatever about this. Any one who has observed a State political gathering within the last year or so must have been imprest with the rather obvious efforts of the old party chiefs to win the favor of women delegates.
>
> "(3) Has the result been beneficial?
>
> "There is no doubt of this, either. The general effect of giving women the vote is to strengthen the support of worthy undertakings and to make the practise of political 'skullduggery' by party bosses more difficult. The activities of women in party politics are as yet somewhat amateurish, which is to be expected. The mere fact, however, of the woman's vote in the background is a very strong guaranty for decency in government."

In Pennsylvania, Mrs. W. A. Taylor, Republican State Committee-woman, is quoted in the Newcastle *News* as saying that women "have brought a tremendous influence to bear upon the party politics in the way of a better class of candidates." According to the Watertown *Times* in northern New York, "the votes of women are revolutionizing politics in this section and for the better, and to an equal degree improving the strata our of public servants." Woman suffrage is a decided success in Maine, agree *The Press-Herald* and *The Evening Express and Advertiser* of Portland. In another New England State, the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Post* takes a poll of men and women prominent politically in its section of the State, and finds them generally agreed that woman suffrage is by no means a failure. "Year after year," says Mayor F. W. Behrens of Bridgeport, more of the women "are going into politics, first getting interested in their district politics and gradually expanding into a broader field, learning as they go along."


WHAT DOES HE PAY HIS EMPLOYEES?
WHAT DID HE MAKE LAST YEAR?
LET'S SEE HOW MUCH HE GIVES HIS WIFE!
WONDER WHAT HE GAVE TO THE CHURCH
GOSSIP
GOSSIP
GOSSIP
YOU AND I

IF WE HAD PUBLICITY OF INCOME-TAX RETURNS

—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

THE SENATE TAX BILL

THE SENATE HAS DONE ITS BEST to strangle tax-reduction, concludes the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer*, as it surveys the tax revision and revenue bill passed by the Senate, May 10. In general, the rates in the Senate bill are lower on small incomes and higher on large incomes than those in either the House bill, passed February 29, or the Mellon plan, and far lower on all incomes than is provided by the present law. The most objectionable features of the new Democratic measure, Washington correspondents agree, are the graduated corporation tax and the amendments providing for full publicity of tax returns, to both of which President Coolidge strongly objects. But a blanket reduction of 25 per cent. on all income taxes payable this year is included in the Senate bill, and in the event of a Presidential veto, because of the new measure's "obnoxious" features, Mr. Coolidge, it is predicted, will recommend the enactment of a resolution to provide for this reduction.

The Senate bill, reports Arthur Sears Henning, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, is more radical than the bill as passed by the House, which also is much different from the Mellon plan supported by the Administration. It was passed, we are told, by a coalition of Democrats and the Republican insurgents comprising the La Follette group, who are said to be the sponsors of the income-tax publicity provision. But while these insurgent forces appear to hold the balance of power in both the Senate and House, "they have not the two-thirds majority that would be necessary to pass the tax bill over the President's veto," explains W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*. "Mr. Coolidge wants a permanent tax policy; Congress wants to give him a temporary expedient designed to catch votes," declares this veteran political writer. The chief features of the Senate bill, several of which may be changed in conference before the measure is sent to the President, are thus set forth and compared with the House and Mellon plans and the present law by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

"1. A 25 per cent. flat reduction on all income taxes payable this yera. This provision tallies with the bill as passed by the House.

"2. The Simmons normal tax rates of 2, 4 and 6 per cent., as against 2, 5 and 6 per cent. in the House bill, 2 and 6 per cent. in the Mellon plan, and 4 and 3 per cent. in the present law.

"3. The Simmons surtax rates, providing a maximum of 40 per cent. above $500,000, compared with 37½ per cent. above $200,000 in the House bill, 25 per cent. above $100,000 in the Mellon plan and 50 per cent. above $200,000 in the present law.

"4. A personal exemption of $2,500 for all heads of families, compared with the provision of all three of the other plans, limiting the exemption to persons with incomes of $5,000 or less.

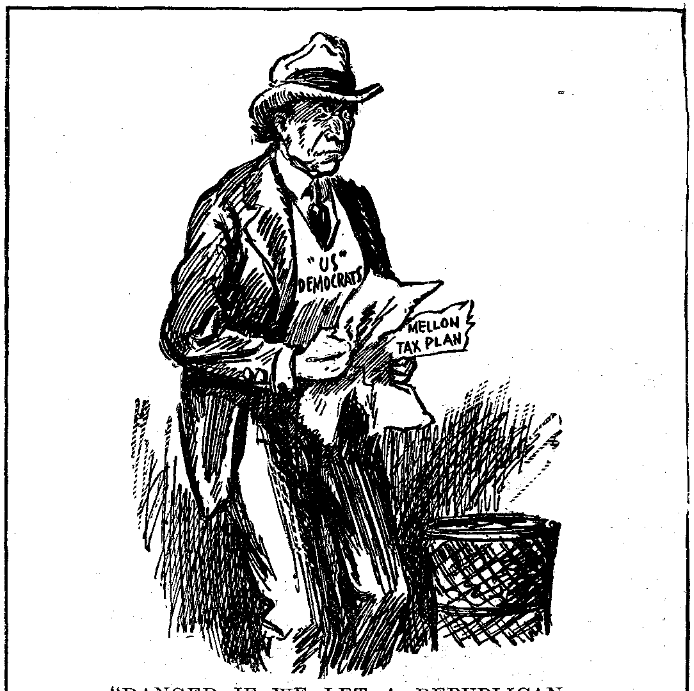
"5. A 25 per cent. reduction of the tax on earned income.

"6. A graduated tax on corporation income, consisting of a normal tax rate of 9 per cent. on all earnings and surtaxes up to 40 per cent. in undistributed earnings. This repeals the 12½ per cent. tax on corporations and the capital stock tax on the present law, which is retained in the House bill.

"7. An inheritance tax of from 1 to 36 per cent. on legacies to be paid by individual beneficiaries, instead of the tax from 1 to 25 per cent. paid by estates under the present law.

"8. A tax on gifts with rates of 1 to 36 per cent. In the House bill the rate is 1 to 40 per cent.

"9. Excise taxes are repealed on telephone and telegraph messages, candy, automobile accessories, carpets, rugs, suit-cases, and are reduced on automobile tires and trucks, amusement admissions and jewelry.



"DANGED IF WE LET A REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION REDUCE OUR TAXES!"

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

"10. Complete publicity of tax returns and proceedings before the board of tax appeals. The House bill limits publicity to inspection by certain Congressional committees."

The following table, compiled by the New York *Times*, shows the total amount of tax, including both normal and surtaxes, which a married man with no dependents would have to pay under the various schedules:

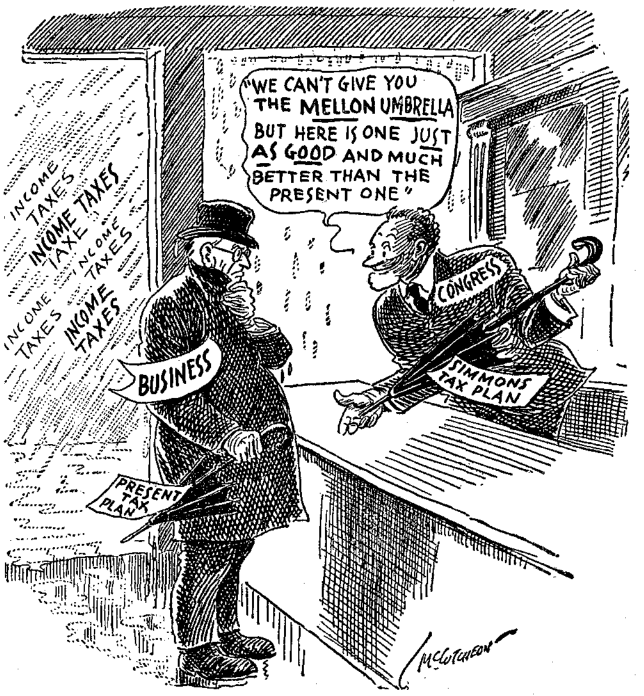
Net Income	*Present Law*	*House*	*Senate*
$3,000	$20	$7	$7.50
4,000	60	22	22.50
5,000	100	37	37.50
10,000	520	265	207.50
20,000	1,720	1,165	1,017.50
30,000	3,520	2,515	2,317.50
50,000	8,640	6,190	6,137.50
80,000	20,040	14,740	14,877.50
100,000	30,140	22,315	22,617.50
200,000	86,640	64,690	65,617.50
500,000	260,640	195,190	199,617.50

The present bill, as it passed the Senate, is sure to result in a deficit of at least $65,000,000, in the opinion of Senator Smoot, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. But, observes the New York *World* (Dem.), "that is nothing to worry about. A deficit is a much better friend of economy than a surplus."

Speaking generally, the independent Detroit *Free Press* charges the Senate with "flouting the country, which had exprest itself clearly in favor of the Mellon plan." "Instead of a measure to produce revenue," asserts the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* (Rep.), "it is one designed to produce votes for Democratic candidates. It might properly be entitled 'a bill to deceive the people.'" Its "defects" are exposed in detail in the following Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.) editorial:

> "The bill as it now stands is as far removed as possible from the excellent measure framed by Secretary Mellon. It establishes cuts in taxation which seem to threaten a Treasury deficit. The cut in the surtaxes is so insignificant that it denies the logical purpose that any process of cutting would have respected, which is that the end to be reached by reducing surtaxes is to induce capital to leave the refuge of tax-exempt securities and invest itself in business enterprises. Business incomes will continue to be penalized under such a system and the growth of business will be correspondingly halted with losses that business must ultimately share with the wage-earner and the consumer.
>
> "The majority in both Houses of Congress has regarded the tax-reduction issue as a political game. The game has been played against a perfectly clear expression of public opinion. So far as that opinion could be crystallized and exprest it has been overwhelmingly in favor of the Mellon plan."

Perhaps the section of the Senate measure that comes in for the greatest number of scathing editorials is the Jones amendment for graduated taxation of undistributed corporate profits, altho the Norris amendment providing for publicity of tax returns also receives a large share of editorial attention. Under the Jones plan, explains the Boston *News Bureau*, a financial daily, unless a corporation distributed 90 per cent. of its net profits, a graduated surtax scale would begin to operate. "This would be penalizing prudence. It would weaken sorely the reserve strength behind the business prosperity of the nation. It would cause an epidemic of enforced cash dividends," avers this financial authority. "It would promote bankruptcies and unemployment," agrees the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.). "It would tax corporation surpluses out of existence," maintains the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* (Ind. Rep.), which goes on to say:



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AT LEAST BUSINESS WON'T GET SOAKED AS BAD UNDER THE NEW PLAN AS IT WAS UNDER THE OLD

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

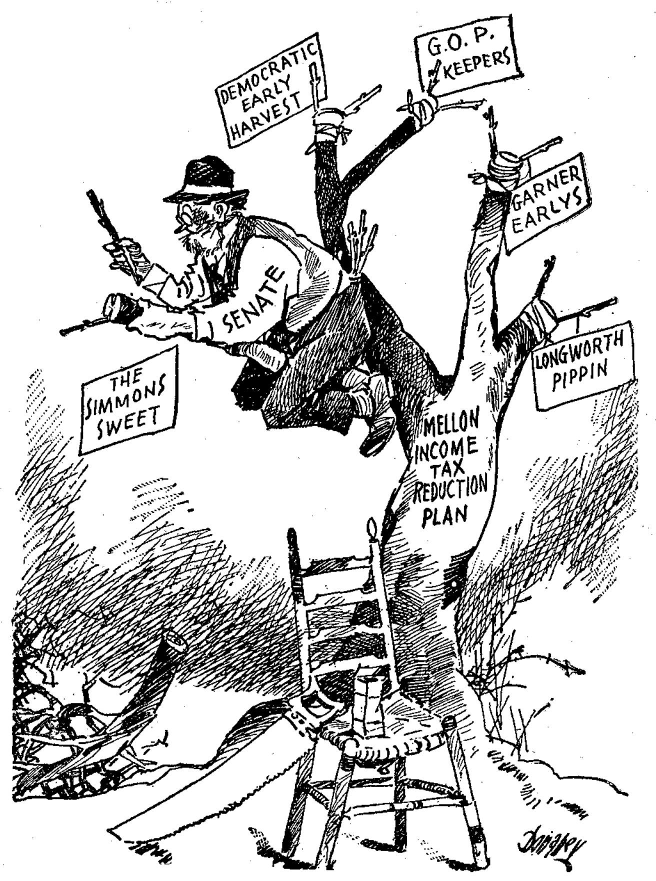
> "This plan throws the American tradition of thrift overboard. The thrifty business, like the thrifty individual, always lays something aside for the rainy day. In the case of the corporation, this sum laid aside is called a surplus.
>
> "The newest Congressional proposal is to lay such taxes upon this surplus that the business can not afford to maintain one. The effect, of course, will be to compel every business to declare in dividends its entire net profit, leaving nothing in the treasury to meet emergencies, to expand the business, or to employ in periods of business depression. That, it need hardly be said, is the high road to business destruction."

Senator Jones, sponsor of the amendment, however, denies that there is any harm in it. Says the Democratic Senator from New Mexico, according to the New York *World:*

> "1. The proposal does not apply to or affect in any manner accumulated surplus of corporations.
>
> "2. The Republican proposal would impose a flat 14 per cent. tax upon the net incomes of all corporations. The Democratic tax upon the annual net income is graduated according to the percentage of the net income after paying of the dividends and all taxes, including the Federal tax. No surtax is imposed upon corporations whose net income does not exceed $10,000."

As for publicity for tax returns, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.) is of the opinion that "this would be of great assistance to tax officials in checking up suspected discrepancies." "Until we have publicity of tax returns, there can be no assurance that the big fellows are making honest returns," thinks the independent Cincinnati *Post.* "Moreover," believes the Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.), "just as long as secrecy continues, corruption will flourish. The rebates at Washington have been so large as to cause a national scandal."

To the Detroit *Free Press,* however, "the provision permitting publicity of tax returns is vicious. It serves no legitimate purpose whatever." And the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Ind.) "can conceive of no more pernicious interference with individual rights and liberties." Furthermore, declares the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), "no other country in the civilized world has so much as suggested action of this sort."



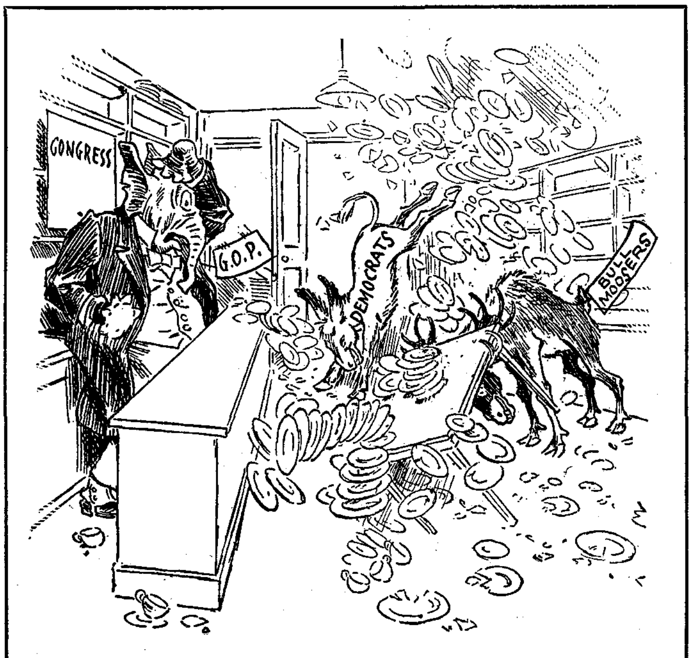
YOU WON'T KNOW THE OLD TREE!

—Donahey in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

CALVIN COOLIDGE AS LEADER

IN "ALL HER STRANGE adventuring through topsy-turveydom," Alice never encountered anything in Wonderland quite so ridiculous as the present position of President Coolidge, reflects an observant editor. Accepted as leader of his party by the press and the voters, winner in one primary contest after another, defeating Hiram Johnson in his own State, with a practically unanimous nomination for the Presidency assured at the Republican convention next month, with the betting on Wall Street two to one that he will be elected in November, with his party's spokesmen holding up his character as the party's greatest asset, there can, a New York State Republican paper observes, "be no doubt of Mr. Coolidge's leadership of the national Republican party." On the other hand, editors and correspondents are calling attention to what amounts to a virtual repudiation of his leadership by his own party in Congress. Throughout the session, remarks the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.), "a Republican Congress has devoted itself to bloodying the President's nose, boxing his ears, and otherwise maltreating him." Within the short nine months Mr. Coolidge has been President, he has, we are told, "been more completely repudiated by the elected members of his own party in both Houses of Congress than any other President in American history." And the amazing thing about it all, adds the Nebraska editor, is that "the same leaders that rubbed his nose in the dirt enthusiastically declare themselves for his renomination and reelection." One of the President's strongest supporters, simply calls it "a Coolidge hazing." Other editors and Washington correspondents testify to the same amazing situation, that, in the words of the Wichita *Eagle* (Ind.), "the Republican leader at the moment of his greatest party prestige, finds himself unable to do anything with Congress."

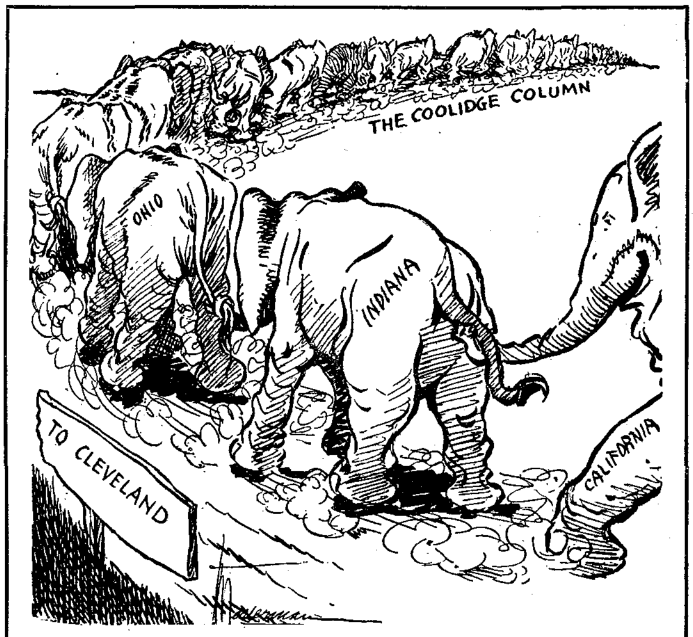
By editors and Washington correspondents we are reminded that the members of his own party in Congress have repudiated the President's leadership and recommendations in connection with taxation, the bonus, the World Court, farm relief, Japanese exclusion, pensions, railroad regulation, departmental investigations, and certain executive appointments. Why, remarks the Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.), "it seems that the Coolidge O. K. is sure to defeat any policy." "The things he approved Congress has disapproved," observes the Philadelphia *Public Ledger;* "those things he disapproved Congress has approved." The Rochester *Herald* (Ind.) calls it "an unlovely muddle into which President Coolidge has allowed himself to be jockeyed by the leaders in the Senate and the House; he finds himself unable to obtain the passage of any administrative measure." "A Leader without Followers" is the New York *World's* headline characterization of the situation. The Chicago *Evening Post*, a Republican paper, is convinced "that a considerable faction of the party is doing its best to embarrass the Administration," and that the Republican leadership in House and Senate is incapable of preventing it, at times apparently unwilling to try. "Extraordinarily successful" as Mr. Coolidge has been "with the political campaigning aspect of the problem which he has had to solve," the New York *Times* finds him now facing his "main job":



MORE ANIMALS IN THE CHINA SHOP
—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record.*

> "The great question for him is whether he will be able to assert his authority as both President and leader of his party. This can be settled only by the play of personality in private consultations; by the use of Executive power where it will do the most good in bringing offish Senators and Representatives to heel, and by steady pressure upon Republicans in Congress not to discredit and repudiate the President whom the party is soon to choose to lead it in the Presidential campaign. Here is a labor, here is a political and governmental crisis, fitted to call out the utmost strength of Mr. Coolidge."

President Coolidge may have the leadership of the Republican party, remarks the Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.), "but the Republican party just now more nearly resembles a riot than an institution," while the New York *Journal of Commerce* notes that he seems to have the support of neither wing of his party. "Apparently the machine element is determined to 'fall upon' him, as Mr. Wickersham has said, 'sword in hand,' at every opportunity, while the progressive tactics of the past few days reflect the hostile attitude of that section of the party." And this non-partizan businessman's paper asks:

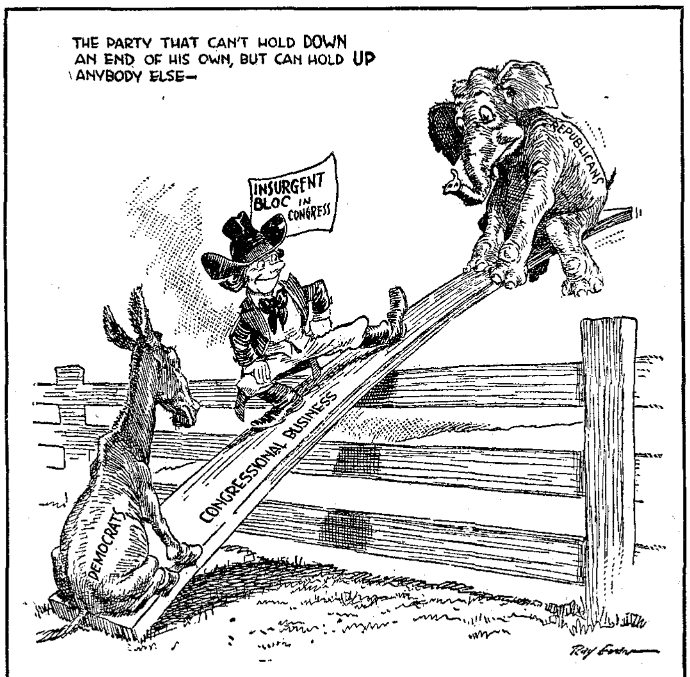


SWISH! SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!
—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal.*

> "If the President has no support of a real sort from either group, what can be expected during the coming four years should he be reelected? Evidently nothing except continual dissension, with the probable outcome that every measure of any importance will be distorted and perverted just as the Tax Bill has been. There were many who believed, and sincerely, that radical railroad schemes had been laid aside under the influence of President Coolidge's White House breakfasts and Vermont maple syrup. The revival of a number of other schemes now pending in Congress shows how futile was this "get together" effort and how obsolete was the conception of party problems which could adopt it.
>
> "The time has unquestionably arrived when the President

must plainly meet the problem of reorganizing his party. Another four years of the same kind of controversy that has prevailed during the past three years would be almost intolerable. Absolute impotence at the White House, threats of vetoes, passage of measures of first rank over such vetoes, and constant warfare upon the strongest and ablest of the President's advisers, is a picture of confusion which would be astonishing did we view it in perspective from a distance in time or place. It grows clearer and clearer that the President, if he is to succeed at all or is to have either satisfaction or success in another term of office, must be, as Mr. Hughes has put it, 'his own platform and his own party.' Whether he likes it or not, this rôle is rendered more and more necessary by the defection and solemnness of the 'regulars' and the fact that he is himself unable to make friends with the Progressives. He must meet the issue of an independent and conservative policy of his own in home and foreign affairs, and must appeal to the public for direct support in it."

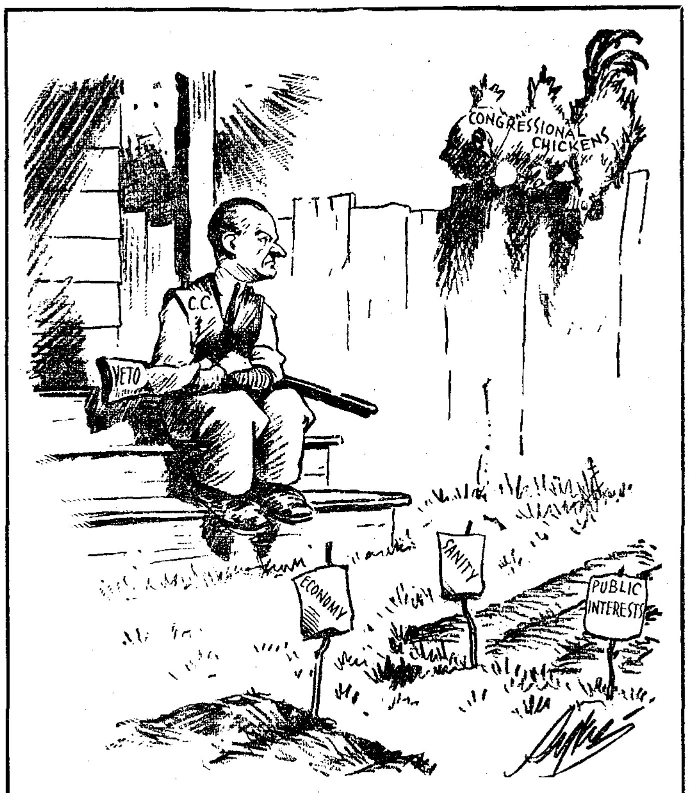
In another editorial this New York newspaper says that "either President Coolidge is not representative of the people or Congress is not." The President's support in conventions and primaries ought to be a warning to Congress, suggests the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "that a great part of the public is with him" and "against the bloc-rule Congress that opposes him." This is also the opinion of such papers as the Buffalo *Express* (Rep.), Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.), and Detroit *News* (Ind.). The New Haven *Register* (Ind.) sees every day making it more probable that President Coolidge "will not only be unanimously nominated and triumphantly elected, but that he will so sway the country as to secure the election of a Congress considerably different from the present one."


THE PARTY THAT CAN'T HOLD DOWN AN END OF HIS OWN, BUT CAN HOLD UP ANYBODY ELSE—
INSURGENT BLOC IN CONGRESS
REPUBLICANS
CONGRESSIONAL BUSINESS
DEMOCRATS
Ray Evans

THE BALANCE OF POWER

—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

But the Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.) declares itself unable to share the view-point of "the majority of newspapers in the centers of industry and finance" which support the President's policies, and insist that he and not Congress reflects public sentiment. *The Citizen* "believes that the Senators and Representatives are closer in touch with the people than either the President or the newspapers in question. The latter reflect the views of 'big business' and 'high finance,' whereas the Senate and House reflect the views of the plain people, and, as Abraham Lincoln said, 'God loves the plain people, for He made so many of them.' Another Democratic journal, the Nashville *Tennessean*, hints that the real explanation of this Coolidge puzzle lies in the fact that the Republican leaders in Washington can see behind the protective screen in front of a President and realize that Mr. Coolidge, to quote one correspondent, "is no man for a crisis, but as a leader he has to be pushed." The Nashville paper is convinced that it is known perfectly well in Washington that "there never has been an occupant of the White House whose lack of capacity for the office has been greater, but whose failures have been so screened from public view."



ON GUARD

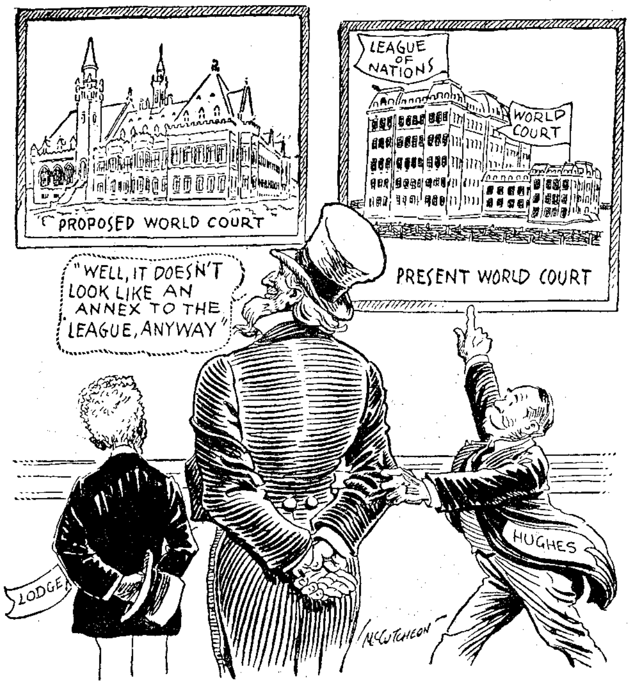
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

But to other writers the solution is to be found, not in Mr. Coolidge's personality, or the demerits of Senators and Representatives, but in the simple fact, as the Wichita *Eagle* (Dem.) sees it:

> "That the President is practising one kind of politics and Congress is practising another. The President is thinking in terms of party solidarity. Many Republicans in Congress are thinking in terms of personal survival. The President believes that he can succeed only as the party succeeds. Many Republicans in House and Senate know that if they succeed this year at the elections, it must be on personal not party grounds. The President's idea and the Congress idea will not mix."

The real trouble, the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and Chicago *Journal of Commerce* contend, is that party government has given way to bloc government, or group government, in Congress. And Clinton W. Gilbert, an astute and experienced Washington correspondent, undertakes, in the New York *Evening Post*, to show how this fact has lessened a President's influence over Congress:

> "The power of the President lay in the fact that he had a majority in Congress to rubber-stamp his acts. When the opposition had a majority in the legislative branch there existed a sort of deadlock, but Congress, by consent of both parties, did not invade the Executive department and tell the President what to do, as is its practise now. There is not now a majority to support the President in either House of Congress. No rubber-stamping is done. Nor is there likelihood that the next President, whether Republican or Democratic, will have a majority in either house of Congress. Barring a landslide one way or the other, La Follette's scheme for getting Progressives named by either Republicans or Democrats in the doubtful districts almost certainly assures a balance-of-power group following La Follette for the next two or four years. So the next President is almost sure to be deprived of his legislative rubber stamp. By that much the importance of the Executive is diminished and the importance of Congress is increased."



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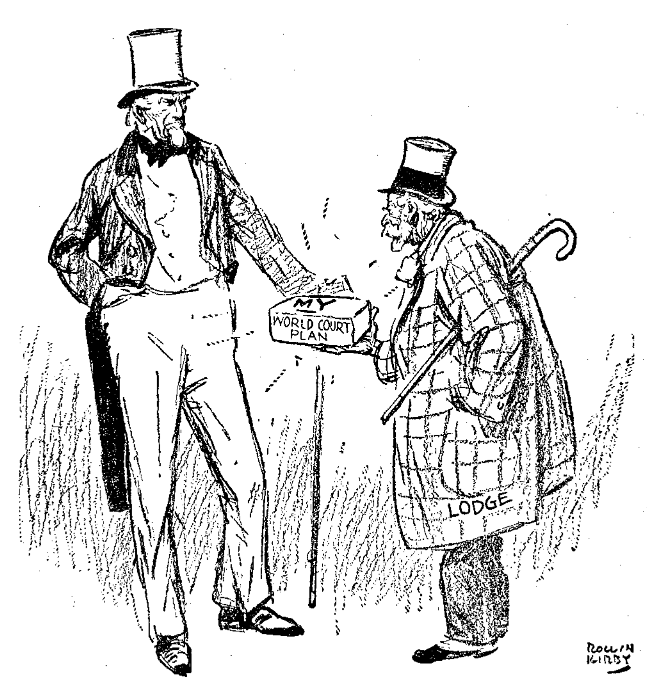
IT LOOKS BETTER THAN THE PRESENT COURT

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.



HE KNOWS A GOLD BRICK WHEN HE SEES IT

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

TWO IDEAS OF WHAT MR. LODGE'S COURT LOOKS LIKE

LODGE'S PLAN FOR A NEW WORLD COURT

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, IN HIS FIRST MESSAGE to Congress last December, recommended that the Government give its support to the Permanent Court of International Justice, popularly known as the World Court, since this body represented the only practical plan on which many nations had agreed. Incidentally, this was also the position taken by President Harding; he and Secretary of State Hughes proposed our adherence to the World Court under reservations that would separate it from the League. Senator Lodge was opposed to the Harding-Hughes plan from the outset, according to Washington correspondents, and now the Senator from Massachusetts comes forward with a World Court plan of his own.

The Court now functioning was set up by the League of Nations. Senator Lodge ignores the existing tribunal, and by a resolution introduced in the Senate May 8 would have President Coolidge call The Hague Conference into session to create a new World Court. The new tribunal would be free in every respect from the League of Nations. This proposal, coming from the titular leader of the Senate Republicans, who also is Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, was something of a bombshell in political circles. The President, says a Universal Service dispatch from Washington, was not directly consulted about the Lodge proposal before it was made.

Robert Barry, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, says of this new plan and some of its more important provisions:

"Senator Lodge proposes to have all the signatory Powers to his World Court protocol compose an electoral commission performing the same function as those now assigned to the Assembly of the League in the elections. As a substitute for the Council of the League—the check against minor Powers—Senator Lodge would create a special commission, almost identical with the Council of the League. It would be composed of the United States, the British Empire, France, Japan and Italy, and five other nations to be elected by vote of the other signatories. The League Council has the same five major Powers and four other member-nations.

"One of the very pronounced provisions of the Lodge plan would be that it would restrict the voting strength of the British Empire in the election of Judges. Mr. Lodge would restrict the representation to the Empire and exclude 'any dominion, colony or other component part of a State.'

"The Court would have original jurisdiction over questions specifically referred to arbitration by treaties among nations.

"The Court would have power to enforce compulsory arbitration over any and all disputes wherever the signatory nations designated such authority to it.

"Exclusively justiciable issues, such as interpretation of treaties, questions of international law, and penalties for the breach of international obligations would thus become subject to 'compulsory arbitration.'"

Among the sixty-seven Articles in the Lodge plan, which nearly fill an ordinary newspaper page, we also find the following:

"The Court shall consist of sixteen members—twelve Judges and four Deputy Judges. The number of Judges and Deputy Judges may hereafter be increased by a two-thirds vote of all the members of the Special Committee to a total of fifteen Judges and six Deputy Judges.

"The Judges shall be elected for a term of nine years, to begin on a date fixt by the Electoral Commission at each election.

"The Judges shall receive an annual indemnity of 15,000 Dutch florins [about $5,600].

"The Court shall not have jurisdiction to render advisory opinions on any question which affects the admission of aliens into the United States, ... or any question which depends upon or involves the maintenance of the traditional attitude of the United States concerning American questions, commonly described as the Monroe Doctrine, or other purely government policy or any question which is considered by the Government of the United States to be a domestic question.

"The Court shall be bound by the principle that international law recognizes the authority of the laws of the United States within its own jurisdiction as applied to foreigners or to foreign-owned property therein, whether in time of peace or war.

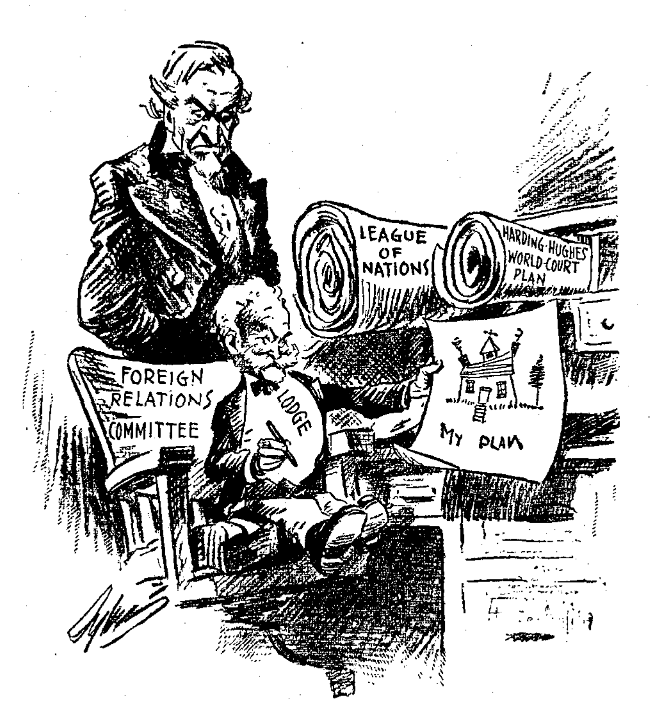
"Before a case in which the United States is concerned can be submitted to the Court a special agreement must be concluded between the United States and the other parties in interest, defining clearly the matter in dispute, the scope of the powers of the Court, and the periods for the several stages of procedure, and such special agreements on the part of the United States can only be made by the President of the United States by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof."

"No such piece of buffoonery ever has been brought forward by a responsible statesman," concludes George W. Wickersham, Attorney-General in the Taft Cabinet. This authority considers the Lodge plan "an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the people" who favor the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge plan. "It is a 'sop' offered to meet the impressive demand for a World Court," agrees the Democratic Raleigh *News and Observer*. "The whole Lodge scheme is a piece of colossal impudence toward the fifty-one nations that have put the World Court into operation, and an affront to the intelligence of the American people," declares the Hartford *Times* (Ind. Dem.). "Why fool with the present World Court?" asks the independent Kansas City *Star*.

According to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, "the Lodge plan is generally regarded here as largely academic, as there appears to be no prospect of action upon it during the present session of Congress." For this and other reasons the New York *Evening World* (Ind. Dem.) considers the new plan "palpably dishonest." "It is our old friend, the red herring," in the opinion of the independent New York *Evening Post*, and the "brazen insincerity" of the Lodge plan does not deceive the independent Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which says:

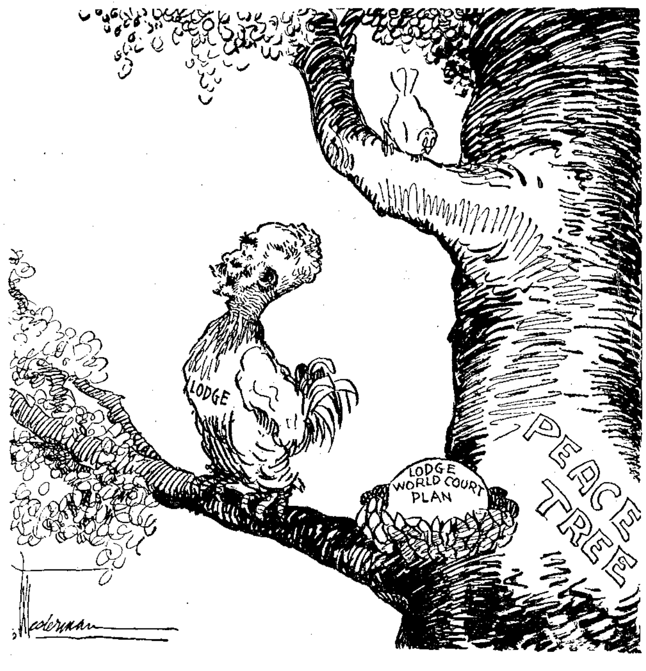
> "This new court move is a false move. There is little political interest to-day in either League or Court. Thrusting them into the campaign will result in a muddling of issues and the muddying of political thought. Old hates will be stirred and old rancors resurrected. The paramount issues in America to-day are domestic issues. They should be kept paramount."

While it is not surprizing in a Presidential year to see Democratic editors firing broadsides at the plan of the Republican leader of the Senate, we find the Albany *Knickerbocker-Press* (Ind. Rep.) of the opinion that "the only purpose really served by the Lodge proposal is to muddle the World Court question in the public mind." And another independent Republican paper in the Senator's own State, the Boston *Herald*, finds it "hard to conclude that the plan is not a makeshift, an expedient, and not much besides." "It is a backfire on the plan indorsed by two Republican Presidents and a Republican Secretary of State," avers an independent Massachusetts paper, the Springfield *Republican*. The Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.) looks upon the Lodge plan as a "political subterfuge, evolved on the eve of a Presidential election to catch the votes which Hiram Johnson lost through his opposition to the World Court idea." "Here is no bona fide plan for associating the United States with the World Court movement, but a scheme for shelving the only practicable court plan now in sight," declares the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, (Ind. Dem.). The independent Democratic Brooklyn *Eagle* asserts, however, that—



"GOSH, IS THAT ALL YOU'VE BEEN DOING."

—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post*.



CUT—CUT—CUT—CATAW—CUT!

—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*.

> "Mr. Lodge will not fool intelligent citizens as to his real intent by this maneuver. He will not mislead the numerous organizations of voters which have spoken in unmistakable language to the subcommittee of his Foreign Relations Committee. They know that responsibility for the defeat of the World Court project will lie at the door of the Republican party, as represented in the Senate; that it can not be dodged by counter-proposals, by evasion, by multiplied hearings or by windy debate. They know that Mr. Lodge's real purpose is to confuse the issue, if he can, and by confusion to bury the World Court program so deep that it can never be exhumed."

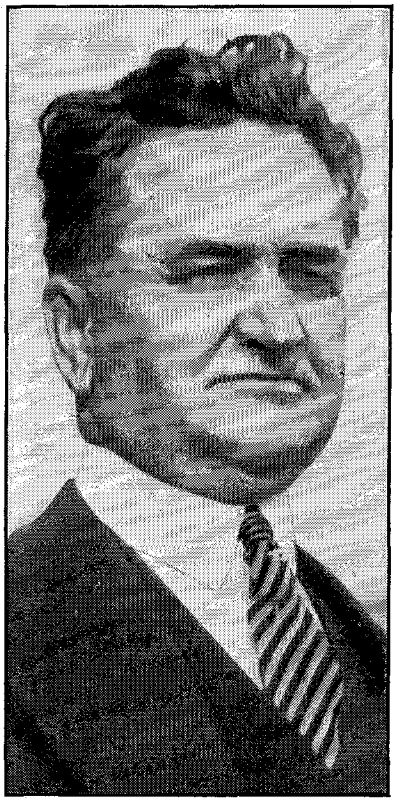
The net result of the Lodge proposal, thinks the Jersey City *Journal* (Ind. Rep.) is just this: "Lodge has put his own party in a bigger hole on the World Court issue than it has ever been, and that on the eve of a Presidential election."

Against the scores of editorials from all sections of the country condemning the new World Court proposal and questioning the motives of its sponsor, we find three papers defending it. The Brooklyn *Times* (Rep.) "thinks it would be better for all the nations if the Lodge plan were substituted for the League tribunal," and the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* believes it would be best for the United States to become a member of a World Court "such as Senator Lodge has proposed—a court divorced from the League of Nations and allied with The Hague Tribunal." Finally, maintains the independent Republican Chicago *Tribune:*

> "If the people who say they want a World Court really want that and not something else, they will take the court idea proposed by Senator Lodge. If they want something else, and advocate the World Court merely as a way of getting the other, they will oppose the Lodge proposal.
>
> "If the United States can safely subscribe to an established international tribunal, Senator Lodge offers the way. He restricts the jurisdiction of the Court. He exempts questions which might arise under the Monroe Doctrine. He makes it impossible that the Court should be the instrument by which debtor nations might escape responsibility to their creditors. He puts up a wall between the Court and the League.
>
> "His court is not one which is the front door to all the entanglements into which the United States has been urged since the war. Whatever its defects might prove to be, it is an international tribunal to which issues of dispute between nations might be taken. It is nothing more. It would not lead to anything more."

A KLAN SHOCK IN INDIANA

THE POLITICAL SEISMOGRAPHS at Washington vibrated violently when it appeared, after the dust of the recent Indiana Republican Primary had cleared away, that the Ku Klux "had made an awful mess" of their opponents in that section, to quote one observer. Mr. "Ed" Jackson, the Klan candidate for governor, received 40,000 more votes than all his competitors combined, and 100,000 more than the candidate next to him. Republicans and Democrats, Klansmen and anti-Klansmen, heatedly express their divergent views of just what Mr. Jackson's big majority means, but most of the experts, including Max Bentley, who lately investigated Hoosier politics for *McClure's Magazine*, agree that Mr. Jackson was primarily a candidate for the Klan and that his nomination represents a resounding Klan victory, of national political importance. Dr. H. W. Evans, the present Imperial Wizard of the Klan, telegraphs to THE DIGEST that he sees in the election evidence that "there is in the making a renaissance of Protestant Christianity, which bids fair to become a revival nationwide, sweeping mature men and women into churches, where they are willing to serve and sacrifice for God, country and home." Even the politically independent South Bend *News-Times*, a hardened enemy of the Klan, admits that the issue in Indiana no longer lies between the political parties, but between the forces that support and those that attack the K. K. K.



International Newsreel photograph

BACKED BY THE KLAN

Edward Jackson, who had more votes in the Indiana Republican primary than all the other five candidates combined.

The country at large views the election with particular interest because of the effect which political prophets of various stripes believe it will have upon the chances of the leading figures in the race for the Presidential nominations—Coolidge, Smith, McAdoo, and Underwood. Mr. Coolidge, believes Charles Michelson, staff correspondent of the New York *World*, will have to reckon with the fact that the negro vote, said to hold the balance of power in the Hoosier State, will be turned from him by the Klan's domination of the Republican State organization. This negro vote has been augmented by tens of thousands of Southern negro refugees from the boll-weevil stricken areas. The editor of a Hoosier negro paper, the Indianapolis *Recorder*, announces:

> "The word has been passed along, it is said, to voters of Indiana who are against all Klandidates, to vote the straight Democratic ticket. Just what will result from this 'sending out the word' and how effective it will be in November will probably be determined by the action of the Republican party."

But that the Republican colored voters in Indiana have not all deserted the party is evident by the remark of another negro weekly, the Indianapolis *Ledger*, that the Klan vote has "proved a big asset" for the successful candidate, whose "brilliant record of service to his State and country proves conclusively that he is the right man for the place."

On the other side of the political fence, Mr. McAdoo's supporters believe that the Klan victory in Indiana puts Governor Smith and Senator Underwood practically out of the running, since only Mr. McAdoo is favored by the Klan, and since, it is argued, at least five Democratic Southern States are prepared to join Indiana in a "fight to the death" before accepting a Presidential nominee not approved by the K. K. K. The Democrats find some comfort, however, in their belief, as exprest by the New York *World*, "that those Republican strategists who hoped to persuade the voters that the Klan was a Southern Democratic organization are brought sharply about by the Indiana primaries, to inspect their own political structure."

Inside the State itself feeling seems to be divided at least four ways, with additional combinations made by mixing various factions. The Democratic Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* says that "in Indiana the Republican party has become the Ku Klux Klan party." The politically independent Indianapolis *Times* remarks that "Indiana always is doing unusual things politically," and that "there is no longer a particle of doubt that at the present time the Klan is the most powerful influence in Indiana politics." The editor of the Indianapolis *News*, also politically independent, beginning with practically the same statement of opinion, adds that:

> "Men were voted for not on the ground of their fitness—which is a great pity—but solely as representatives of certain ideas which had no necessary relation to good or bad administration."

Among the partizans more actively interested in the election, the Ku Klux Klaners are, naturally, the most enthusiastic over the election's result. Charles W. Swift, managing editor of *The Fiery Cross*, of Indianapolis, announced editorially:

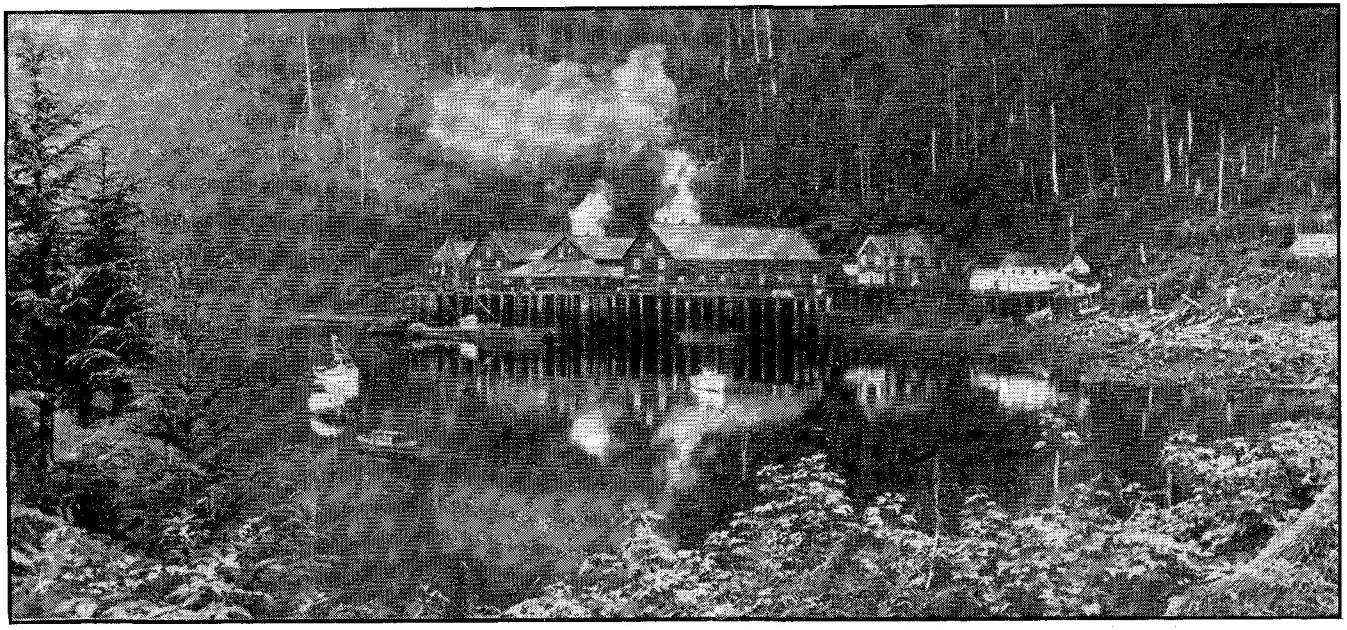
> "The Klansmen of Indiana voted with but one thought in mind—to put into office those who would best uphold American principles and carry on the business of the county, State, and country for the best interests of every creed, color and nationality within its borders."

The races and creeds who feel themselves in special opposition to the Klan attitude argue differently. Joseph P. O'Mahony, editor of the *Indiana Catholic and Record* of Indianapolis, believes that "Jackson is the Ku Klux nominee as surely as if he had been named in a Klonvention of the Hoosier Klansmen. His biggest majorities were not in Republican, but in the Democratic counties." A spokesman for the Jewish element, Morris Strauss, editor of the Indiana *Jewish Chronicle*, published in Indianapolis, is equally sure that Mr. Jackson's nomination represents a Klan victory. However, argues Mr. Strauss:

> "The real contest will come in November when only two candidates will be voted for instead of fourteen who ran in the primary."

While Klan leaders, Democrats, Catholics, Hebrews, negroes, and various other anti-Klan factions agree that the Republican candidate's nomination represents a Klan triumph, the Republican adherents of Mr. Jackson, even if they may be said to have reaped in places where the Klan sowed, are not so sure that the Klan had much to do with the victory. "Mr. Jackson ran far ahead of the others on any 'slate' on which his name appears," telegraphs the editor of the Indianapolis *Star*, in response to THE DIGEST'S request for an expression of opinion. Also, according to this Republican spokesman:

> "The returns show that Mr. Jackson was supported by tens of thousands of voters who were in no wise interested in or influenced by any consideration except the conviction that he would make a better Governor than any other man on his party's list. Mr. Jackson may have had support and opposition from minority factions, but he is the candidate of the majority to whom he owes his nomination."



Ewing Galloway photograph

"THESE FISHERIES ARE IN AN EXTREMELY PRECARIOUS CONDITION"

Says President Coolidge. This is a typical cannery on the Alaskan Coast. The Alaska salmon supply, which is said to be worth $60,000,000 a year, is threatened with destruction, while authorities argue about the best method of conservation.

TO SAVE ALASKA'S SUCCULENT SALMON

REX BEACH'S "SILVER HORDE," which furnished the delectable "goldfish" of the American doughboy during the war, is said to be on the same trail the buffalo traveled—the road to extinction. Delegate Sutherland, of Alaska, and Secretary Hoover, who has charge of the Territory's immensely valuable fisheries, agree on that, but when it comes to a plan for conserving this important food supply, these gentlemen and their supporters are as far apart as the umpire and the batter who lets the third strike go by. So important does President Coolidge consider the pending White bill for conserving the salmon of Alaska, that he recently sent a letter to the chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee strongly supporting the stand taken by Secretary Hoover. Said the President: "These fisheries are in an extremely precarious condition. The salmon are being rapidly depleted in many sections, and are in grave danger of extinction."

But John T. Lambert, in a series of articles written for Universal Service and published in Hearst and other newspapers throughout the country, charges that "the practically inexhaustible salmon supply of Alaska has been turned over to powerful private corporations." In these articles, partly based on interviews with Delegate Sutherland, he says:

> "The charges now officially made include these:
>
> "That under the regulations drawn by Secretary of Commerce Hoover's department the most valuable fishing rights in Alaska have fallen into the hands of the Big Four canning corporations, which to-day control the supply and the prices of nearly every pound of salmon that goes into an American home.
>
> "That the regulations under which the Government pretends to conserve the salmon supply and which have actually delivered that supply to the big canners, were drawn in substance by the major member of the Big Four—the Alaska Packers' Association—and approved in substantially that form by Secretary Hoover. That the Alaskan natives have been driven off the best fishing-grounds and have been forced, by the practical results of the regulations, to sell the small catch thus left available to them to the neighboring canneries of the corporations for such price as the corporations cared to pay.
>
> "That the native fishermen have seen fishing-grounds taken from them by Mr. Hoover's department for the alleged reason of pursuing the 'Roosevelt policy' of conservation, and those same grounds allotted to canneries which could catch and pack more salmon in one day than they could take in several years.
>
> "That a nation-wide lobby, to which canners, tinplate manufacturers, banks and retail stores are contributing their influence, is to-day at work in Washington to defeat the attempt of the Alaskans to reestablish the old fishing principle of 'fair field for all and favors for none.'
>
> "Delegate Sutherland has charged in Congress that the Hoover regulations, far from conserving the vital Alaskan salmon supply, have led to a wholesale slaughter of it by the big canning interests, which, he says, are permitted to fish with giant traps, some a mile long, in defiance of the practises of centuries and the customs of all other civilized nations of the world.
>
> "In excess of 6,677,000 cases of salmon have been packed in a single year. Delegate Sutherland estimates that in some traps one-fifth the total catch has been destroyed."

The White bill would place the regulation of the salmon fisheries under the control of the Department of Commerce, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York *Commercial.* "It is not a bureaucratic measure," we are assured by the Baltimore *Sun;* "it aims to eliminate red tape by establishing coordination between the Territorial Fish Commission and the Federal Bureau of Fisheries." "What the Bureau of Fisheries will actually do," explains the New York *Sun,* "is to enforce sound rules for limiting the catch and the number of fish traps, reduce the cannery waste, curtail the fishing area, increase the breeding grounds, and destroy predatory fish." Mr. Hoover's purpose, observes the Portland *Oregonian,* "is to combine conservation with use; to consume the yearly yield or surplus without diminishing the fund with which nature produces it. This is true conservation." The Commissioner of Fisheries, reports Mr. Lambert in his series of articles, also denies that the "fish trust" has been allowed to increase its catch, or that there has been discrimination in favor of the larger packers.

Mr. Hoover puts his own case before the public as follows:

> "The statements which appear in the Hearst press in the matter of the Alaskan salmon fisheries, so far as they relate to myself and the Department of Commerce, are the result of entire misrepresentation and are absolutely untrue. They represent an attempt to defeat legislation for the saving of these fisheries. A bill to restrain their destruction and exploitation was unanimously adopted by both the Democratic and Republican members of the House committee after exhaustive investigation of the whole subject. The bill was passed by the House practically without a dissenting vote. It has been unanimously adopted by both Republican and Democratic members of the Senate committee, and is now before that body.
>
> "The legislation will effectually save the fisheries, altho it does cause some hardship to people who would otherwise profit."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

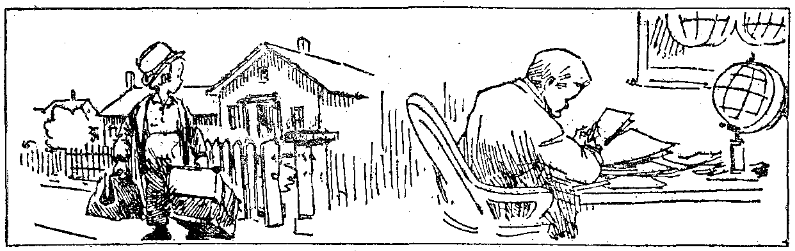
(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Cal. has gone for Cal.—*Chicago Tribune.*

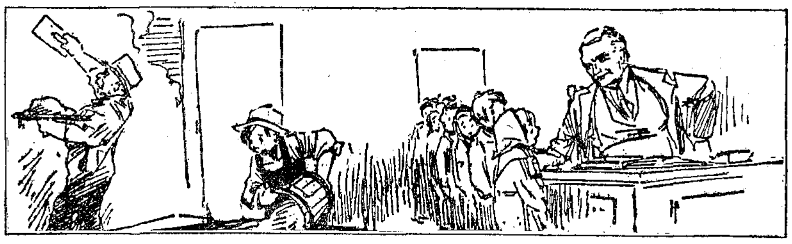
Still, a king laid off is luckier than a king laid out.—*Detroit News.*

The sap in some of our Presidential timber is mostly in the head.—*Columbia Record.*

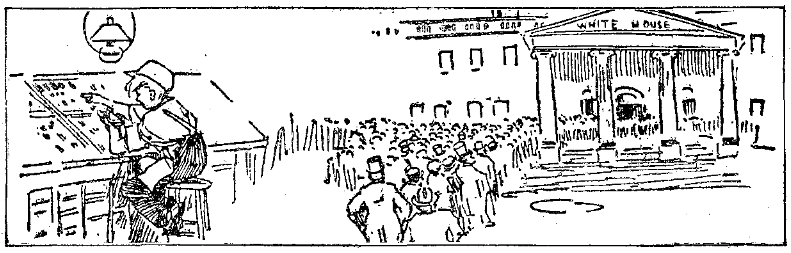
Is it possible that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's private stock is giving out?—*Boston Globe.*



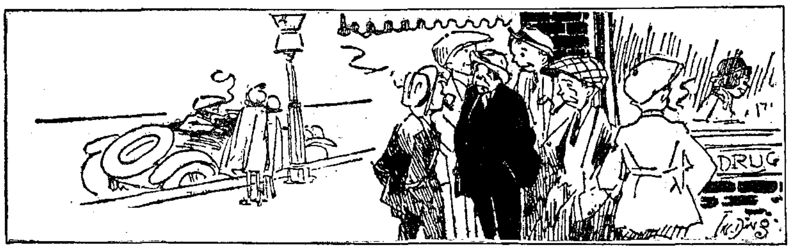
An orphan at eight is now one of the world's greatest mining engineers and economists, whose ambition is to eliminate the cycle of depression and unemployment



The son of a plasterer is now the world's greatest neurologist, and his hobby is good health for poor children



A printer's apprentice is now the Chief Executive of the United States



But they didn't get there by hanging around the corner drug-store

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IN THE GOOD OLD U. S. A.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

PULITZER PRIZE CARTOON FOR 1923, PUBLISHED MAY 6, 1923

What Washington needs is not a President but a referee.—*Eustis (Fla.) Daily Lake Region.*

Real patriotism is the sort that understands that this is a nation and not a denomination.—*Columbia Record.*

At last Germany is resolved to pay up, even if she has to borrow the money to pay up with.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

We surmise, from late issues of *The Dearborn Independent* that Mr. Ford is not selling any tractors in Palestine.—*Columbia Record.*

Good idea to stop all business for two years prior to a Presidential election to avoid the possibility of scandal.—*Wall Street Journal.*

In these days every constitutional monarch fears he'll wake up some morning and find he's unconstitutional. — *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Dr. Eliot, we notice, has revised his five-foot shelf to include a bank book. This addition gives him a well-balanced library.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

After drawing up that report, General Dawes certainly deserves a four years' vacation in the Vice-President's chair. —*New York Herald Tribune.*

This year ought to go down in political history as being notable for the large number of Ohioans not mentioned for Presidential candidacies.—*Detroit News.*

In weeks when The Literary Digest doesn't seem to know we're here at all, and they are pretty numerous, we ascribe it to propaganda.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

Girls with natural peach-bloom complexions who criticize their sallow sisters for rouging, are poor sports—anybody could win with a straight flush.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Prospects look so slim for big contributions to the campaign funds there are serious fears that the next election may be settled by the voters on its merits.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

The Literary Digest prints an article entitled "To Purge Political Parties of Pelf." And just at the time when the campaign managers are passing round the hat!—*New York Herald Tribune.*

The fruits of victory are plums.—*Columbia Record.*

Hiram will have to admit that Cal is first in California.—*Boston Globe.*

A pessimist is an optimist who has overstayed his market.—*Wall Street Journal.*

"Filipinos not able to rule." That is precisely what they complain about.—*Boston Herald.*

If Praxiteles' statue of Hermes does make a tour of the United States, it can't lecture, anyway.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

As we go to press no bid for Muscle Shoals has been received from Mr. Sinclair.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

The burning question among Democratic forecasters seems to be: Can McAdoo Smith?—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Japan would not mind being excluded if it were done with a few complimentary adjectives.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

The nearest approach to perpetual motion is the political machine that runs on the apathy of the people.—*Vincennes (Ind.) Sun.*

Perhaps it was a part of the German scheme of world conquest to let us win the war and worry over what to do with it. —*Columbia Record.*

Just as radio is about to become the nation's favorite recreation, Congress threatens to broadcast its proceedings.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Religion, to some people, is as the perfume of the lily and the rose. On others, it reacts like an overdose of garlic and red pepper. — *Columbia Record.*

The President vetoes the Bursum bill and the nation cheers. But Congress goes right ahead grinding out the reimbursem bills.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Statistics show that in recent years the plays most favored by a public supposed to demand sunshine in its drama have been "Rain" and "Lightnin'."—*Detroit News.*

The new Persian Government offers its oil concessions in exchange for a loan of $10,000,000. That must make Mr. Fall feel like a cheap skate.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

While endeavoring earnestly to keep cool with Coolidge, we, as a loyal and enthusiastic member of the only party fit to rule, will admit that we have our occasional moments of depression when it seems impossible to recall another time when it was so important as it is now for our eloquent keynote orator to be sure to remember not to say anything about quite so many things.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE GOVERNMENT'S DEFEAT IN JAPAN

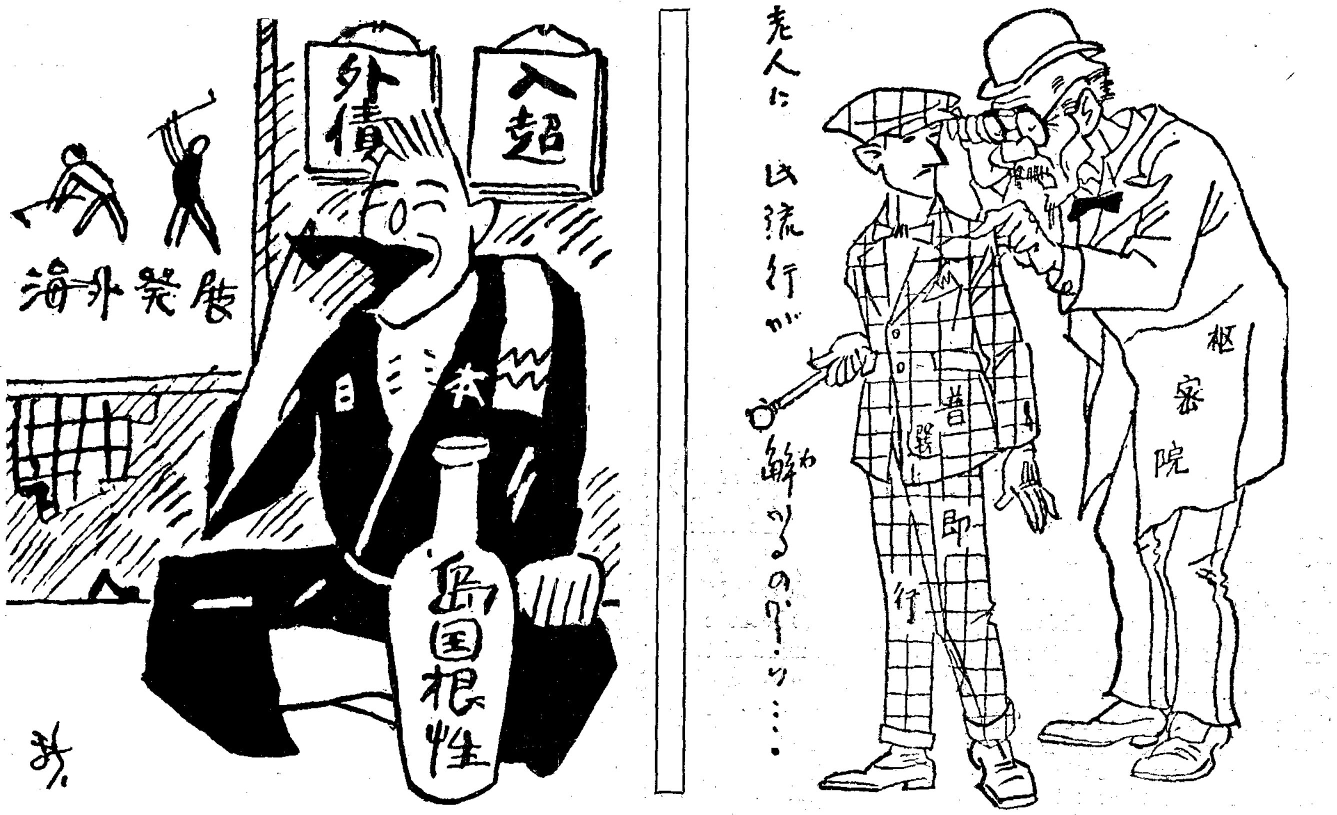
THE MOST CRUSHING DEFEAT sustained by any Japanese Cabinet in the last quarter of a century, we are told, was administered to the Seiyuhonto party which supported the Kiyoura Ministry by the Opposition party Keneseika. Tokyo dispatches indicate that the latter party or a coalition of it with Seiyukai will come into power when the Diet convenes in June, or possibly before. This election, says the Tokyo correspondent of a Chicago daily, was "the hottest in Japan's history." It was noticeable, he tells us, that the younger independent candidates were favored, the losers including some of the most famous members of Parliament. Candidates relying on family names and wealth were beaten, he reports, adding that "the American immigration question played little part in the election." At the same time, the Tokyo correspondent of a New York daily relates that:

> "With the defeat of the Kiyoura Ministry at the polls, it was admitted in official circles to-day that the Government would be powerless any longer to stem the resentment of public opinion concerning the immigration bill and officials express the fear that popular agitation might result within a few days, when public interest in the elections was over. The Government, it was said, will do everything possible to prevent any violence or acts of disorder."

The expected Keneseikai victory, according to press dispatches, has given rise to rumors that Viscount Kato, author of the Twenty-one Demands on China, may be called to form a Ministry. One observer calls attention to the fact that in this contest "the largest number of Army reserve officers in the history of elections was elected." An illuminating preelection view of the defeated Kiyoura Government appears in the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, which tells us that—

> "Viscount Kiyoura's Government has proved its right to the title with which it was dubbed by the people and press at the time of its creation, now nearly three months ago—the 'Peers' Cabinet.' The nickname, which immediately swept the nation, sprang into being because of the method by which the Viscount's Government was formed, and because it was so palpably dominated by the strongest party in the Upper House, the Kenkyukai. The 'Cabinet of the Privileged Class' was an alternative term by which it was and is popularly designated.
>
> "The time that has elapsed since Viscount Kiyoura gave up the presidency of the Privy Council in order to accept the Premiership has shown that the present Government is indeed a 'Peers' Cabinet.' It has conducted itself as would any Government composed of men who believed that the people were not capable of governing themselves, that Government should be from above, that Government is a paternalistic institution. It would be impossible to ask any Government to adhere more closely to the principles in which it believes, to display more frequently in its executive acts the same causes which brought it into being."

Only in one instance, says this severe critic, did the Government yield to pressure from without, and this was when it was "stampeded" into granting funds for the payment of fire


外債
入超
海外発展
島国根性
老人に此流行が解かるのか・・・
普選即行
枢密院

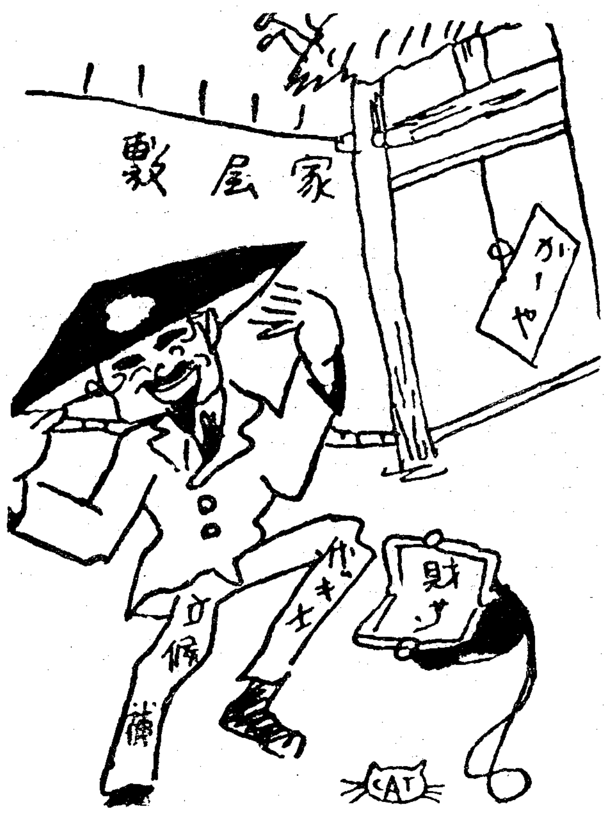
A WARNING

The Tokyo *Yorodzu* shows the Japanese people heedlessly feasting while inscriptions on the wall report the excess of imports and the foreign loan. In the corner picture Japanese emigrants are shown hard at work in other countries.

LOOKING HIM OVER

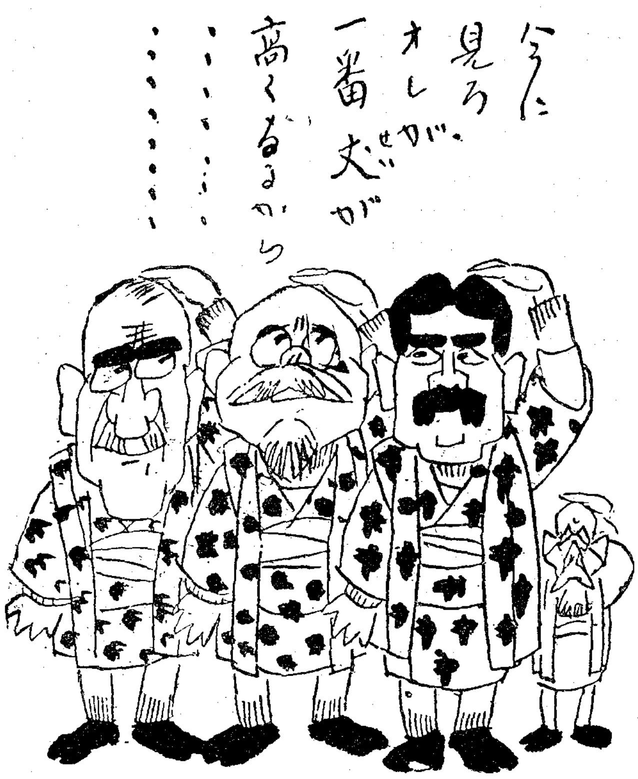
The old Privy Councillor is pictured by the Tokyo *Miyako* as scrutinizing searchingly the modern youth who represents the popular demand for universal manhood suffrage.

JAPANESE ISSUES IN TOKYO CARTOONS



HIGH COST OF CAMPAIGNING

The Tokyo *Yorodzu* showed a candidate, once a wealthy man, reduced to poverty by personal election expenses, which are said this year to amount to about $25,000. His empty purse lies on the ground, while his house has a sign "To Let."


今に見ろ
オレが一番大だが
高くなるから
……

"I'M THE WINNER!"

The Tokyo *Miyako* showed the leaders of the three most prominent parties, each pointing to himself as victorious. The three are Viscount Kato, head of the Kenseikai; Mr. Takahashi, leader of the Seiyukai; and Mr. Tokohami, the Seiyuhonto chieftain. The small figure represents Mr. Inukai, leader of a minority party in the House.

JAPANESE CAMPAIGN CARTOONS

insurance. These funds are ostensibly loans to the insurance companies, we are told, but in numerous cases "must be considered as irredeemable expenditures, as gifts." We read then:

> "Altho the demands of the insurance firms and of the premium-holders influenced the Government to take this action, the Kiyoura Ministry, even in so doing, remained true to its guiding principle of autocratic and dictatorial action, to the belief that as the Government decided so should it act, regardless of protests or remonstrances, that the 'parent' knew what was best for the 'children' and so should pursue its own course. The House of Representatives, the only governmental organ where the voice of even a section of the people of Japan may be heard, had voted down the insurance loan. The Privy Council, in itself a paternalistic institution, refused to cooperate with the Cabinet in obtaining an Imperial decree sanctioning the expenditure. The Premier and his Cabinet, disregarding the publicly known wishes of every other branch of government, put into effect the policy upon which it had decided in the fulness of its own wisdom, never doubting or questioning that that wisdom was omnipotent and of far greater value than what the Diet, Privy Council or others might think."

Among the vernacular press there is also harsh criticism of the defeated Government which is interesting to read, not because it is antagonistic but because it reveals the frame of mind of the opposition. Thus the Osaka *Mainichi* remarks:

> "The present unrest in Japan is quite unprecedented in our history; national thought is like a reed in a gale; the governing classes have become skeptical of their own social position, and the old social system has lost its solidity. Being greatly anxious about this state of affairs, the Government directed its attention to every possible means of pacifying this unrest, but none was effective. Lately it decided on the creation of an organ for invigoration of the national spirit and the enactment of regulations for controlling dangerous radical ideas.
>
> "As the Imperial Financial Investigation Board is an organ for promoting material prosperity, so the organ for invigorating national spirit is meant to promote the mental activity of the nation. The purpose is all right, but its effectiveness is doubtful. The creation of such an organ is rightly regarded as a shelter for the Government from responsibility."

This daily also speaks scornfully of the "Cabinet of the Privileged Classes" as forming an incitement to discontent and unrest. The Cabinet must have been aware of this fact, it claims, yet declares it was "daring enough to attempt the establishment of an organ for invigorating the national spirit." It asks whether the Cabinet really thought the nation would believe in its good faith, and proceeds:

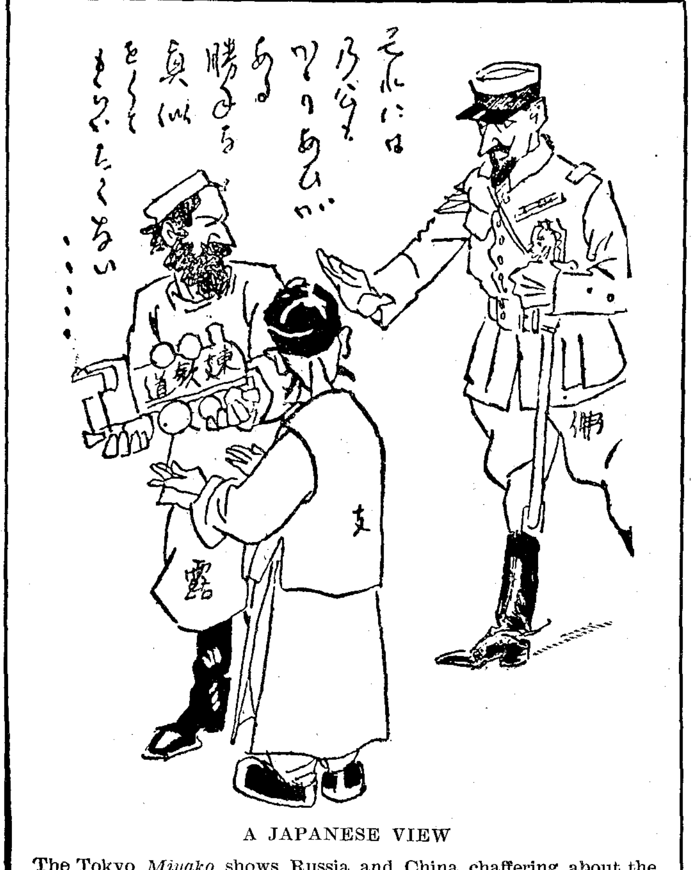
> "We have no idea as to what the Government means by invigoration of the national spirit, but all that it can do would be to inspire the sense of ancestor worship in order to repulse new ideas introduced from abroad. The general knowledge has so advanced that it easily detects errors in the present social structure, and traditional beliefs and tenets have no influence before a developed reasoning faculty and common sense. However indomitable the Government may be in its efforts to bring old ideas and thoughts into new life, we can assure it that it will be utterly futile. The invigoration of national spirit may sound agreeable to our ears, but we disdain it as worse than useless.
>
> "The same may be said of the regulations for the control of dangerous radical ideas. However stringent law may be, human thought can neither be represt nor destroyed. Consequent upon tyranny over new ideas and political liberty in order to maintain selfish interest, revolutionary movements have been successfully carried out in Germany and Russia. This is an object lesson to the Government, but, careless of this lesson, it drafted a law for regulating thought. Unless the difficulty of earning a livelihood, mistaken proletariats be removed, dangerous thought can not be corrected, and unrest can not be pacified. The Government is mistaken in its policy of attempting to overpower new ideas. It had better adopt social politics, improve taxation measures and endeavor to solve the difficult question of overpopulation. If the Government insists on force with which to govern the world of thought, the popular mind will go from bad to worse, which, it is feared, would result in terrible consequence."

SOVIET RUSSIA'S INTEREST IN CHINA

A COMMON FRONTIER of 6,000 miles is one reason why recognition of Soviet Russia by China would be of great importance to the Moscow Government, we are told, and a second is that Russia and China before the war were bound together by important commercial interests. Above all, however, according to the Moscow *Isviestia*, recognition by China would enable the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics of Russia to participate actively in the solution of the world problems centered in the Pacific Ocean. Just as the Atlantic took the place of the Mediterranean in world trade and politics, so the Pacific is now beginning to compete with the Atlantic, says this Soviet organ. World interests, it continues, are being transferred to a greater extent than ever before to the Pacific, and "it is into this complex of international relations that the Soviet Federation is now entering." Besides, we are told by the same daily that the recognition would entail the transfer of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which was controlled by the Russian-Asiatic Bank, to the Soviet Government. It is for these reasons, this newspaper alleges, that leading European and American Powers are trying to frustrate all attempts directed toward the Russo-Chinese understanding, and it adds:

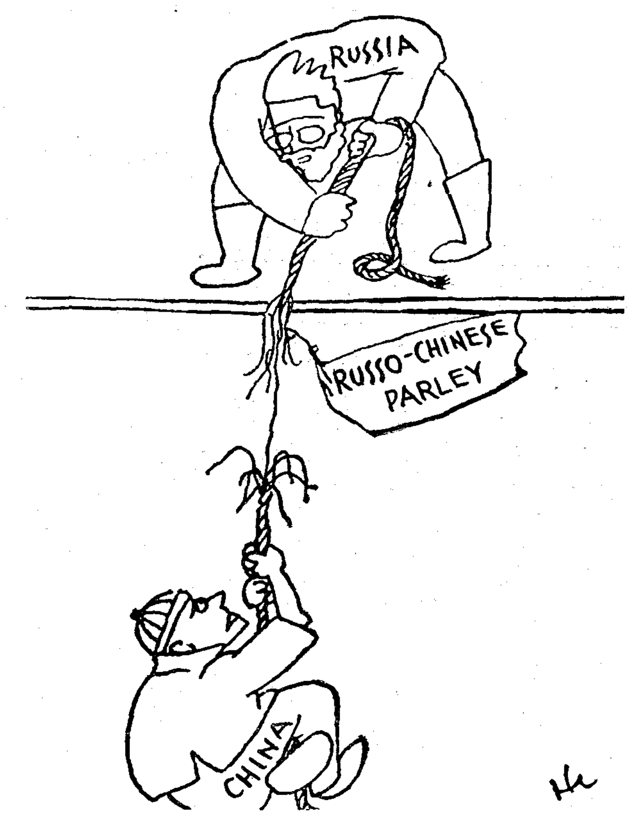
> "We know positively that the Governments of France, Japan and the United States are exerting the strongest possible pressure upon China in order to prevent it from coming to terms with Russia. They are aware of the fact that the rapprochement of the Russian and Chinese peoples would weaken the hold of their imperialists both in China and Russia."

Thanks to their efforts the negotiations between Mr. Karakhan, the Soviet envoy, and Dr. C. T. Wang, China's representative, have proved unsuccessful and the Chinese Government has refused to ratify the project of the Russo-Chinese treaty initialed by Dr. Wang on March 14, 1924. The break between Soviet Russia and China in this matter was considered through the eyes of the Chinese press in THE LITERARY DIGEST for May 10. We read now in *Isviestia:*



A JAPANESE VIEW

The Tokyo *Miyako* shows Russia and China chaffering about the Chinese Eastern Railway, when France takes a hand.



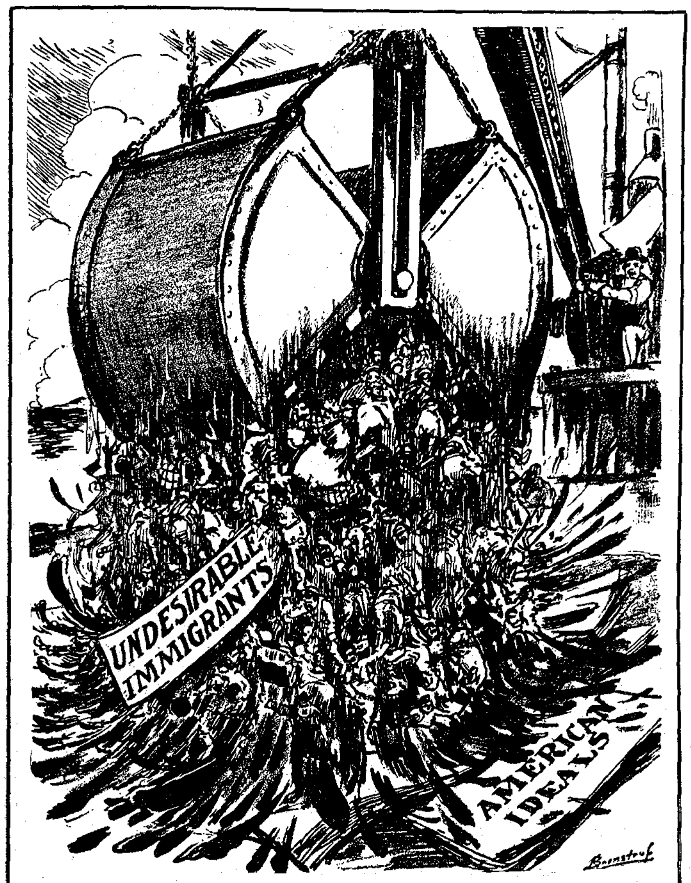
AS SEEN IN JAPAN

Chinese-Russian negotiations hang only by the slightest thread, according to the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi*.

> "The above-mentioned Powers are profiting in their policies not only by their military and financial strength, not only by the economic and political dependence of China upon them, but also by the collision of the personal interests of various Chinese Ministers, which unfortunately still play an important rôle in that backward country of the Orient. The Chinese Minister Wellington Koo, that protégé of Japanese-American imperialism, feared that, after the Russo-Chinese treaty had been signed, Dr. Wang would become the central figure of Chinese political life and would compete with him as an eventual candidate for the office he now holds. Moreover, Wang Ke-Min, the Minister of Finance, has personal reasons for wishing that the Russo-Chinese negotiations should fail. He owns shares of the Russo-Asiatic Bank and fears to lose them in case Russia and China should come to terms with reference to the Chinese Eastern Railway. That the latter question plays an exceptionally important rôle is proven by the fact that the French Ambassador at Peking thought it necessary to make a public statement against an understanding between China and Russia with regard to this railroad and to menace China with reprisals that are within the power of French capitalism."

For all that, this Soviet organ thinks that the Chinese intelligentsia and the people at large are in favor of an understanding between the two countries, and it asserts that all the above-mentioned difficulties can only postpone, but not prevent, the conclusion of a Russo-Chinese treaty. A Russian Liberal and anti-Soviet journal, Professor Miliukoff's *Posliednia Novosti* (Paris), asks why the Soviet Government is so eager to take hold of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and makes this reply:

> "We learn from London that English bankers who have negotiated with Rokovsky over credits to be advanced to the Soviet Government, have demanded as guaranty the transfer to them of rights and prerogatives of the Soviet Government with regard to the Chinese Eastern Railway. Only on this condition would the bankers open credits to the Moscow Government. . . . It is to this, then, that must be ascribed the unusual nervousness displayed by Karakhan in his ultimatums and threats. The Soviet Government was simply trading with Russian interests, not with the object of improving the situation of a Russian enterprise or of the Russian population in the Far East, but merely with the object of selling that which it even



"DON'T MAKE AMERICA A DUMPING-GROUND"
—Bronstrup in the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

does not yet possess. In this it has not succeeded because the interests of French capitalists found themselves at variance with those of British capitalists."

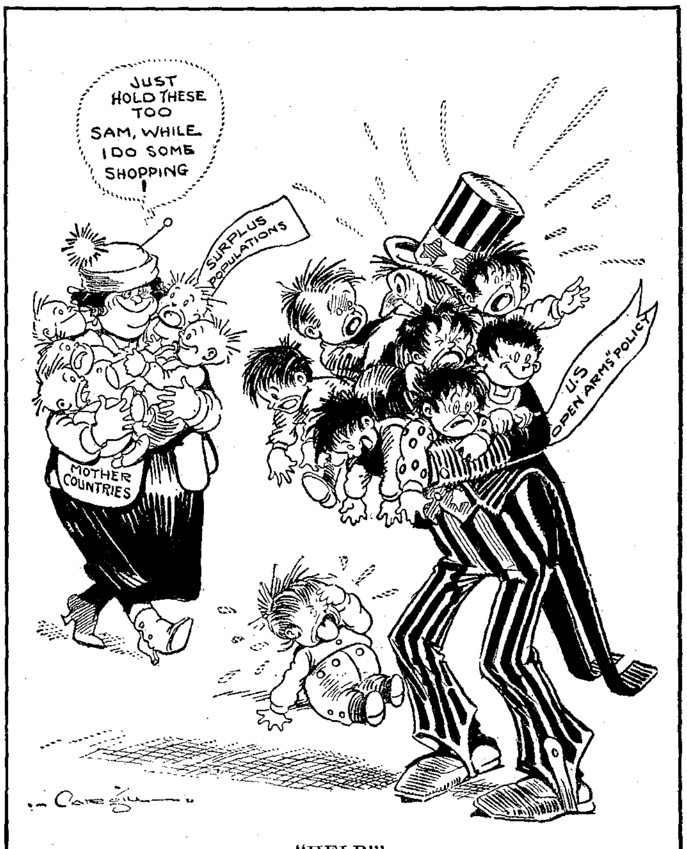
ITALY'S INTEREST IN EMIGRANT REMITTANCES

OUR SELECTIVE IMMIGRATION LAW is, of course, bound to have its effects in the lands whence the immigrants come. In Italy, economists are already beginning to worry over the financial consequences. It seems that for years the cash sent back to the mother country by emigrants, together with money spent by tourists, has been counted on to balance the cash outgo due to Italy's normal excess of imports over exports. While there is apparently no way to calculate the precise amount of such remittances, it is roughly estimated they averaged something more than half a billion lire or $100,000,000, annually, for a number of years preceding the World War. In 1920 the record sum of three billion lire was thought to have been reached—about $135,000,000 at the present exchange rates—and the estimate for 1922 is something over 2,000,000 lire. The increase in 1920 is ascribed by an Italian, Celestino Arena, in an article in *Problemi Italiani* reprinted in the London *Economic Review,* to "the high exchange, the revival of emigration, and the high wages ruling in the immigration countries." Various factors, we are reminded, influence the amount of remittances, such as "the number of emigrants and the excess of the latter over those returning to Italy; the foreign exchange, outlets for immigration, their nature, and the employment they afford; actual wages and unemployment in foreign countries; the safeguarding and collection of emigrants' savings." Since 1920, while exchange rates have given the remittance a high nominal value, there has been a notable decline in their real value. This is said to be due partly to the fact that Italians have been earning less in New York and other large American cities. Besides, emigration from Italy has been actually decreasing and has been going to countries where the newcomers find it harder to make money. That is:

> "In the last three years, not only has there been a diminution of emigration, but, on one hand, emigrants have gone to European countries where the exchange is less high; to South America where they have mostly become farmers, with small chance of saving; and, on the other hand, emigration to the United States, which is mostly remunerative, has been considerably reduced by the recent Immigration Act. Finally, unemployment in the various emigration countries has largely affected the savings of emigrants and consequently their remittances, especially those of unskilled workmen, to which class the majority of emigrants belong."

When we are reminded that in 1913 "Italian exchange practically reached parity, precisely by reason of the earnings of Italian emigrants," we can understand that Italian bankers are interested in seeing that the money the emigrants send home reaches its destination. Indeed, the writer we are quoting says that "every Italian appreciates the necessity of taking effective means for collecting and safeguarding emigrants' savings":

> "As long ago as 1901, the Protection of Emigrants Savings Act was passed on the initiative of Signor Luzzati. The task was entrusted to the Bank of Naples, which undertook it eagerly, but during the last twenty years, its progress has been small, only about a quarter of Italian savings having been remitted home through the Bank, whereas in the minds of the authors of the Act it was to have been the main channel for the conduct of emigrants' savings into Italy. It confines its labors to the chief emigration centers, and has only three branches in the United States, two in New York, and one in Chicago. Many spurious banking-houses for the remittance of moneys to Italy, chiefly under Italian names, have sprung up in America, and recently Italian emigrants have been swindled out of some two million dollars. After considerable discussion, the Italian Government has taken the initiative in founding the Instituto Nazionale di Credito Perril Lavoro Italiano all'Estero, endowed with the functions of financing labor and colonization enterprises abroad or in the colonies, employing principally Italian labor and promoting savings by Italians in foreign countries."



"HELP!"
—Cargill in the Kansas City *Journal.*

THE FALL OF POINCARÉ

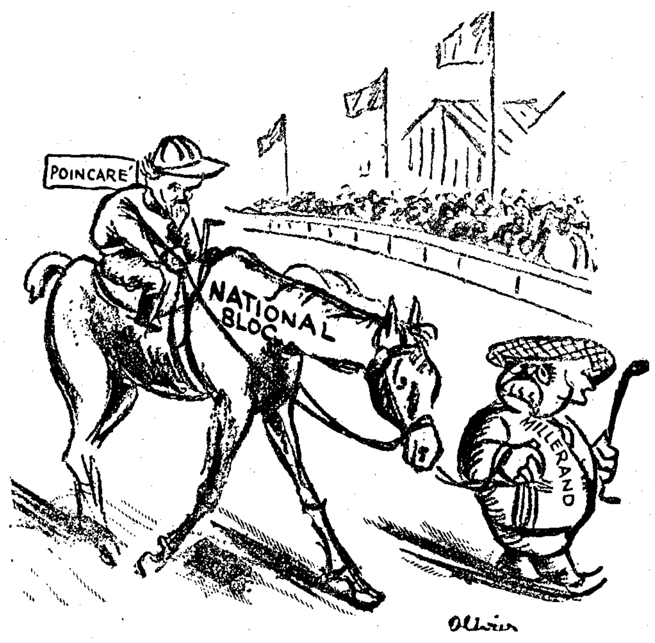
FRANCE'S VERDICT against Premier Poincaré, as exprest in the elections which give the Opposition a majority of 113, excites sharp attention beyond the confines of that country, especially in England, Belgium, Italy and Germany, because of the feeling that there may be a change in French foreign policy. While the elections turned on domestic problems, according to Paris dispatches, it is always remembered that no matter on what issue he was defeated, Mr. Poincaré stands in France, as before the world, as the author of the Ruhr policy. Associated Press dispatches tell us that the officially checked election figures given out by the Ministry of the Interior show the make-up of the new Chamber of Deputies as follows:

Conservatives	20
Republicans of the Bloc National	117
Republicans of the Left	52
Democrats of the Left	75
Radicals and Radical Socialists	139
Republican Socialists	35
Socialists	102
Communists	29
Total	569

In addition there remain 10 seats from the Colonies, 4 for which a second ballot is necessary, and 1 seat yet in doubt, making up the total of 584.

Official figures given out show the Chamber divided as follows:

Opposition	342
Poincaré parties	229
Opposition majority	113



WHAT THE TRAINER HAD FEARED

MILLERAND: "The horse is knock-kneed, and the jockey uncertain."

—*Le Quotidien* (Paris).

According to the Paris correspondent of a New York daily, the complexion of the Chamber resembles that which governed France in 1914 when Mr. Viviani was Premier. The disappearing Chamber, says this informant, was elected on the morrow of the war when France was filled with fear of the Communists, and when Mr. Clemenceau organized the National Bloc, whose victory gave France a Chamber in which 62 per cent. of the members were Army officers, and we are told further that "the present big swing to the Left would seem to show that the days of the war fever have gone."

In the view of the Paris *Temps*, with the Left in power under the leadership of the radical Socialists, Mr. Edouard Herriot and his lieutenants would quickly find themselves in deep water because the Left majority contains about 102 Unified Socialists, who have always believed the French claims on Germany are too great, and 29 Communists who will devote themselves to making trouble no matter whom they hurt. Therefore, this daily predicts that the new leaders will be in a difficult position to pursue a foreign policy that has the support of the country. But whether Briand or Herriot succeeds Poincaré, says the Paris *Liberté*, there will not be much change in France's foreign policy. This newspaper reminds us that when the Labor party went into power in England prophecies of disaster were heard from all sides, but failed to materialize. As to reparations, it expresses the belief that the will of France to be paid by Germany can not be divided by political accidents.

Brussels dispatches indicate that the results of the French elections astonished and alarmed all but the Socialists, and that in "political circles a great reserve has suddenly taken the place of the optimism lately predominant which was inspired by hopes of a Franco-British agreement with regard to reparations." In England, press opinion is divided as it has been all along about Poincaré. Says the London *Daily Telegraph:*

> "A change in the spirit of French policy is to be looked for as soon as the situation has taken definite shape. It will be a change of character deeply to be desired in the interests of this country, of its allies and of Europe.
>
> "The prospect of a general settlement has already been immeasurably improved by the appearance of the experts' reports upon the best means of obtaining reparations from Germany, but M. Poincaré alone among the leaders and statesmen of the Entente and the United States has shown some stiffness in his attitude toward the plan and a desire to attach conditions to his acceptance of it which could not be reconciled with the plainly stated conclusions of the report.
>
> "It is to be hoped that we may see in the future a French Ministry cooperating without reserve in the achieving, on the basis of the Dawes report, of a settlement at length of the difficulty which above all else is delaying the economic recovery of Europe and a return to the normal conditions of commerce.
>
> "If France's decision leads to a drawing closer of the bonds of friendship which British policy has always labored toward, that result will be heartily welcomed by the people of this country."

The London *Daily Express* remarks:

> "He came into power on the wave of chauvinism that swept France after the war. He pandered to all that was fine in national character.
>
> "So the little lawyer flamed the passion of France until it seemed at one time that in her feverish self-pity and her detestation of the outer world we were to see another attempt to establish a French military dictatorship over the whole of Europe."

In sharp contrast to the above is the sympathetic attitude of the London *Morning Post*, which compares Mr. Poincaré's fate to that of the late President Wilson and the Greek statesman, Mr. Venizelos, and others "who have been compelled to concentrate on foreign affairs at the expense of home policies." In the judgment of the also friendly London *Daily Mail*—

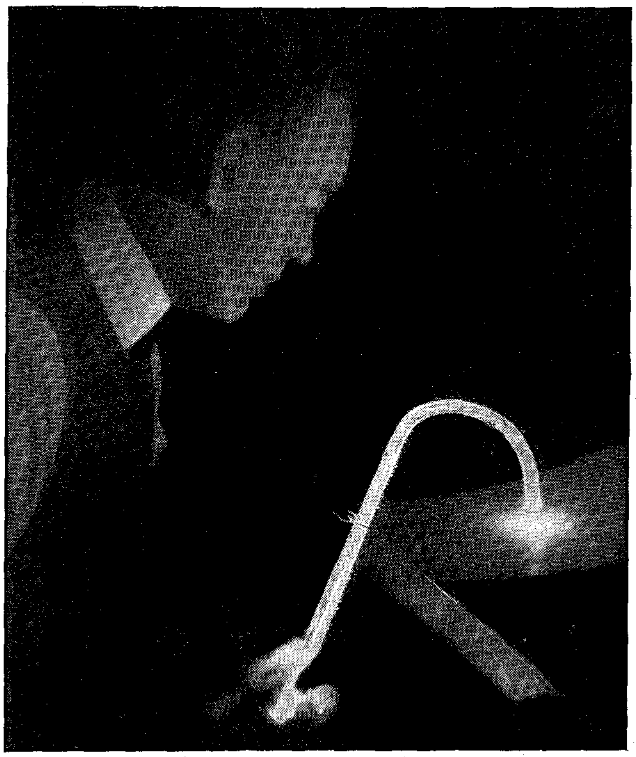
> "M. Poincaré's reverses are probably due to fresh taxation which he imposed in order to stabilize the franc. No one likes to pay additional taxes. Yet there was no other course before him if he wished to prevent the steady fall in value of French currency, and he had sufficient courage and patriotism to do what he believed to be right in the interests of his country."

In Italy the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* considers that "the verdict of the French people has enormous importance for the European situation" and in the "likely return of Mr. Briand to power," this daily sees an omen of closer friendship between the Allies for the safety of France and for the attainment of reparations. Altho the German press exult in the defeat of Mr. Poincaré, they are not confident of any real change in French policy apparently, tho the *Berliner Tageblatt* expresses its belief that the French people have come to realize they would be ruined by "a continued policy of hate and violence." At the same time, this daily considers it a pity that the very moment when the French people "send Nationalism to the devil and when reasonable discussions could begin," should have been chosen by political ignorance in Germany to foster Nationalism.

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

FASCINATING POSSIBILITIES OF FUSED QUARTZ

CARTOONISTS ARE NOW AMUSING themselves with the possibilities of shooting light around a corner, a feat made possible by bent rods of fused quartz. As shown in the accompanying picture, a bent rod of quartz will carry the rays from an ordinary flash-light held under a table up around the edge of the table and down upon a newspaper so that it can be easily read. The humorous possibilities of shooting light here and there into unexpected places by means of a bent quartz tube are being fully explored and exploited by the artists of the comic page. The important thing about fused quartz, however, is its scientific value. It is something that scientists have been at work upon for years. Small pieces have been melted before at a cost that made them worth more than gold, but too small to be of general commercial use. Large-scale production of fused quartz is now possible, we are told by the Boston correspondent of the New York *Times*, describing a demonstration made on April 28 last to press representatives in the Lynn works of the General Electric Company. Quartz, not long ago described in school-books as infusible, was successfully melted several decades since, and is now used in certain delicate scientific apparatus; but the difficulty of preparing it and the small scale on which it has been available have made it very costly and nearly unattainable for most purposes. Now we are told it can be turned out in such masses as to be available for window-glass, optical lenses and all sorts of articles for which ordinary glass has hitherto been depended upon. Its qualities make it far more valuable than glass for many uses. It is the most transparent solid that man has ever known. In appearance, we are told, it is like ordinary window-glass but it is far more transparent, and it is said to have qualities which will make it the world's standard of length and pitch, replacing the metals now in use. We read:



Illustrations by courtesy of the General Electric Company

LIGHT TRAVELS AROUND A CORNER

This picture shows Wallace Wright, of the General Electric Company. The photograph is a ten-second exposure, illuminated only by the pocket flash held at the lower end of the tube. Mr. Wright was actually reading the paper by the light under the table.

> "Because of its extraordinarily slight expansion and contraction, it will be available for perfect thermometer readings, accurate telescope lenses, and a large number of uses.
>
> "A meter of fused quartz rod transmits 92 per cent. of the light passed through one end. The best optical glass transmits 65 per cent., and ordinary glass transmits 35 per cent.
>
> "Light from a match or pocket flash lamp applied at one end of a quartz rod 25 feet long passes through the tube without any appreciable loss of illumination. In fact, the light is transmitted through the quartz tube even when the tube is bent or twisted. As a rubber hose imprisons water, the quartz imprisons light which passes through its interior and is expelled at the other end, no matter how long the tube."

The discovery of the process of making clear fused quartz is credited to Edward R. Berry, Assistant Director of the Thomson Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, who has been at work on the problem for nearly ten years, with the assistance of L. B. Miller, P. K. Devers and Wallace Wright. The fused quartz is made possible by especially constructed electric furnaces operating at times in a vacuum and again under a gas pressure of 1,000,000 pounds. To quote further:

> "Tubes of fused quartz can be worked more easily than glass, and can be twisted or molded into any shape. The ease with which curved rods can be made, and the fact that the material is so remarkably transparent to ultra-violet rays had led to the belief that heat rays can be transmitted to ordinarily inaccessible cavities in the body which have hitherto been inaccessible to them.
>
> "It has been suggested that diseased areas of the throat, nose cavity and ears can thus be exposed to the action of the ultra-violet and infra-red rays.
>
> "Manufactured from a fine quality of rock crystals, imported from Brazil and Madagascar, the fused quartz can be obtained in unlimited quantity, in any part of the world if necessary. Its development has now reached the stage where it is said to be possible to make it commercially and in quantity at a price far below that of the fused quartz formerly turned out by hand in minute quantities. The latter, indeed, has been worth several times the price of gold.
>
> "Visitors at the laboratory to-day saw a thousand times more fused quartz than exists anywhere else in the world. They saw the electric crucible which turns out the finished product in about eighteen minutes, an achievement when it is considered that fusing steel takes days.
>
> "One possible use of the fused quartz is in making window-glass for sun-rooms. As window glass transmits only the heat rays of the sun and the quartz glass transmits the ultra-violet rays as well, it is believed that quartz windows for hospitals or sanitariums will have the same effect as sunlight.
>
> "Unlike ordinary glass, which cracks under a sudden change in temperature, quartz can be welded without such a risk. A tuning-fork from the material vibrated several minutes, and it is said to give out a note which does not change in pitch, regardless of temperature.
>
> "Among the half-dozen furnaces used to make the fused quartz is the largest electric vacuum furnace in the world. The furnace is like a vat, four feet in diameter, in which the quartz crystals are melted under pressure. There is now in the course of construction an electric furnace which will exert a pressure of 3,000 pounds to the square inch, substantially a bomb of such extraordinary pressure that its force, if unloosed, would wreak havoc.
>
> "According to Mr. Berry and his associates fused quartz is particularly applicable to lenses for astronomical and motion-picture purposes. Chemists are reported to be imprest with the use of the new material for chemical apparatus.

"The intense heat behind motion-picture projector lenses cause them to crack almost the first time they are put into use, but they are kept in the machine until a part drops out. By means of the fused quartz lens, scientists are of the opinion that breakage will be virtually an exception rather than the rule.

"'Fused quartz opens up fascinating possibilities,' declared Mr. Berry. 'I believe the work has now reached the stage where the material can be turned out cheaply in quantity production.'

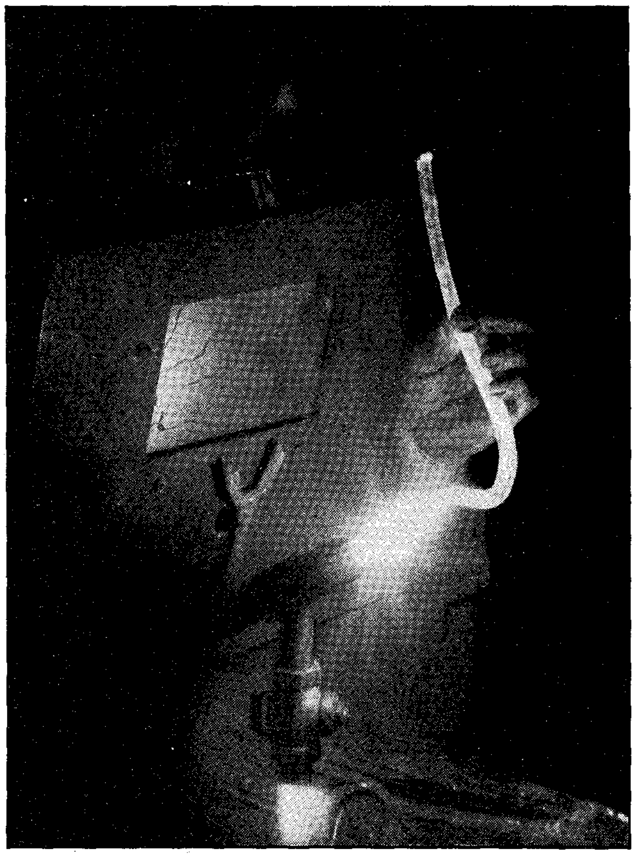
"Altho it has been known for 100 years that quartz has remarkable properties, it was not until twenty years ago that intensive work was begun with it. It was at about that time that interest was attracted to its use through the placing on the market of the so-called quartz lamp. For nearly ten years Mr. Berry, in the face of many difficulties and discouragements, kept at his task until he was able to bring the development of fused quartz to the point where a public announcement might be made."

GIRLS NEED GOOD SKELETONS—Height rather than weight determine the food requirements of little girls, while after the age of 12 years the girl's weight is the principal factor in determining how much food she requires. So said Dr. Francis G. Benedict of the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, at Boston, at the recent meeting of the American Philosophical Society. We quote the following from Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"'The food of children should, first of all, produce a good growth of the skeleton,' said Dr. Benedict, 'for a well-developed skeleton, upon which muscles and fat can be adjusted in the normal process of growth, is the determining factor in the growth of young girls. The remarkable fact is that girls from 12 years to 20 years of age all have the same fuel needs, when at rest in bed. A 12-year-old girl, weighing 85 pounds, produces as much heat when asleep in bed as a 20-year-old girl, weighing 125 pounds. Thus each unit of weight in the younger girls has a higher heat production, and for the age range between 12 and 20 years the best method of estimating the fuel needs is on the basis of the calories per pound of body weight for each age.' Dr. Benedict said that young girls were, so to speak, geared on high, and their organisms needed proportionately more food than did those of older people. It has been found, he said, that between the ages of 12 and 20 years girls needed equal amounts of food irrespective of their weights. That is, the younger and lighter ones use up the most energy for every pound of body weight."

IT IS THEIR ACHIEVEMENT

The men responsible for the development of clear fused quartz. Left to right are: L. B. Miller, P. K. Devers, Wallace Wright, and Edward R. Berry, who is chiefly responsible for developing this new solid, the most transparent substance known to man. Dr. Berry is seated at the table examining a lens blank made of clear fused quartz.



IT DOESN'T EVEN BURN HIS FINGERS

Heating a piece of fused quartz in an oxy-hydrogen flame. This photograph was taken using only the illumination of the flame, the quartz becoming incandescent in the flame and transmitting the light through the curved tube. Note that the outside of the tube is cold and can be held in the fingers, altho the operator is wearing a heavy mask and goggles to protect his face from the terrific heat of the flame.

WHO MADE THE FIRST PAPER?—The credit for this achievement, according to the American Forestry Association, is due to a scholarly eunuch named Ts'ai-lun, of China, a member of the court of the Han dynasty, in the year 75 A. D. For his achievement, Ts'ai-lun was, forty years later, raised to the rank of marquis. Believing that old bamboo tablets and stylus had outlived their usefulness, he set to himself the task of making new writing materials. After thirty years he produced the first hand sheet of paper, and it was made from the bark of a mulberry tree. Says a press bulletin of the Association:

"Prior to Ts'ai-lun's day, leaves of trees and various barks used in crude form had served the Egyptians, Romans, and other nations as paper. Ts'ai-lun, however, did not use the crude inner bark of the tree as the final material on which to make his records. He did use the bark, but merely as a raw material from which he produced a finished sheet of paper by a series of processes which, crude as they may seem to-day, were the forbears of paper manufacture to-day. For eight centuries after Ts'ai-lun's discovery, China monopolized the art of paper-making. She managed to keep the process secret until it was captured by the Arabs, who improved upon it by forsaking the mulberry tree and using linen or cotton rags instead. Thus wood as a raw material for paper-making passed into oblivion until the dawn of the nineteenth century. Even up to 1860, rags were the principal material used in paper-making. Most books on paper-making date the first wood pulp process from 1840, but the American Forestry Association cites evidence to show that it was forty years earlier. A quaint little volume, dedicated to George the Third, was printed in London in 1800. The writer of the book was one Mathias Koops. Most of the pages of the book are made from straw, but the appendix appears quite different, and as to it, Koops says: 'The following lines are printed on paper made from wood alone, the product of this country, without any intermixture of rags, waste paper, bark, straw, or any other vegetable substance.' What wood Koops used, or what process he employed, is not known."

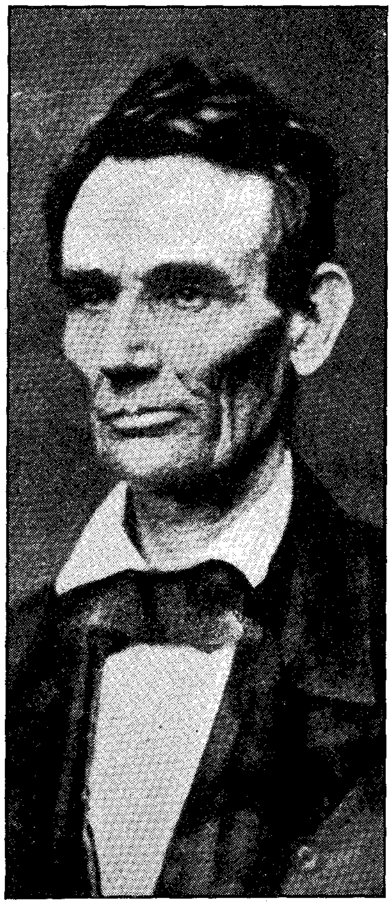
WHY LINCOLN WAS MELANCHOLY

INTESTINAL POISONING from putrefactive bacteria was what made Abraham Lincoln melancholy, we are told by the writer of a leading editorial in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.). We are reminded at the outset that every biographer of Lincoln speaks of an inexplicable melancholy which perpetually enshrouded him. Herndon, his law partner for twenty years, who has written the most detailed account of the great statesman, speaks as follows of this peculiarity, in his "Life of Lincoln":

"'Lincoln's melancholy never failed to impress any man who ever saw or knew him. The perpetual look of sadness was his most prominent feature. The cause of this peculiar condition was a matter of frequent discussion among his friends. John T. Stuart said it was due to his abnormal digestion. His liver failed to work properly—did not secrete bile—and his bowels were equally inactive. "I used to advise him to take blue mass pills," related Stuart, "and he did take them before he went to Washington, and for five months while he was President, but when I came on to Congress he told me he had ceased using them because they made him cross." The reader can hardly realize the extent of this peculiar tendency to gloom. One of Lincoln's colleagues in the Legislature of Illinois is authority for the statement coming from Lincoln himself that this "mental depression became so intense at times he never dared carry a pocket-knife."

"'As to the cause of this morbid condition my idea has always been that it was occult, and could not be explained by any course of observation and reasoning. It was ingrained, and, being ingrained, could not be reduced to rule, or the cause arrayed. It was necessarily hereditary, but whether it came down from a long line of ancestors and far back, or was simply the reproduction of the saddened life of Nancy Hanks, can not well be determined. At any rate it was a part of his nature, and could no more be shaken off than he could part with his brains.'"

On this the editorial writer comments as follows:



"PERPETUAL SADNESS"

Which was "the most prominent feature" of Lincoln's appearance, is now attributed to an intestinal ailment that modern medicine would have cured.

"We feel sure that no reader of *Good Health*, after reading the above paragraphs, will be able to agree with Mr. Herndon in the suggestion that the cause of Mr. Lincoln's melancholy was 'occult.' The description of Mr. Lincoln shows clearly enough that he was a victim, to an extreme degree, of intestinal toxemia. The same author tells us, in a more intimate description of Lincoln's appearance, that 'His skin was sallow,' 'wrinkled and dry and leathery,' from which it is apparent that he was toxic to a most extraordinary degree, further proof of which is shown by the fact that he was temporarily relieved by the use of calomel. Lincoln's observation that the continued use of calomel 'made him cross,' is explained by the fact long ago noted by Von Noorden, Combe and others, that the continued use of drug cathartics results in the development of colitis, a diseased condition which most profoundly affects the nervous system, producing irritability as well as depression, often to an extreme degree.

"In view of such facts, to ascribe Mr. Lincoln's melancholy to heredity is quite gratuitous. If it is true, as some have supposed, that Mr. Lincoln's occasional visits to the theater were prompted by a desire to find diversion from the gloom that preyed upon him, it might be suggested that it is quite possible that if the great President could have had his 'flora' changed, certain sad chapters in American history need not have been written, and without doubt the political history of this country subsequent to the Civil War, and perhaps of some other civilized countries, also, might have been greatly modified.

"Unfortunately, in Mr. Lincoln's day the beneficent germ which has for its function in the world to protect the colon, had not yet been discovered, but even to-day, when the veriest tyro knows that 'biliousness' is merely another name for a bad flora, that is, a state of putrefaction of food residues in the colon, there are everywhere hundreds of thousands of people, possibly many millions of men and women, suffering from mental and physical miseries from which they might be promptly relieved by a suppression of the flood of poisons pouring in from the colon, which may now be easily accomplished, thanks to the modern discoveries of efficient methods of increasing intestinal activity and promoting the growth in the colon of the protective bacteria which prevent putrefactive changes.

"So great is the influence of pernicious bacteria upon mind and character as well as every bodily function, the writer has no doubt that the general adoption of an antitoxic diet and the appropriate means for establishing and maintaining a normal, sanitary condition of the human colon, would contribute more greatly to the promotion of human happiness and the suppression of misery, disease, even poverty and crime, than any other one thing that could be done. Biologic or physiologic living is a basic principle of conduct the influence of which, if generally applied upon human life and character, would be found inestimably and beneficently great.

"Such a change in our *mores* as would put us in harmony with modern knowledge of human physiology would change the course of human development so as to make the trend upward instead of downward, as at the present time. A thoroughgoing application of biologic methods to our hospitals for the insane would, without doubt, loose the fetters which bind many a poor victim of chronic melancholy, the so-called 'manic-depressive neurosis,' and restore to useful places in society tens of thousands of victims of a bad flora who are sitting under the shadow not of a bad heredity but of a bad diet or, at least, of a bad heredity plus a bad diet.

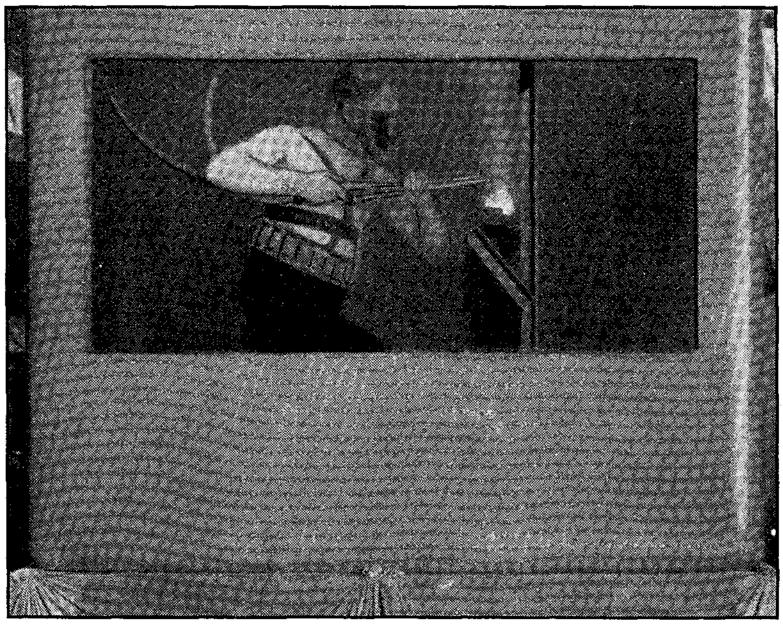
"According to Herndon, the great Lincoln's whole life was overshadowed by melancholy which was plainly the result of autointoxication rather than any occult or hereditary influence. To the average man the insane hospital is a place over the portals of which stands out in bold relief, 'Abandon hope all who enter here.' By the planting of biologic ideals in these great and highly organized medical institutions, and the application of thorough-going physiologic methods in diet and treatment, these public hospitals might be made the means of setting free from melancholy and madness many thousands who are to-day doomed to die in a madhouse and would become centers of light and education in right living, the influence of which would speedily extend to every community. Nothing is so much needed at the present time as a thoroughgoing application of human physiology to human life."

POISONING TREES WITH ARSENIC—Green trees can be "poisoned," and sprouting from stumps and roots can be prevented, by the use of arsenic, according to investigations of the Michigan Agricultural Experiment Station, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

"Farmers have found that some trees, such as locusts, cottonwoods and willows, will sprout vigorously even if cut in early summer, the best time of year to prevent regrowth. Two years of experiments by the Forestry Department resulted in the development of a tentative method of solving this difficulty. Girdling a tree, while it kills the tree eventually, does not prevent the production of sprouts from below the girdled region. But the application of poisons to the ax-cuts in the base of the tree has been frequently recommended to the experimenters as a means of quickly killing trees. Accordingly they tried out different poisons, but without the slightest effect. Arsenic, phosphorus, sulfuric acid, carbolic acid, prussic acid and other poisons could be put in gashes or holes in the trunks of young trees without injuring them. But further experiments showed that a combination of the two methods gives the best results. Girdling clear around the tree, plus an application of arsenic poison, does the trick. The tree is first completely 'frilled' or girdled. Arsenic is now poured into the frill, from an old teapot or sprinkling can, until the edge will hold no more. The solution to be used is made by boiling one pound of arsenic and one pound of washing soda in four gallons of water until the arsenic is all dissolved. The experts warn that arsenic is even more poisonous to men and animals than it is to plants, and it should be used with extreme care. Cattle must be kept away from the base of the tree until any solution that may have been spilled has been thoroughly washed away by the rain."

OUR CHILDREN'S NEGLECTED EYESIGHT

MILLIONS OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN are handicapped in their studies by defective eyes. Thousands of them are suffering from eye-strain, and large numbers are forced to discontinue their education because of this physical defect. Poor eyesight is an important associate cause of backwardness, stupidity, apparent laziness and truancy. A survey of statutory provisions in the United States and Territories for testing the sight of school-children has been made by the Eyesight Conservation Council of America, New York City. The results of the study are published in report form in a recent bulletin, whose contents are abstracted in a press bulletin from which we quote below. The report estimates that at this time the number of school-children enrolled in the elementary and secondary schools of the United States exceeds 24,000,000, or over 20 per cent. of the population. More than 60 per cent. of this number are said to have eye defects of sufficient degree to warrant correction. We read:



Courtesy of the "Pure Iron Era" (Chicago)

MELTING METAL UNDER WATER

A tank scene at the Physics Exposition in Paris.

"Even simple visual tests reveal 25 per cent. with manifest defects and symptoms of eye-strain. Many are contending with vision so defective that mental development is seriously retarded and comfort, health, and even safety are jeopardized. Fully 6,000,000 of our school children are at a disadvantage in their efforts to gain an education.

"Conclusions set forth in the report, applying to the country, point out that there is a wide diversity in the provisions and regulations. It was found that statutory provisions for the examination of the eyes of school-children have not been adopted generally by State Legislatures, and that only twenty States have statutes providing for eye-tests. There are only two other States that have board regulations which take the place of statutes. In most instances general physical examination laws are not interpreted to include eye-tests.

"Most existing statutes are regarded as inadequate. In only thirteen States are the laws mandatory for all school districts. Separate sections dealing exclusively with eye-tests are found on the statutes of but six States and in conjunction with tests for hearing in only three States. There is often a delegation of dual responsibility upon Boards of Health and Education or authority is not clearly defined. The necessity for keeping records and reporting results to a designated State department is generally overlooked. Suitable provisions are not made for training teachers, school nurses, or health inspectors in the method of making tests.

"The laws are not generally enforced. A systematic effort is being made in only eight States. There is practically no State supervision in at least thirty-three States and four territories, and very little in seven others. A conservative estimate based upon an analysis of the returns would be that less than one-third of the school-children of the entire country are receiving visual tests. The word 'mandatory' has often no significance.

"The conclusions indicate that no law is required, and generally that it is not the existence of laws but the disposition and proper appreciation of authorities for the need for eye-tests that is responsible for the commendable work in a few States and in certain communities.

"A program is recommended for State educational departments, local school authorities, educators and teachers. Every State board of education is urged to bring about the observance of an Eyesight Conservation Day."

Responsibility, we are told, lies with State Boards of Education, which "should issue mandatory regulations providing for eye-tests in every urban and rural school in the State." In nearly all States little is being done outside the larger cities. There is pressing need for eye conservation in the smaller towns and in the rural districts as a part of the general plan to improve country life. Cooperation of State Boards of Health is advocated. Further:

"A definite and concise program for establishing tests of eyesight on a State-wide basis is presented. Such tests will not be made throughout the States unless mandatory regulations are issued by the State board of education.

"Teachers are urged to observe periodically an Eyesight Conservation Day. The Council issues instructions which enable teachers to make visual acuity tests satisfactorily.

"The report contains detailed summaries of the State provisions for eye-tests and the extent to which the making of tests is being supervised by State authorities.

"The facts upon which the report was based came from Commissioners of Education and Commissioners of Health of every State in the Union, the District of Columbia, the Panama Canal Zone, the territories of Alaska and Hawaii, and Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands."

MELTING METAL UNDER WATER—At a recent Physics Exposition in Paris an interesting demonstration was given before a group from the French Academy of Science, says *The Pure Iron Era* (Chicago). We read:

"A reservoir of water was provided, and a diver, equipped with air tubes, entered the tank, as shown in the accompanying illustration. When under water the operator applied an oxyacetylene flame to an iron plate for a few moments and then applied the burning jet. The metal was seen to disintegrate in the water. It is claimed that this underwater operation of the oxyacetylene torch will prove of great value in salvaging sunken ships, and in connection with other marine work. A report of this experiment is being prepared for the Academy, and it is thought that the results of the work will be made public in a short time."

NEW THEORIES OF MIMICRY IN PLANTS AND ANIMALS

CURIOUS PARALLELISMS in form and color among living organisms whose structure proves them to be quite unrelated in essentials, have long engaged the attention of students of natural history. Darwin's view has been generally accepted by one school—namely, that this mimicry of one organism by another is due to an effort of the weaker organism to protect itself, by simulating qualities of a neighbor, better furnished by nature with powers of offense or defense. Some remarkable recent discoveries tend to discredit this so-called "mimicry hypothesis." The matter has attracted a good deal of attention, particularly in Germany. We find it discust in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart), by R. H. Francé, who says:

> "Mimicry phenomena of the most incredible kind have been observed, such as animals which imitate parts of plants so perfectly that one seems to see even the drops of dew and the fungus spots upon the leaves; or small butterflies, which imitate lifeless objects with such perfection as to deceive a connoisseur; or plants that put forth blossoms precisely resembling spiders or butterflies, thus creating the impression that the plant is already besieged by a horde of insects. Again, there are certain plants that are absolute replicas of a group of little toads, and still others, similar to the group of ice-plants, which grow between gray and red pebbles and are indistinguishable from these.
>
> "In the little old city in which I live, I have often entertained myself by studying the growths upon the old weather-worn city wall. Any one who did not examine these closely, would suppose himself to be looking at quartz sandstone; in reality, however, he is gazing upon a layer of minute spherical lichens. And in a niche by the gate, where the blocks of stone lie in shadow and, therefore, appear to have a darker tone, the lichens themselves are darker and, therefore, quite appropriate; but where the bright light brings out a sharp grayish white tone of the stone, the minute vegetable inhabitants, likewise, have a grayish white sheen.
>
> "Students have exhausted every hypothesis in order to explain these things, but for each fact proved, some one has found another exactly contradicting it. In the realm of mimicry there are at least two groups of phenomena, which have absolutely nothing to do with each other. One of these, is the active endeavor of animals to protect themselves. We have often amused ourselves in aquariums by watching certain little crabs which live among stones and reeds, and which regularly cut off with their claws a sprig of seaweed, which they gravely hold over their backs by an acrobatic motion of the leg. In this way the crab effectively makes itself invisible. Some very definite experiments have been carried out with these creatures. They have been placed in an aquarium containing neither stones nor seaweed, but provided with bits of tin, cut into the shape of leaves. And because these merry little creatures held the tin over their backs, as carefully as the leaves, the conclusion was jumped at that they grasp at anything to protect themselves, without any particular choice. We, therefore, changed the terms of the experiment, and put into the container a plentiful supply of weeds in one corner and a lot of tin leaves in another, and then chased the crabs back and forth. And what happened? It is true that they grasped their tin umbrellas and rushed into the corner filled with weeds, but as soon as they got there, they threw the tin away and grabbed the weeds. But when they got back to the corner filled with tin, they threw these away in their turn."

Mr. Francé remarks, apropos of this amusing experiment, that it does not indicate mimicry, but furnishes us with a chapter in animal psychology. The genuine problems of color and design in the plant and animal kingdoms, with respect to the mimicry hypothesis, appear to be quite different, according to him. Modern investigators have sought to find a common origin for these similarities which earlier authorities looked upon as cases of mimicry, pure and simple. The most recent view as to their cause is that it may be found, not in vital phenomena but in purely physical and chemical laws, such as govern both living and inert matter. One of the first observations along this line was that in both plants and animals the colors or dyestuffs present stand in close relation to certain liquid ferments which exert an influence upon substances that are originally colorless. It is obvious from this that the colors present are subject to the general laws which govern liquids. We read:

> "One of the weightiest of these laws is that all liquids exhibit the phenomena of wave motion in their distribution. . . . In my own recently published works, 'Bios; The Laws of the World,' I have emphasized the fact that in the unity of existence, which is uniformly express throughout matter, whether in the liquid, the gaseous, the colloidal, or the solid state, the wave law of fluids must necessarily imply a 'cosmic rhythm,' and it is satisfactory to find that this thought is confirmed in the present instance and that it furnishes us a key to at least a part of the phenomena of mimicry.
>
> "It has been recently shown by H. Krieg, in his comprehensive review of pigment problems, that a large part of the designs on animals and the foliage of plants exhibits a definite rhythmic distribution, and that this is identical with the so-called *Liesegang* zones, which can be obtained experimentally by the formation of precipitates in liquids.
>
> "When we compare the marvelous bands and spots on the wings of butterflies, or the stripes upon the skin of zebras and of tigers or the magnificently marked leaves of the aloe or blossoms of the iris with each other and with the figures in the *Liesegang* zones, we can not fail to perceive the working of a uniform law in the causation of these phenomena, which are apparently so widely remote from each other.
>
> "Above all, we recognize how frequently in all such bands of pigments the stripes 'run together,' quite in the manner of a liquid. Moreover, it is an unmistakable fact that these designs have been formed in rhythmic fashion, which often resembles the *Liesegang* method quite surprizingly, as has been demonstrated quite recently in plants by Kuester and in the wings of butterflies by Gebhardt. Such obvious deviations as are present appear to be distortions due to the bodily form of the organism or to its method of motion."

It is evident that this observation carries with it far-reaching implications. If we accept it as correct basically, then it is clear that all of the laws which govern wave motion are capable of being recognized in the designs found in the markings of plants and animals. For instance, we may expect to find examples of the sound figures of Chladni as well as of the Lissajou figures well known to physicists. Moreover, we ought to find in the colors of organic creatures, evidence of the operation of such things as interference and refraction and interruption or breaking in wave motion. With this in mind, probably no one could look through a book of colored plates of animals or of plants and flowers, without perceiving many instances that offer what seems to be a striking confirmation of the theory:

> "The old doctrine of mimicry saw in the stripes of the tiger an admirable piece of 'craftiness' to enable the animal to creep almost unperceived through the shadows of a jungle of bamboos and reeds. The modern concept does not hesitate to admit that the tiger actually does make use for this purpose of the design upon his coat, but it goes further and detects the origin of the provision thus made use of by the organism. This is the meaning of these new investigations."

Mr. Francé finds herein fresh proofs of the law that it is the rhythm of the life process which determines what happens in our universe. He also refers to a still more recent discovery which likewise confirms this view of rhythm or periodicity throughout the universe. This is the discovery by B. Haecker of the rhythmic growth of superficial organs. He closes with the words:

> "To him who is capable of letting his thought soar into this rare atmosphere, it has long been evident that wave motion, rhythm, and the essential nature of function itself, are inseparably related, and thus we have no need of intuition but only of logic, in order to foretell that the day will come when we shall be unable to imagine existence without repetition, i.e., without rhythm. What I have put down here, from the newest pages of scientific investigation, represents a step forward upon this path. That there are many steps still to be taken before we attain to the highest and fullest knowledge, is, perhaps, the greatest stimulus by which the study of nature attracts us and holds us."

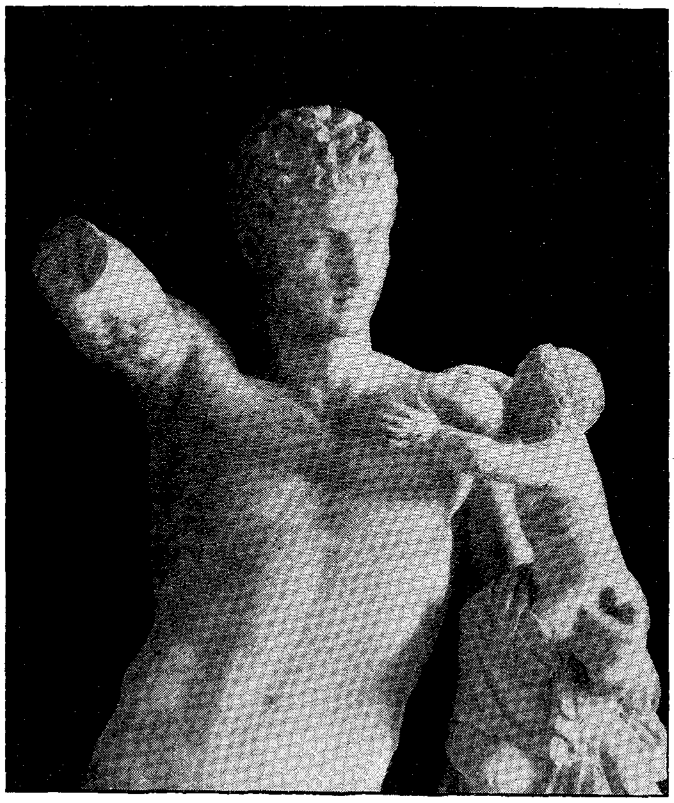
LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SHALL "HERMES" VISIT AMERICA?

THE GLORIOUS ROW over the Greek Republic's offer to loan America Praxiteles's "Hermes" for exhibition has moved thousands of Americans to ask, "Why do so many authorities see red when you speak of bringing the statue here?" With a view to finding out at first hand what painters think of the plan, what sculptors think, what critics think, and what museum directors think, THE LITERARY DIGEST has requested statements of such expert opinion, and the resulting telegrams have been in general as spirited as they have been prompt. For example, Joseph Pennell, the famous pen-draughtsman, says:

> "The proposal to bring the 'Hermes' here is the most vulgar, artless, imbecile job I ever heard of. Morgenthau is like Bok, who tried to get the Rembrandts for the sesquicentennial of Philadelphia. Every one, save apparently Morgenthau, knows that every museum and art gallery has a cast of the Hermes here—hidden, many of them, or disfigured to please the puritanical dry hypocrites who have overridden our land—and not one person in a million could tell the difference if the cast was put alongside the marble. If Morgenthau wants other people's money to give to Greece, let him get all the movies in the country to give the proceeds of one performance to the sufferers. It would please the poor, so-called Americans more, and bring in more cash."



"PRICELESS AND IRREPLACEABLE"

Praxiteles's masterpiece, "Hermes Carrying the Infant Dionysus," whose proposed American tour has started a storm of controversy.

Professor John C. Van Dyke, the art-critic, is hardly less outspoken. He declares:

> "The 'Hermes' belongs in Olympia, and it would be a pity if it was removed from Greek soil. The idea of hippodroming it about the United States probably originated with some imaginative American rather than with the Greeks. It is fantastic, at any rate. The Hermes, more than any other marble, is remarkable for its technical finish, its beautiful surface, its wonderful contours. These are the very features that might be easily damaged by the rubbing, if not actual chipping and breaking, incidental to taking down and putting up such a heavy statue. Carrying it to the people of the United States and setting it up in different cities seems too absurd to contemplate."

Lorado Taft, the Chicago sculptor, tells us:

> "Incredulity mingles with apprehension. The 'Hermes' of Praxiteles is one of the most valuable works of art in the world. It is the only authenticated original left us by any of the greater masters of Greece. Its beauty has repaid the journey of thousands to Olympia, and would delight millions in this country. I can not feel, however, that it is right to risk the loss of so incomparable a treasure."

Such is likewise the opinion of another sculptor, Frederick MacMonnies, who observes:

> "When one remembers the reverence and love the Greek people, from prince to peasant, have for their antique treasures, the offer to lend the statue in appreciation of American relief aid seems to me inexpressibly touching, and one of the most encouraging and beautiful gestures of friendship from one nation to another in history. This impeccable, irreplaceable jewel is recognized as an authentic original from the hand of one of the greatest Greek masters. In its present tragile, age-worn state, the risks of travel are prohibitive."

Meanwhile, still a third sculptor, Daniel Chester French, says:

> "I am utterly opposed to bringing the 'Hermes' to America, or to its leaving Olympia under any circumstances. Not only would there be great injury in the repeated packings and unpackings of the marble, but it would seem to be disrespectful to such a work."

The distinguished Boston architect, Ralph Adams Cram, takes virtually the same position:

> "I appreciate the motive of the Greek Government in offering to send the 'Hermes' of Praxiteles on a tour of America, but do not approve.
>
> "Masterpieces such as this should not be subjected to the perils of transportation and exhibition. Immortal works of art should remain in their own countries and be visited as objects of pilgrimage."

Homer St. Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, emphasizes the risks of transportation, and Robert W. De Forest, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, declares:

> "Praxiteles's statue of 'Hermes' should not be brought to America. It is a priceless and irreplaceable monument of consummate art. If it were in our Metropolitan Museum, nothing could induce us to let it leave the protection of our galleries to be taken to any part of America, let alone on a journey across the seas. Make the same proposition to France for a travelling exhibit of the Venus of Melos or the Victory of Samothrace and see what just indignation would be raised."

Arthur Fairbanks, director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, remarks:

> "The 'Hermes' of Praxiteles is the most perfect example extant of Greek sculpture in marble. To expose it to the risk of transportation for temporary exhibition in another country is unthinkable. Not many can see it in Olympia, but it means

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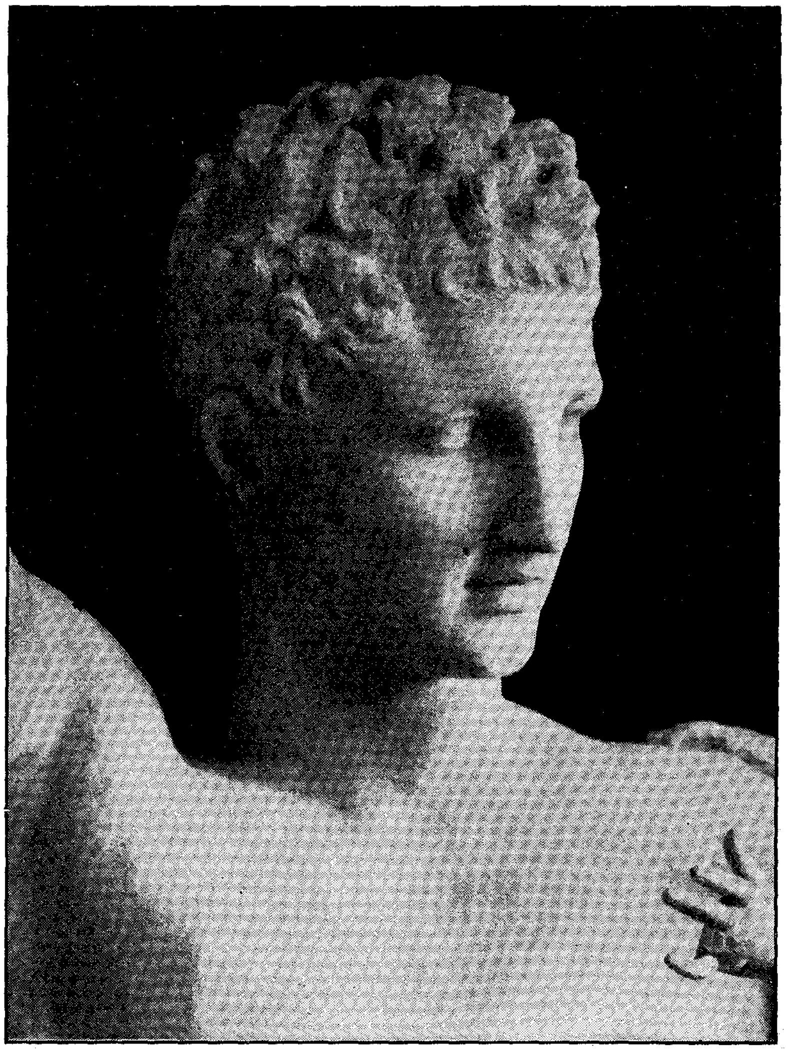
far more to those who go there than it could elsewhere. The pilgrim should go to Mekka."

Nevertheless, there are eminent sculptors and painters who applaud the Greek Republic's plan to send us the "Hermes." One of them, George Grey Barnard, writes:

"One hundred million people here have never seen a marble by Pheidias, Angelo, or Praxiteles. What fairer gift can Greece give than to unveil her immortal soul to one hundred million living people through the 'Hermes.' England, too, should send us a Pheidias."



SMILING DOWN AT THE INFANT

A "certain softness in the artist" and the "touches of almost sentiment" lead an occasional critic to suggest that the "Hermes" is perhaps not the greatest of Greek statues.

As earnestly, Gutzon Borglum, sculptor, declares:

"The possible bringing to America of 'Hermes with the Child Dionysus' will be approved by every student of art-history and lover of culture. Praxiteles represents the period when manner, finish, and technique had replaced ideas, force, and character, but an example of that master of conventional Greek art would be invaluable to our young nation."

And finally, the noted painter, George Bellows, urges:

"Yes, bring it over; let us see if it is as thrilling as its reputation. There may be some faint disappointment that it is not to be a work by one of the earlier masters, Pheidias, Myron, Polycletos, or some other of the fifth or fourth century. Praxiteles is later than the great period, and, altho the 'Hermes' is magnificent, there is a certain softness in the artist and touches of almost sentiment which will be made much of by the ignorant.

"I am wondering if the fear of damage which I am told has been much discust is equally sincere in all quarters. May there not be elements more subtle—'if you know what I mean?' The work is pagan, nude, and beautiful, and beauty is always in danger. Experts know how to take care of the statue; it will be superprecious, and you can trust them to fumigate us before they let us get near enough to breathe on it."

Press comment, meanwhile, attempts a thorough elucidation of the subject from all angles, and the New York *Evening World* begins by refreshing our knowledge of the mythology and history involved: "Hermes," we are thus reminded, "was the son of Zeus and when he grew up his parents made him the messenger of the gods. Many know him to-day as Mercury, which was the name given by the Romans, and often he is to be denoted by the winged sandals which gave speed to him on his journeys. He was the patron deity of eloquence," and—

"One of his jobs was to guide the souls of the dead to the lower world. He was worshiped by the merchants and tradesmen for his ingenuity. So clever was Hermes that many have attributed to him the authorship of the lyre, the alphabet, numbers, gymnastics and weights and measures.

"Young 'Di,' it may be stated in passing, was also the son of Zeus, and he afterward became our good old friend Bacchus. He was likewise the son of Semele, who was consumed by fire through a jealous trick played upon her. Before perishing she gave premature birth to the son, whom Zeus sewed up in his thigh until he came to maturity."

As the Brooklyn *Eagle* tells us, Praxiteles was an Attic sculptor of the Fourth Century, B. C., or, more precisely, of the period of Alexander the Great. The statue of "Hermes Carrying the Infant Dionysus"—

"was mentioned by Pausanias of Lydia, in 175 A. D., as standing in the ancient Temple of Hera at Olympia. For centuries it was lost to the world. On May 8, 1877, German excavators found it again in the ruins of a brick wall built by barbarian invaders at some unknown date.

"The right arm was broken away. There was a fine moss on the face. The legs from below the knees and part of the pedestal had been broken off and dragged away. The wingless right foot was fortunately found not far away. The figure of the babe had been torn off, but was discovered something like eighty meters from the temple. Restoration was difficult. The infant Dionysus had evidently been sitting in the hollow of Hermes's right arm. In a raised left hand Hermes had been holding some tempting object. Restoration makes this a bunch of grapes, but it is all guesswork. The babe's face is childlike but has not the chubby fat cheeks of babyhood. The expression of enthusiasm on the eager face, and the protective, loving lines of Hermes's features characterize the reproduction, but certainly less vividly than the original did."

This, then, is the masterpiece which former Ambassador Morgenthau has persuaded the Greek Republic to offer us for exhibition in a series of American cities reaching as far west as Chicago. Shall the offer be accepted? To accept such an offer would be outrageous, thinks Dr. Edward Robinson, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who even doubted at first that the offer had really been made, and told the New York *Times*:

"It is inconceivable to me that the Greek Government would for a moment consider sending the 'Hermes' to this country for exhibition, for the statue is one of the priceless possessions of Greece. It is, in fact, the one statue in the world to-day which has been positively identified as the original work of any of the greatest of Greek sculptors.

"It should be remembered that this statue is of old marble. It has not the vitality of new marble. Moreover, it happens that the marble of which the statue is made is of a coarse grain Its present location is inland. Tho there is a small port nearer, the real port from which I suppose it would be shipped is fifteen or twenty miles away. You would have the problem of dismounting the statue, shipping it these fifteen or twenty miles, putting it aboard ship, carrying it across the ocean and then moving it from point to point in this country, where it was to be exhibited, the whole process to be reversed when the statue was sent back.

"All this would have to be done, not with a lump of stone or a block of wood, but with a supreme work of art whose condition is what I have described. The danger of injury that could never be repaired is appalling."

The Times fully agrees, and we are warned:

"Dr. Robinson speaks with such high authority that Mr. Morgenthau's well-conceived purpose should not be carried out. The only extant specimen of ancient Greek art must not be subjected to unnecessary risks. In part, at least, the good effects which would have followed the exhibition of the statue here already have been accomplished as a result of the discussion which has followed the news that the thing was under consideration. Great numbers of people have 'looked up' Praxiteles, and Greek art in general, in order to talk intelligently about the plan, and they now know why such enormous value is ascribed to a masterpiece by the sculptor credited with being next to the best that Greece in its days of glory produced."

After reminding us that no official offer of the statue has been made thus far, the Boston *Herald* remarks, "Perhaps none will be. The Greece that laments so deeply the loss of the Elgin marbles would surely contemplate the possibility of injury to an original by Praxiteles."

Meanwhile, the Columbus (Ohio) *Evening Dispatch* observes:

"One can well imagine what an emphatic negative public opinion in this country would register if the authorities in Washington were to propose lending the original manuscript of the Declaration of Independence for exhibition in foreign museums. We shall be surprized if Greek opinion does not make itself heard against any loaning of the 'Hermes.' Its loss, or even its serious injury, would doom any cabinet that had taken such a risk."

To the Washington *Star*, however, it seems that the risk would be negligible. We read:

"The plan is to send it over here on an American battleship, and then to take it about the country in a specially constructed car to be shown to the greatest possible number of people. It may be accompanied by a distinguished Greek scholar, giving lectures on Greek art. The only condition imposed by the Greek Government is that there shall be no commercial aspect to the exhibition, but that it shall be wholly free, and in no manner or degree utilized to promote contributions to any cause, however worthy.

"This is a most admirable plan, and should be carried out in full accordance with the spirit of its proposal. Greece, tho now the youngest of the republics, was one of the oldest of the democracies. It is but the closing of a cycle now for Greece to return to popular government. When Praxiteles carved his great work the people ruled at Athens. Art flowered in the highest form there when the popular will was most effectively exprest.

"Throughout this country an interest in art has been evolving steadily for years. At present it has reached a point never before attained. In all parts the people are studying the history of art, are cultivating their own talents. The display of the masterpiece of Praxiteles would greatly stimulate this development."

Similarly, the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* declares:

"We need to study this ancient art and what it meant to its creators and the great peoples of the days of Phidias, Praxiteles, Sophocles, the creators of the Parthenon and other wonders of art, drama and poetry. And we need to recognize and resurrect that truly civilizing spirit of beauty and joy in living that made these men immortal.

"We should accept the offer of the Greek people with enthusiasm and bring the 'Hermes' here with the utmost care, as one of the most precious things in the world."

LITTLE HELEN ADAM—BORN, NOT MADE

A WEE SCOTCH LASSIE, writer of poems, has "taken England by storm," we read. She is now almost thirteen, but "she has been writing mature poetry for the last nine years," and "before she could write she was saying poetry." But we are told that this little successor to Marjorie Fleming, the Scottish child-poet of a century ago, is "not a prodigy." By name Helen Douglas Adam, she is just "an unspoiled, normal schoolgirl," and "her poems were often school compositions." One, written at six, runs:

HELEN HERSELF

Looking very well preserved—for a literary woman who has been writing nine years and achieved celebrity.

The red lips of the morning
Touched the green lips of the hill,
And a little pink flower sprang up—
I think it is blooming still—
While the bird in the highest tree
Was singing and singing to me,
Till the song of my heart and the song of
the bird
And the song of the hill and the morning
was heard
Above the song of the rill.

Fletcher Allen contributes to *The Literary Digest International Book Review* an account of Helen, whose book the Appletons have just published:

"She is the daughter of a Scots parson and his wife, who has displayed the usual tendencies of growing children, going through the awkward ages, and doubtless suffering the same ailments as most children. She is simple and quiet, but not always quiet. To see her walking to the school she attends in Dundee would occasion no surprize. She swings her satchel like the rest. She laughs and walks in company. Youth has not discarded her, nor has she felt any tendency to be estranged from her classmates. She is as unconscious of the gift as one could hope, even more unconscious. I remember a young genius who entered college almost before he had entered long trousers, and who was nothing more nor less than an overtrained mathematical reaction. He had a big head full of one subject. In her own particular sphere Helen Adam is a much bigger genius than any prodigy, but she has not yet been known to refute any close reasoning on literature that her teachers give. On the contrary, she looks at the corrections of her exercises and hopes that some day she will get a clean sheet back again, with full marks.

"Her life is perfectly ordinary; that is to say, there is nothing unusual to the life of the manse affecting her. Her parents lead the life customary to their work. Probably there is a more than usual depth to the conversation in the home, an unobtrusive emphasis of spiritual values and quality of thought, but however spiritual the life of the manse it is impossible to make that the reason for Helen's tendency to verse, impossible to say that a child of four should write poetry just because her father is a parson and her mother has a keen appreciation of beauty. No sophistry or Freudianism can prove the inevitability of this poem when Helen was scarcely big enough to walk alone:

Two little stars fell out of bed
Yesterday night when I was sleeping.
"Dear, oh dear!" the mother moon said,
"Surely I saw my star babies sleeping."

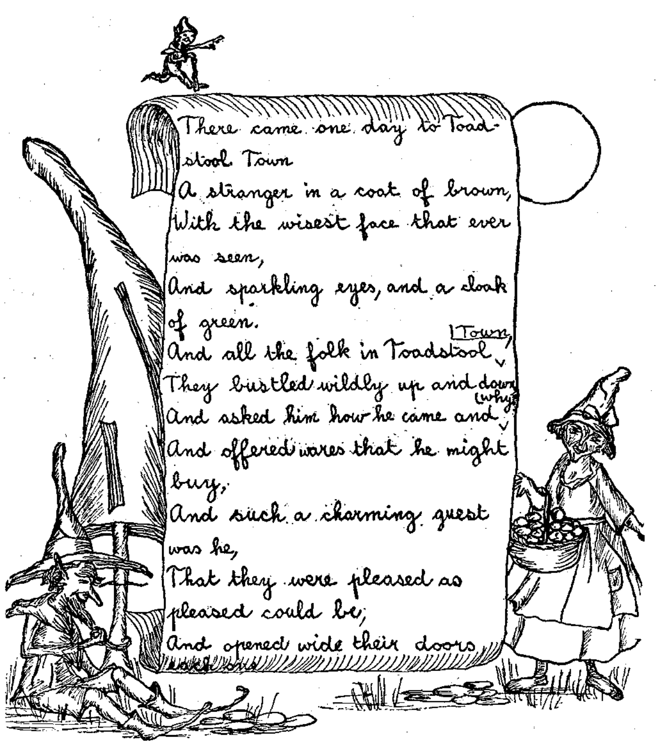
Down they fell from the evening sky,
Yesterday night when I was sleeping,
Down and down from the heavens high,
Where poor mother moon was still a-peeping.

A baby was born on mother's breast,
Round to see it we all came creeping;
But those two star babes had made a nest
In baby's eyes and were soundly sleeping.

"'Can you explain that at four years old? Even at two she was composing lullaby-songs for her dolls. Her relative, the Rev. Dr. Hutton of Glasgow, who vouches for the *bona fides* of these poems in a short introduction to the book, pictures the little girl of two as playing with her dolls and speaking to them or about them so:

I picked her up,
I laid her down,
I went and warmed her nightiegown,
I tucked her in and sang so low
That she went off to peep-a-bo."

Helen is "quiet-mannered and unobtrusive," Mr. Allen says, and "the things she talks about are the things she has seen for herself and the things she hears because her hearing is still acute." Witness her charming lines:



There came one day to Toad-
stool Town
A stranger in a coat of brown,
With the wisest face that ever
was seen,
And sparkling eyes, and a cloak
of green.
And all the folk in Toadstool Town,
They bustled wildly up and down
And asked him how he came and why
And offered wares that he might
buy,
And such a charming guest
was he,
That they were pleased as
pleased could be;
And opened wide their doors

POET AND ARTIST, TOO

Little Miss Adam adorns her manuscripts with whimsical sketches.

Down in the woods, where the bluebells grow,
Down in the glens where the streamlets flow,
Where the gray hills through the purple mist
Lift up their crests by the morning kissed,
There sits an elf where the birdies sing,
Pipe,
Pipe,
Piping.

Quoting Dr. Hutton, Mr. Allen remarks, "Her poetry warbles out of her." And while in her poetry she "is properly called a 'wonder-girl'"—

"Of herself she is Helen Adam, who has a pair of black cats that try to make up for the lack of a dog by being as doggy as is possible. They follow her half-way to school, and meet her half-way home when school is done. She is Helen Adam, who writes to her friends in London and talks of the hope she has of one day seeing the great city and the wonderful things there are there, by which probably she means the things that fire the imagination of any child—the waxworks show, the pantomime, the traffic, and—just London."

Where Helen's poetic gift comes from doesn't matter, thinks Mr. Allen, who observes: "The important truth is that the gift is there, that imagination and poetic expression have been, in one case at least, born and not made."

FRENCH POETS AT THE FLORAL GAMES

THE GOLDEN VIOLET, the golden eglantine, the golden amaranth, the silver violet, the silver primrose, the lily, and the silver marigold—prizes for poetry at the Floral Games in southern France—were awarded the other day with ceremonies six hundred years old, we learn. "Right in the heart of the Languedoc district," at Toulouse, "the oldest literary society in Europe was founded—three hundred years before the French Academy"—and there, every year, poets still compete for prizes just as in the fourteenth century. Of late years, the celebrated Félibrige in Provence and a rival Félibrige in Paris have crowned their laureates, to the delight of tourists looking on, but such festivals are only charming imitations of the Floral Games, it appears, for in *Le Voyageur en France* (New York), we read:

"On the Tuesday after All Saints' Day of the year 1323, 'the right gay company of the seven Troubadours' met under a laurel tree in a grove near Toulouse, and decided to send out a letter in verse to all the poets of the 'langue d'oc' (the Provençal language which was at that time spoken in the south of France) inviting them to appear on May 1 of the following year, 1324, to engage in a poetic tournament at Toulouse. The original seven troubadours were Bernard de Panassac, Guillaume de Lobra, Béranger de Saint-Plancart, Pierre de Mejanaserra, Guillaume de Montaut, Pierre Como, and Bernard Oth.

"Their first poetical manifestation took place on May 1, 1324, and the golden violet was awarded to Arnaud Vidal de Castelnaudary, who sang a song in honor of the Virgin.

"Originally the golden violet was the only award, and this flower has always been considered the greatest prize and is reserved only for the more serious forms of poetry. The symbolical flowers of the eglantine and the marigold were shortly afterward added to the violet as awards for the successful troubadours.

"The founders of the Floral Tournaments went by the title of the Consistory of the Gay Science. Their avowed aim was to maintain the culture of the Midi dialects and prevent the language 'd'oc' from falling into disuse. With this object in view they established a sort of code of Romance poetry and in 1356 they brought out a book called 'Las Leys d'Amors' (The Laws of Poetry). A new edition was published in Toulouse by Gatien-Arnoult as recently as 1841.

"Until the sixteenth century only the 'langue d'oc' was permitted to be used for the poems declaimed at the Floral Games, but from 1513 the French language was introduced for the first time and it gradually replaced the Provençal dialect.

"According to tradition a lady of Toulouse called Clémence Isaure, celebrated for her beauty and her wit, gave a new éclat to this academy, to which she consecrated a great part of her fortune. It had been disputed that this lady actually existed, but however that may be, she has remained the legendary patroness of the Academy and for many years her *oraison* was pronounced at each meeting."

As *Le Voyageur en France* reminds us, "in the middle of the Sixteenth Century, it was forbidden to use any language but French for the competing poems, and in 1694 under letters patent granted by King Louis XIV the society was converted into an institution of State under the title of 'The Academy of Floral Games at Toulouse,'" Reading on—

"These troubadours were a powerful force in the social and political life of the south of France in feudal times. They played very much the rôle that is now taken by the Press, and they were as much feared by the lords of the day, as their songs were welcomed by the ladies to whom they were dedicated. It was considered a great honor for a lady to inspire the song of a troubadour.

"Altho a certain number of love poems were submitted, most of the poems read at the Floral Games in the earlier period were of a religious or patriotic nature, the majority of them being in honor of the Virgin Mary.

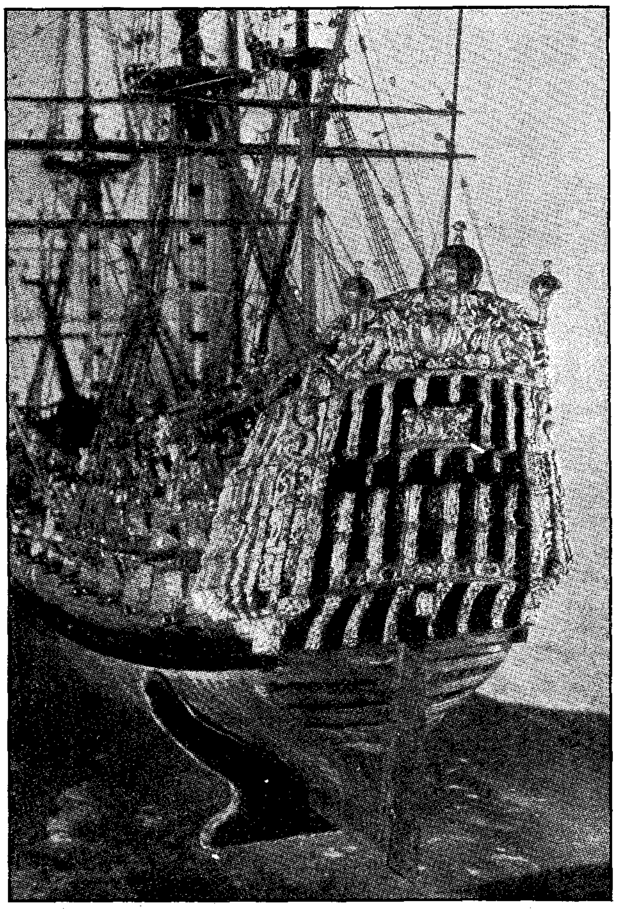
"There were many protestations when it was decided to exclude the old popular Midi dialects, and later, thanks to a generous donation, a special prize was instituted for poems written in the Provençal language—the language of Mistral and Jasmin."

Many illustrious Frenchmen won their first laurels on the field of the Floral Games, *Le Voyageur en France* tells us. Among them were Voltaire, Châteaubriand, and Victor Hugo.

"CORONATION" AHOY!

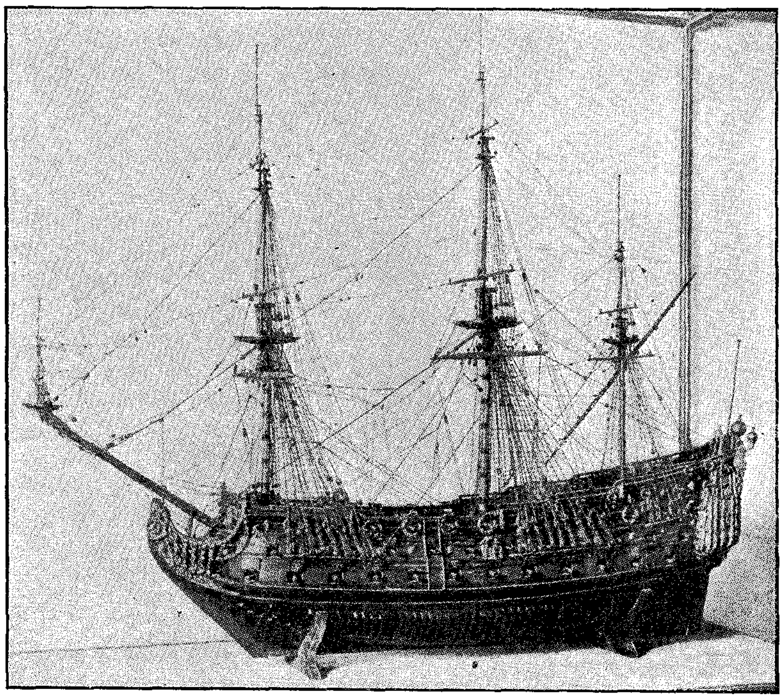
SHIPS IN MINIATURE—models from which vessels of past centuries were built—are fast leaving England and appearing in American collections, we read. "Sometimes by twos and threes" they come "or even in a still more numerous group," and "the latest of these models to reach the United States is that of H. M. S. *Coronation*," Sir Ralph Delevan's flagship, built in 1685 and wrecked near Plymouth five years later. As we are told, "the model was formerly the property of James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, who subsequently became James II of England." In the *International Studio*, William B. McCormick, who saw the miniature flagship in its glass case at the New York gallery of Charles of London, says:

"It is a veritable gem of seventeenth-century model making, an era when ornamentation was lavished on Navy ships. From waterline to rail, from figurehead to poop lanterns, carving and gilding were used unsparingly on these warships. This model shows traces of Mediterranean influences in hull and rigging, in the low bow with its magnificent figurehead and other ornamentations of carving and gilding, its high stern with the quarter and stern galleries carved, painted and gilded with Renaissance gorgeousness, its lateen yard on the mainmast, sprit topmast, and its three poop lanterns which here are distinctly bulbous. Gilded carvings and paint sparkle along the hull and on the upper decks. The gun ports along the upper decks are encircled with exquisitely carved and gilded wreaths, the opened port shutters below have lions' heads painted against scarlet backgrounds, the entry ports are solid masses of gilded carving, and the 'breaks' of both the poop and quarter-decks are masses of heavy carved woodwork gilded to the point that the surfaces still twinkle under artificial light. As was the custom in the making of these models a considerable part of the hull below the water-line was left unplanked to enable the frame construction to be seen and much of the deck was left in the same condition. The rigging of this model of the *Coronation* is faultless, the round 'tops,' characteristic of the period, being notable for their perfect proportions. England has lost to us few such exquisite specimens of the ship-model builder's craft as is this one of H. M. S. *Coronation*."



ALL A-GLITTER WITH GILT

The *Coronation's* stern, with rich carvings reminiscent of an art that has no surviving practitioner.



WHEN SHIPS WERE SHIPS

As the designer first saw her, and as lovers of old models see her now.

It seems to Mr. McCormick somewhat strange that our acquisition of old ship models in such numbers should have attracted so little attention, and he remarks:

"Much stress has been laid in recent years on the acquisition by Americans of great British paintings and books from distinguished British libraries. But through the regrettable anomaly in our national thought that we pay little attention to the sea and ships, in spite of the wealth and fame accruing to us from both, small notice has been given in print to the coming to our shores of these English ship models. This anomaly is easily understood if we perceive our limitations regarding the recognition of economics in relation to social as well as political history. If this recognition were more general, particularly in the weighing of what is 'news,' it might be seen that in these English ship models we had the representations of the sources of the fortunes that enabled many Britons to assemble great art collections and great libraries, of Britain's great sea-carrying trade, and of Britain's security on the sea."

THE ARTIST OF THIS WEEK'S COVER—Emile Renouf, whose picture, "The Helping Hand," appears upon THE LITERARY DIGEST'S cover this week, was born in Paris in 1845, and died at Havre in 1894. He was a landscape, marine and genre painter. He studied under Boulanger, Jules Lefèbvre and Carolus-Duran. Much admired by his contemporaries, he was awarded the Second-class Medal in 1880, the First-class Medal in 1883, and the Gold Medal and Legion of Honor in 1889.

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

SAVING YOUTH FROM HEROIN AND CRIME

THE INCREASE OF CRIME in the land is coincident with the increase in drug addiction, we are told, and to the use of heroin, a derivative of opium, the especially daring and cruel crimes are said to be due. So, says a leader in the fight to suppress drug addiction, "when we realize that America consumes more of the powerful opiates than all Europe combined, we can understand how there are more murders in a single American city than in all western Europe." Steps to end this insidious danger, all the deadlier because of its terrible grip when it is once fastened upon a victim, are, therefore, being seriously undertaken. Representative Stephen G. Porter has an anti-heroin bill pending in Congress, and it is being strongly backed by the International Narcotic Education Association, as an adjunct to its campaign to educate the youth of the country against the habit which is said more than any other to destroy the body and enervate the soul. The Association, of which Richmond Pearson Hobson is president, believes, however, that while the measure offers material assistance in curbing the addiction disease, education offers the greatest hope for its final suppression. With that idea in mind, the Association has sent to every member of Congress, we are told, a summary of the facts of the drug situation, with the suggestion that they be given to the people of the nation in a printed public document. In addition to the passage of the anti-heroin bill, which prohibits the importation, manufacture, transportation or use of the drug in the United States, it is further recommended by the Association that Congress send circulars on the general facts of addiction to schools, colleges and voters, and thus reach the 23,000,000 young people in the nation's educational institutions before the school year is ended.

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HEROIN ADDICTION IN AMERICA IS APPALLING

Says Richmond Pearson Hobson, who is the leader of a movement to acquaint the youth of the country with the peril of the heroin habit. The hero of the *Merrimac* is shown here with his family at their home in Los Angeles.

The anti-heroin bill, says Mr. Hobson, as he is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, may well be made an occasion for bringing to the attention of the American people the serious situation produced by the rapid expansion of narcotic addiction:

"Heroin has brought in a new problem, alarming in its menace. The psychology of the heroin addict makes him a recruiting agent. Testimony of the representative of the American Medical Association before the committee places the number of heroin addicts at 1,000,000, the average age being about twenty-two years. We know this 1,000,000 is actively recruiting addicts among our youth. So, if nothing is done, the 1,000,000 will soon be 2,000,000, the 2,000,000 will soon be 4,000,000, and so on.

"Heroin appeared in America only ten years ago. Its spread to the present proportions in so short a time is appalling and indicates new factors in the problem of addiction. These facts, defined and pointed out by the Association, are: Every heroin addict, because of the drug's action on his brain, has a mania to spread his addiction to others; the drug is four times as powerful as morphin and comes in the convenient deceptive form of a white powder, called 'snow,' which is generally 'whiffed' into the nostrils.

"One 'snow party' a day for a week makes a youth an addict. Organized efforts are directed at the young. Besides the professional peddlers we have a million young recruiting agents in our midst insanely trapping our youth into addiction. A sure symptom of the activities of this organization is seen in the rising tide of crime."

So ghastly, continues Mr. Hobson, is the plight of the narcotic addict and so slight his chances of permanent recovery that in scientific circles he is referred to as the "living dead." His potential danger to the community has been demonstrated time and time again. The heroin addict, says Mr. Hobson, "has exaltation of the ego along with the suppression of all motives of honor, principle, honesty, virtue, religion. Consequently he is not only a criminal, but an active, daring criminal," and there are more of his type in America than in all Europe combined. It is already unlawful to use heroin except upon prescription, and yet "in the testimony before the Congressional committee it was stated that of the 76,000 ounces of heroin now used annually in New York City alone only fifty-eight ounces are prescribed by physicians. The existing law has thus had little or no effect."

Mr. Hobson points out that, in view of the subterfuges adopted by lawbreakers engaged in the spread of addiction, laws can hardly be expected to control the source of supply or transportation, and that the only genuine recourse for checking the evil is to let the youth of the land know the "unspeakable bondage and suffering" of the addict, and issue a warning of the manifold ways by which the young are lured. The crusaders hope that with full knowledge of the facts the prospective victim will shrink from the terror of the first "whiff" or "shot" and save himself. In its campaign of education along these lines, the Association announces, we are told, that it has obtained the cooperation of forty-four State boards of education and all of the superintendents approached, and that the teachers of the nation are willing and waiting to instruct the young on the evil the moment they are ordered to go ahead and receive the material to work upon. Hitherto, remarks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, effort to keep an excess of opium above medical requirements out of the country has taken the form of a high tariff duty, and the combat against it has been confined to prevention of smuggling. And that, we are told, has not been very successful. Instead,

> "The country is flooded with habit-forming drugs brought in surreptitiously in either the crude form or manufactured. Smuggling of drugs is easy compared with liquor. They come in small packages and are not liquid. So long as there is a demand there will be an effort made to supply it, which will be more or less successful in spite of prohibition. But that fact is no argument in favor of not making every effort to protect the nation from the menace of moral degeneration contained in the spreading use of drugs."

However, elaborate legislation is unsatisfactory, writes Dr. Paul Bartholow, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the New York *Times*, and he urges the grant of greater discretion to physicians. Most European countries, he says, have laws regulating the sale of narcotics which in practise appear to work more satisfactorily than the legislation in operation in the United States. Moreover, in England, Italy, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries the physician has more authority, more discretion, than he has here. "He is generally the arbiter instead of victim, in disputed cases, and the courts are not for allowing the position of an innocent addict to be aggravated before being authoritatively examined. In this country the hands of the physician are not free in these matters; they are tied by the law and its dependence on supporters deeply involved in sensationalism." The drug question in this country, we are told, seems to be one on which few who think seriously can think soberly, and Dr. Bartholow notes that "the deplorable exaggeration of the evil, with its 'millions' of victims, is not borne out by the figures recently given by Dr. Carleton Simon (head of the New York Police Department's narcotic squad), and it simply proves that the lack of a sense of proportion and general headlines is still typical of the mentality cases." Tho he deplores that the question has become a "political one," Dr. Bartholow admits that the gravity of the problem may justly be pleaded, since "the havoc wrought by drug-taking is incalculable, and no man of sense can underrate it or shut his eyes to the mischief done by indulgence in narcotics." However, believes this doctor,

> "The case is one with which the physician alone can deal properly, and interference with the physician has provided a great, indeed, overpowering, stimulus to another moral evil—lawlessness. It has made smuggling pay. The illicit importation and sale of narcotics is becoming a profession, and if we may judge by the newspaper reports, a fine art. This state of things produces an atmosphere of hypocrisy and contempt for law which is not only a scandal, but which intensifies the evil. This is the price the nation has to pay for enforced virtue, and it becomes a matter of doubt whether morally the bargain is not a very bad one. The trouble at present is that the anti-narcotic law, if a remedy, is a very violent remedy. That it stimulates smuggling there is no doubt; that the illicit sale and purchase of drugs has reached alarming proportions is also beyond doubt. The law operates unevenly on poor and rich; it fosters crime, and may easily lead to drink.
>
> "In view of these conditions special interest attaches to the next meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. The international control of the traffic in opium, cocaine and their derivatives will be debated. The policy of the League is unsettled, but the position of the United States is clearly defined; it would prevent any nation from receiving revenue from the cultivation of opium and would limit the use of the drug to 'medical and scientific' purposes, while it is stated that Great Britain is for limiting it to 'medical and legitimate' purposes. There is a wide divergence here, nor is it clear how these terms are to be defined. However, they have a special importance and significance at this time, and they may place the whole question on a moral basis. For in spite of laws it is believed that the number of drug fiends is increasing in the United States, whereas they have declined in the northern nations of Europe."

THE PROBLEM OF A CATHOLIC'S CANDIDACY

ANTI-CATHOLIC FEELING HAS WANED, it is suggested in a Catholic weekly, to the point where the question of nominating a Roman Catholic for President might profitably be put to the test. A secular weekly of liberal views, however, holds to the contrary, believing that religious prejudice is still so active that a political alinement between Catholics and Protestants and a general political disturbance would result. On the eve of the Democratic National Convention, in which a strong bid for the nomination of Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York will be made, the discussion is particularly pertinent, and certainly of major interest to politicians and people. Governor Smith is a Roman Catholic. Tremendously popular, newspapers of all political creeds agree, he was elected for a second time by a large majority, after a campaign free from religious prejudice, and has already been endorsed for President by his State Democratic Convention and has been assured of the support of delegates from several other States. His pre-convention campaign manager—Franklin D. Roosevelt—is a Protestant.

The whole question of the nomination of a Catholic, writes the Rev. Paul J. Blakely, S. J., in *America*, a Roman Catholic weekly review, depends on whether the people of the smaller towns are strong enough to forget their ancient prejudice and get back to the spirit of the Constitution. "Said the Chairman of the Cracker Barrel Congress at Cranberry Corners: 'Ain't there a law agin' Cath'lics bein' President? If there ain't, there orter be,'" Father Blakely begins his article. "But the question is not confined to Cranberry Corners," he continues. "It is asked in every American city from New York to San Francisco at election time, for many Americans believe that there is a clause in the Constitution or 'some law' which provides that no Catholic shall be eligible to the office of President." The reason for this curious, unfounded belief Father Blakely ascribes to the political and social disabilities suffered for centuries by Catholics in Great Britain and in the Colonies, and he quotes the clause of the Constitution prescribing the qualifications for the office of President, which contains no bar against Catholics, and the simple Presidential oath, which can be subscribed to by a person of any religious belief or of none. But could a Catholic be elected President? Perhaps the prior question, says Father Blakely, should be: "Would any convention nominate a Catholic?" He answers:

> "Catholics have held high office, elective and appointive, in every department of the Government. Two of the ten Chief Justices, Taney and White, were Catholics, and for thirty-nine of the 135 years of its existence the Supreme Court was presided over by a Catholic. Yet, as far as I know, no Catholic has ever been seriously considered as a candidate for the Presidency. In 1920 Governor Smith of New York received the vote always given by a State delegation to the 'favorite son,' but this vote was complimentary and, as far as intended results were concerned, probably meant no more than the ballots cast on the same occasion for Ring Lardner, 'Sid' Smith and the long-suffering Andy Gump.
>
> "It would be idle to deny the presence of religious prejudices in this country, but its influence is probably weaker than when, some thirty years ago, it disqualified the late Richard P. Bland of Missouri as a Presidential candidate on the ground that his

wife was a Catholic. The results of the primaries in Rhode Island and Wisconsin, which recommended Governor Smith, and in Illinois which gave him some delegates, indicate that at least some parts of the country are refusing to discriminate on religious grounds.

"Washington correspondents, William Hard and Mark Sullivan among them, with Senator Walsh of Montana and Governor Smith in mind, suggest that the present may be a suitable time to test the strength of an ancient prejudice. Certainly, it is absurd to think that there never has been a Catholic who would not have made a good President.

"But there is a sharp distinction between eligibility and advisability, and the whole question resolves itself into this: When will the people consider themselves strong enough to get back to the spirit of the Constitution, and to disregard the prejudice and protests of the cracker-barrel philosophers at Cranberry Corners?"

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

By Mary Carolyn Davies

[Prize Poem Read at the Dedication of the Statue of "The Circuit Rider," April 19, on the State Capitol Grounds at Salem, Oregon]

God tramps on through the scourging rains,
God vaults into the saddle,
Rides alone past the dusty plains,
God's back bends to the paddle—
Cedar branches and sunlight through!
And on, still on, speeds the lone canoe!

God rides out on His ancient quest;
Healing, saving, commanding.
Here in the savage, unknown West,
Settlement, cabin, landing—
Well they know the steady beat,
In the stillness of God's horses' feet.

God leads to grace the pioneers,
Who walk each hour with danger;
Knows these grim men for His peers;
Gives His bread to the stranger—
Doing all that a neighbor can,
God rides still, a weary man.

God rides out! And founds three states
Their scourger, their defender;
Guides their loves and tones their hates,
Leads them into splendor!
God—in the Circuit Rider's breast—
Once more, God built a world—Our West.

—*Zion's Herald* (*Boston*).

Discrimination against any candidate for political office on religious grounds would be "national suicide," says Martin Conboy, president of the Catholic Club in New York, in an address on "The Spirit of America," delivered before a Jewish congregation in Temple Beth-El, in New York City. "It is unthinkable," declares Mr. Conboy, as we quote his address from the New York *Times*, "that any true American will enlist in any organization or movement having for its purpose the denial of our Constitutional guaranties to any portion of our people. Such a man is guilty of apostasy to our national articles of faith. If not a traitor, he is a heretic, denying the essentials of American liberty." Emphasizing what he terms the danger of discrimination, Mr. Conboy *continues*:

"Every race and every religion is represented among us. The vista of rancor and bitterness that opens up before us when we contemplate the opportunities provided by the revival of racial and religious bitterness is unending. The results of such conduct will not be sustained by those only against whom intolerance is manifested.

"Reprisals will be employed against any part of the people that seeks to disqualify on such grounds any other part of the people. Therein lies one of the most dangerous consequences of the attempted disqualification of any by virtue of distinctions that are wholly immaterial when considered in the light of essential citizenship. Those who are discriminated against on religious or racial grounds will of necessity combine for their own protection. Religious and racial parties instead of political parties will be formed. Religious and racial candidates will be proposed for the suffrages of their coreligionists or coracial considerations will determine elections, and religious and racial preferences will be substituted for political issues and governmental institutions.

"It is inconceivable that any true American can consider the possibility of such a disastrous condition without concern for his country."

But religious prejudice is a fact with which we have to deal, argue against it as we may, and *The New Republic* foresees imminent dangers if it should be disregarded in an attempt to nominate Governor Smith for President. Of course, says *The New Republic*, a candidate's religion should not be considered; but, unhappily, we have not yet arrived at that state of universal political enlightenment in which we would refuse to give weight to a candidate's religious preference, "and it behooves all Americans who place the national welfare above party to consider seriously the remote as well as the immediate effects of the election of a Roman Catholic to the Presidency." Recognizing, then, the prevalence of religious prejudice, this liberal weekly goes on to say:

"Millions of Americans are seriously alarmed over what they term the Catholic menace. Other millions, equally averse to Catholicism, still maintain the optimistic view that nothing can alter the fundamentally Protestant character of the nation. The election of a Catholic to the Presidency would shake this latter class out of their complacency and make out of them a rich source of recruits to nativism and the Ku Klux.

"In such an event the religious motive, which has hitherto played a subordinate part in our politics, would be certain to work its way into the foreground. Little by little the nativistic South would detach itself from its allegiance with the urban democracies of the East and aline itself with the Nordic Northwest. Our political alinements would run in terms of Protestant against Catholic, native and Nordic against newer immigrant stocks, country against city. In so far as the economic question entered in at all, it would result in a union between the Protestant, native, country party and the capitalistic class of the cities. For both the Ku Klux and the capitalist shape their ideals on the past, a past of self-help and unrestricted private enterprise. Neither views sympathetically the demand of the urban masses for conditions of living controlled by the community."

The two parties might be fairly matched as to numbers, we are told. But the cities are said to be increasing in population more rapidly than the country, and in some not far distant time the cities might dominate the House of Representatives, with the Senate, thanks to our form of government, under the domination of the country. Thus, we are told, our governmental machine would become almost incapable of operation. So, concludes *The New Republic*:

"The consequences of the election of Governor Smith to the Presidency would be extremely grave. They would be grave only because of the persistence of religious intolerance among us. Might it not be better, Governor Smith's friends are asking, to meet the issue squarely at once and by making Governor Smith President, prove that we are capable of living up to our pretensions of religious equality? Governor Smith could be counted on to prove that a Catholic can make an exceptionally capable Chief Executive of the nation.

"We do not believe that tolerance can be established by fighting, at the polls or in the field of battle. It will come to us, if at all, through a gradual process of education. It is most likely to come when the communicants of all creeds and persons of no creed work together in a common cause. We are fast approaching the point where a real alinement can be established in politics. The democratic elements of city and country alike are beginning to recognize the need of union against predation and arbitrary capitalistic control of the resources of the nation. It is no time to drag in the religious issue. We think that Governor Smith sees this himself and will decide before the time of the convention that his candidacy is not conducive to the best interests of the American people, Protestant or Catholic, and should therefore be withdrawn."

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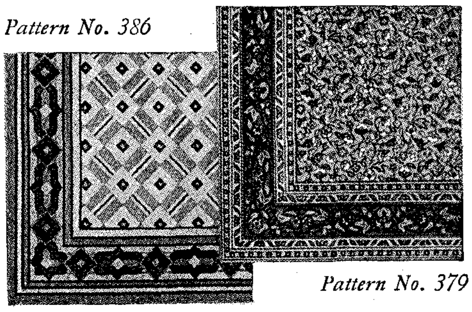


Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 379

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

FROM Baltimore the magazine of verse called *Interludes* brings, among other pleasing poems, this tribute to poetry itself:

WHO DOES NOT LOVE TRUE POETRY

By Henry Clay Hall

Who does not love true poetry,
He lacks a bosom friend
To walk with him
And talk with him,
And all his steps attend.

Who does not love true poetry—
Its rhythmic throb and swing—
The treat of it,
The sweet of it,
Along the paths of Spring;

Its joyous lilting melody
In every passing breeze,
The deep of it,
The sweep of it,
Through hours of toil or ease;

Its grandeur and sublimity—
Its majesty and might—
The feel of it,
The peal of it,
Through all the lonely night;

Its tenderness and soothing touch;
Like balm on evening air,
That feelingly
And healingly
Cures all the hurts of care:

Who does not love true poetry
Of sea and sky and sod—
The height of it,
The might of it—
He has not known his God!

A charmingly melodious poem in the Ottawa *Journal* runs thus:

THE LEGEND

By Virna Sheard

It is Pan who watches the mountain goats,
And all the little wild sheep;
He calls—and they answer from shaggy throats;
He pipes—and they follow his April notes
Where the paths are rough and steep.

They need no shepherd with staff and crook,
They need no sheltering fold;
For Pan doth lead them up river and brook,
To fir-tree shadow, and violet nook,
With a wisdom ages old.

The beloved over-Lord said to him
In the days when change began,
"Far, far up from the mountain's rim,
And into the cloud-mist purple and dim,
Call my fearless flocks, O Pan!"

"They are all away, that you used to know—
Save only Puck o' the hill,—
The Dryads are lost with the last year's snow,
The Fauns have gone where the swallows go,
Or the ripples that pass the mill."

"You are brother-in-half to my untamed things;
You are kin to the free and wild;
On each hoof you wear invisible wings,
From a reed you can make a flute that sings;
Your heart is the heart of a child."

"So my mountain goats and little wild sheep,
I will leave them, Pan, with you;
You shall pipe them awake, and pipe them asleep,
And every one of them you shall keep,
Where the hills are high and blue!"

And if they see him,—Well! Who is it cares?
Or if they love him—Who knows?
But he calls—and they climb the rocky stairs;
He pipes—and they follow where no man dares,—
And never a traveller goes!

Heimweh, nostalgia, homesickness—three words, in three languages, but with a single meaning—suggest themes for two contributions to *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse (Chicago)*, and we read:

HEIMWEH

By Dorothy Dow

The little tea-rooms and the rainbow hats,
The shops, the latest frocks, the newest song,
The crush of motors when the play is out—
For these I long.

The rows of fairy lamps that gleam and lure
In lines of globes that narrow softly down,
The shaded pink light at some place for two—
These are my town.

The pointed satin toes, the silly heels,
The heavy furs, the painted face above,
The scent of lip-stick, rouge, of deep perfume,
Are things I love.

A waiter's smirk, shrimp cocktails, lemon-ice,
The clubs, the lobbies, cigarettes at tea,
Gin in a silver flask—a rendezvous—
These beckon me.

The jazz notes in some famous cabaret,
A laugh, as empty, meaningless, as foam—
Indeed, these bits of tawdry frivol make
My heart—my home.

NOSTALGIA

By Genevieve Louisa Lynch

At Sixty-third and Halsted Streets
All night the noises ebb and flow;
Like a great swinging pendulum
The people come, the people go.

One knows not if the moon is full,
One never sees the evening star;
But all the lurid streets-lamps flare,
And trolleys pass with clash and jar.

And in a hoarse and strident voice
The newsboy calls the day's bequest—
A bank's door closed, a girl found dead,
A politician laid to rest.

But through the solemn woods at home
The katydids and crickets shrill,
Persimmons ripen with the frost,
And sumach flames on every hill.

Again two poems, this time by contributors to "A Book of Australasian Verse." Both were written in praise of Australia, and again it is interesting to note how differently two poets can develop the same theme. The verses follow:

MY COUNTRY

By Dorothea Mackellar

The love of field and coppice,
Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered wood and gardens
Is running in your veins;
Strong love of grey-blue distance,
Brown streams and soft, dim skies—
I know but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror—
The wide brown land for me!

The stark white ring-barked forests,
All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangle of the brushes,
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree-tops
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country!
Her pitiless blue sky,
When sick at heart, around us,
We see the cattle die—
But then the grey clouds gather,
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady, soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!
Land of the Rainbow Gold,
For flood and fire and famine,
She pays us back threefold,
Over the thirsty paddocks,
Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
That thickens as we gaze.

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land—
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand—
Though earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

LAST STANZAS OF "THE BUSH"

By Bernard O'Dowd

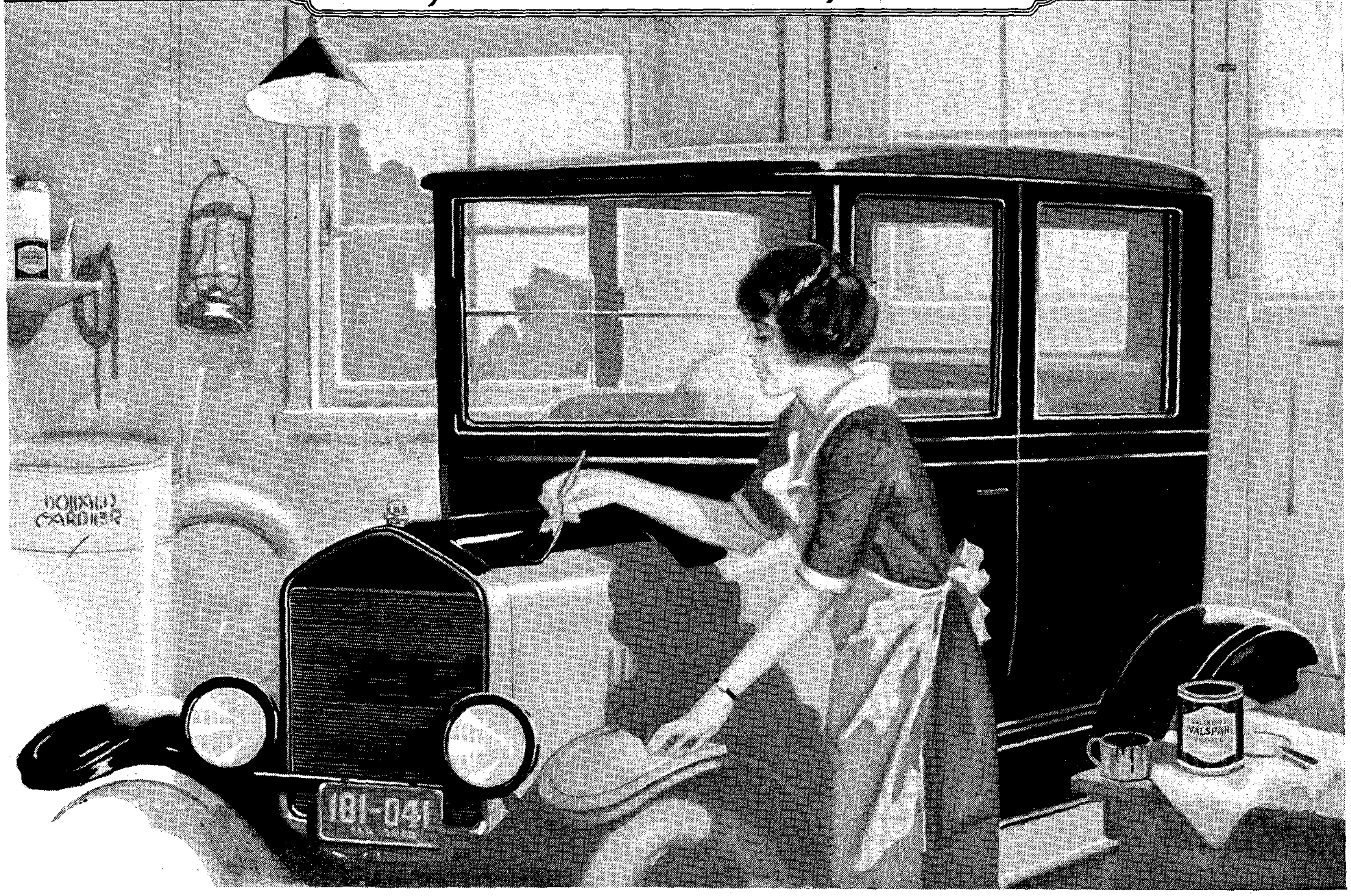
Where is Australia, singer, do you know!
These sordid farms and joyless factories,
Mephitic mines and lanes of pallid woe?
Those ugly towns and cities such as these
With incense sick to all unworthy power,
And all old sin in full malignant flower?
No! to her bourn her children still are faring:
She is a temple that we are to build:
For her the ages have been long preparing:
She is a prophecy to be fulfilled!

All that we love in olden lands and lore
Was signal of her coming long ago!
Bacon foresaw her, Campanella, More,
And Plato's eyes were with her star aglow!
Who toiled for Truth, whate'er their countries were,
Who fought for Liberty, they yearned for her!
No corsair's gathering ground, nor tryst for schemers,
No chapman Carthage to a huckster Tyre,
She is the Eldorado of old dreamers,
The Sleeping Beauty of the world's desire.

She is the scroll on which we are to write
Mythologies our own and epics new:
She is the port of our propitious flight
From Ur idolatrous and Pharaoh's crew.
She is our own, unstained, if worthy we,
By dream, or god, or star we would not see:
Her crystal beams all but the eagle dazzle.
Her wind-wide ways none but the strong-winged sail:
She is Utopia, she is Hy-Brasil,
The watchers on the tower of morning hail!

Yet she shall be as we, the Potter, mould:
Altar or tomb, as we aspire, despair:
What wine we bring shall she, the chalice, hold:
What word we write shall she, the script, declare:
Bandage our eyes, she shall be Memphis, Spain:
Barter our souls, she shall be Tyre again;
And if we pour on her the red oblation,
O'er all the world shall Asshur's buzzards throng:
Love-lit, her Chaos shall become Creation:
And dewed with dream, her silence flower in song.

Why drive a shabby car?



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VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample per person of each product supplied at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

Valspar-Enamel ☐

State Color..........

Clear Valspar ☐

Valspar-Stain ☐

State Color..........

Dealer's Name......................

Address......................

Lit. Dig. 5-24-24

Your Name......................

Your Address .. City

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

Wide World photographs

P. & A. photograph

International Newsreel photograph

WHAT THE BANDIT BUSINESS DOES TO THE FACE

At the left are Cecelia Cooney and Edward Cooney before they began their brief partnership in crime. At the right are the two defiant, sullen criminals who were sentenced to from ten to twenty years in prison the other day in Brooklyn.

EXIT THE BOBBED-HAIRED BANDIT—TWENTY YEARS

THE PRICE SHE MUST PAY for some brief notoriety, and a little more than $1,000 in "easy money," was learned by Cecelia Cooney in the Kings County Court of Brooklyn a few days ago. Thus ends a story which, as the New York papers pointed out at the beginning, had all the elements of a perfect movie or short-story plot. There was a flapper and a bandit who baffled the police, there was money, excitement, crime, and mystery in it. At the end, in place of the dashing bandit, was a very ordinary, ignorant girl of the streets, a dark and mean tragedy, and a terrible accusation. To-day, as one reporter points out, she is no longer the headline heroine of more than a dozen hold-ups, the terror of tradesmen, or even the tiger mother fighting for funds to support her unborn baby. She is simply a little laundress in bedraggled clothes, with a rouged face that is none too clean.

"Edward and Cecelia Cooney, have you anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon you?" asked the Court at the end of a short trial. The man and his wife shook their heads blankly, and then she replied briskly, "Not a thing." "I have talked to you before," said Judge Martin, according to the newspapers, "about this crime which you have confessed, and other crimes—many of them—which you have committed. I have had you examined as to your sanity and you have been found sane. I am going to give you a lesson that such acts can not be committed in this community and go unpunished. You are sentenced, both of you, for from ten to twenty years."

HER MESSAGE TO THE GIRLS OF AMERICA

This note scrawled in a childish hand on a small scrap of paper was sent by the bobbed-haired bandit to Judge Martin, who sentenced her. This version in part is taken from the New York *Times:*

"To those girls who think they would like to see their names in the paper as mine has been, or think they would like to do what I have done, let me say: 'Don't try to do it; you don't know what you suffer.'"

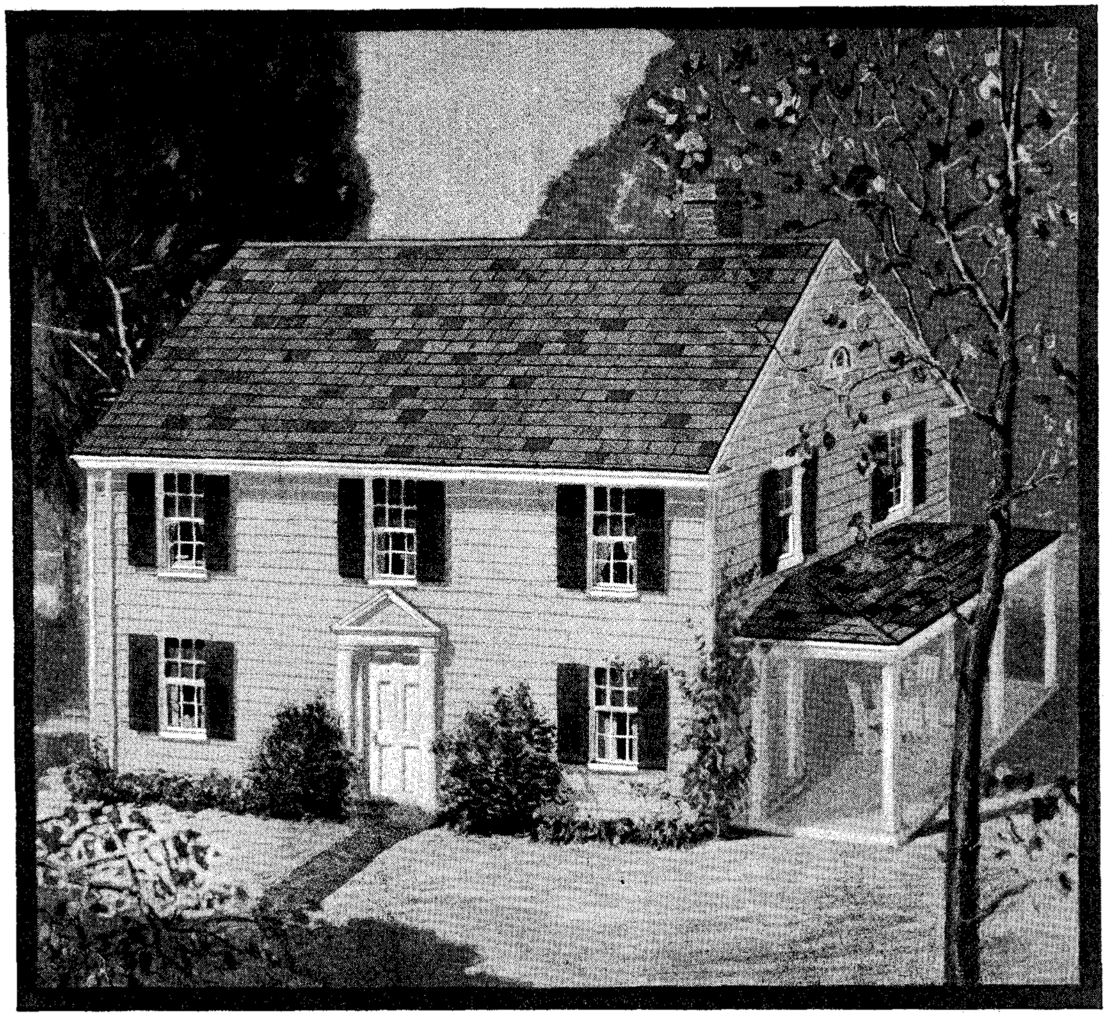
So in the regular grind of the criminal courts of a great city, one more sordid tragedy ended with a decision by which the two principal characters will spend the rest of their youth in prison. If it were an ordinary case, as the better class of newspapers have pointed out over and over again, the kindest way to treat it would be complete silence. In this case, however, certain special features seem to have given it the force of a very powerful sociological message. On the one hand, as the Springfield *Union* analyzes the situation, the quick trial and sentence of these two sordid offenders will at once dissipate "the haze of twaddle that their robberies and ultimate arrest have inspired." Through countless newspaper items and through innumerable conversations, "more or less bright halos of romance have been placed about the heads of this pair, and more sentimental gush has already been written and said of them than of any other notorious personages." It needs to be seen clearly, we are told by this paper, that the pair are not by the wildest stretch of the imagination "dashing and arresting personages, unless indeed it be dashing to rob a grocery store." They are crack-brained, ignorant and sordid and their career is "grubby and disgusting." On the other hand, it is pointed out by papers like the New York *World* that there is still an indictment pending—a powerful and impressive indictment in the report on Cecelia Cooney's life, and the indictment is "of the society that is now vindicated and protected by her imprisonment."

The reason for this attitude on the part of so many commentators on the case lies in the report of Miss Marie Mahon, the probation officer, which is quoted by all the New York papers, in part, as follows:

"'The defendant, Cecelia Cooney, was born at No. 38 East Fourth Street, New York City, twenty years ago, in a basement. The parents had eight children and Cecelia was the youngest. The father's name is Michael Roth, and the mother's name is Annie Roth. The parents were born in New York City. The mother can neither read nor write and never went to school. The father has had very little education and has been an habitual drunkard all his life. He has never worked steadily and never supported his family. What little support came into the family came through the mother. The children were sadly neglected; were sent out to beg; they had been known as little children to sleep all night on the coal in the cellar, and in the early

RICHARDSON
Product

From the makers of Flex-a-tile Housetops, Viskalt Membrane Roofs, Viskote, and similar products



THE Richardson Multicrome Roof in OPAL, *shown on the Colonial House designed for* HOUSE BEAUTIFUL *magazine by Henry Atherton Frost and Eleanor Raymond of Cambridge, Massachusetts*

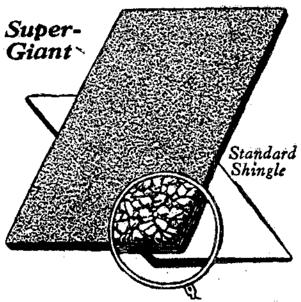
Newly created by Richardson

–an opal *roof of exclusive beauty from blended colors in slate*

An *opal* roof of a beauty hitherto unknown has now been created by Richardson.

This roof is built from the new Richardson opal shingles, no two of which are alike. On each are blended the most beautiful Richardson colors in slate—weathered brown and jade green.

When these shingles are applied to the roof just as they come from the bundle, the result is a delicately mottled coloring like the play of light on a rippled mountain lake.



The Super-Giant Shingle—50% thicker, 100% more rigid, and 35% more economical in cost of laying

The Richardson Multicrome Roof

In addition to opal, the Multicrome Roof is laid in other pleasing color effects. The rare *weathered brown,* an exclusive Richardson color in slate, has proved especially popular when applied in combination with other Richardson Shingles of *jade green, tile red,* or *black pearl.*

These beautiful new color combinations are used only on the Richardson Super-Giant Shingle—famous for its beauty and endurance.

With its inner foundation of Richardson felt, for fifty years recognized as the best; coated and saturated with Viskalt, the vacuum-processed waterproofing, 99.8% pure bitumen, the Super-Giant assures *lasting* beauty for your roof.

Prove the facts yourself

Go to your nearest dealer in lumber, hardware or building material, or to your contractor, and ask to see the color combinations in Richardson Multicrome Roofs. Also ask to see the Super-Giant shingle in weathered brown and opal. Note the rare color and larger size. Then compare it with other shingles—the difference will convince you.

Meanwhile, send for our beautiful new booklet, *Roofs of Distinction,* showing the exclusive color combinations of Richardson Multicrome Roofs, and containing valuable roofing information. Or, ask for our booklet, *Roofing on the Farm.* Just use the coupon below.

* * *

For every roofing need there is a Richardson product—from Lok-Top Asphalt Shingles to Rubbertex Roll Roofing with Pyramid Kaps. If you are an accredited distributor of building materials, perhaps you can secure the Richardson franchise for your territory. Just write us.

The RICHARDSON COMPANY
Lockland (Cincinnati) Ohio
Chicago New Orleans New York City
Atlanta Dallas

Clip and mail this coupon

The Richardson Company,
Dept. 59-H, Lockland, Ohio.
Gentlemen: I am considering roofing for
....
(types of buildings)
Please send me
☐ Roofs of Distinction
☐ Roofing on the Farm
(Check booklet wanted)
Name ....
Address ....

RICHARDSON ROOFING

© 1924, The Richardson Company

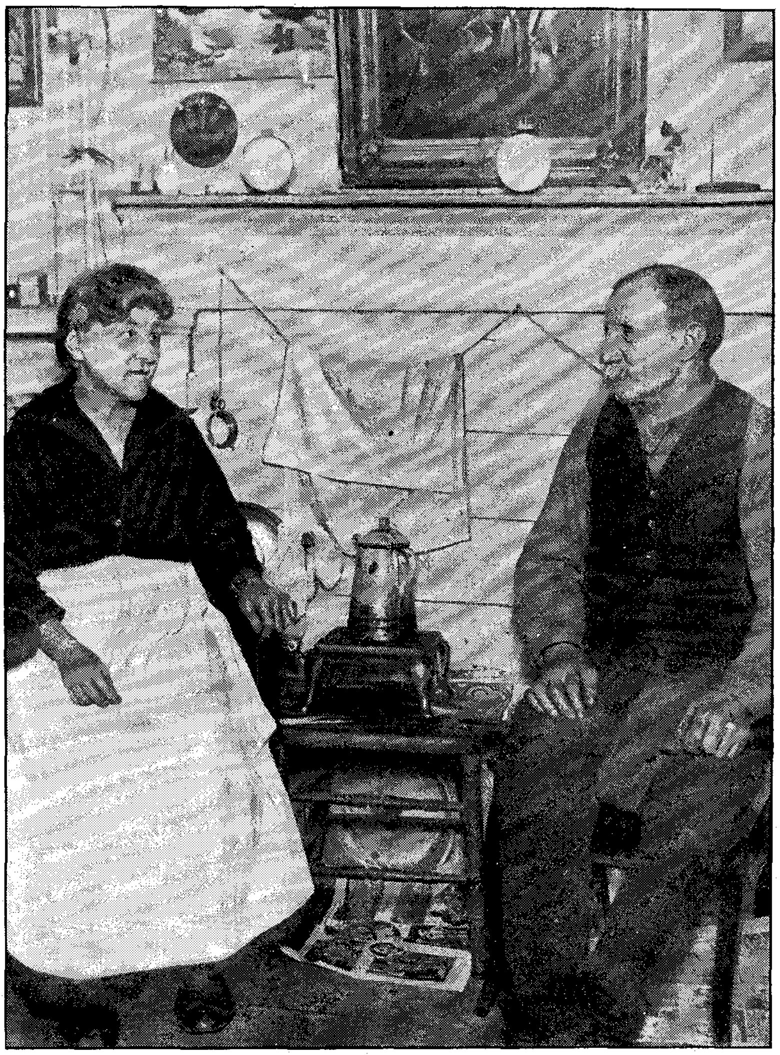
morning aroused and sent out on the street. Half the time the children were scantily clad and had very little to eat.

In the twenty years she has lived in New York, it is evident from this report that Cecelia Cooney has come at one time or another within reach of all the agencies of righteousness. At the age of four years she came into the custody of the Children's Society; six months later, on the recommendation of the Department of Public Charity, she was turned back to her mother, who promptly deserted her. The mother was always heartless and unnatural to the children, the report explains, and continues:

An unmarried aunt took Cecelia to live with her in Brooklyn. She sent Cecelia to the Catholic parochial school. From the time Cecelia was first taken by the aunt until she was fourteen years old the mother came on several occasions, had Cecelia all drest up by her aunt and took her to New York with her. She kept her in a furnished room and later deserted her after she had taken the child's clothes from her.

When Cecelia would be found by neighbors she would be dirty and ragged and would be returned to her aunt. This happened on several occasions. Meanwhile two of the older sisters had grown up and gone into business and had established a home here in Brooklyn, asking the mother to take care of the home and little Cecelia. The mother came there with Cecelia, but it wasn't long before she brought the father in, too, meeting and feeding him during the day at the home and at the expense of the two girls, neglecting Cecelia and failing to properly provide dinner for the girls when they returned in the evening, and finally leaving them altogether, going away with her husband.

At about the age of fourteen years Cecelia left her home here in Brooklyn, going to live with her mother. There she remained for a very short period and came back to Brooklyn to live with a married sister at No. 97 Prospect Place. She remained there about one year. During that time she worked steadily in a brush factory. This sister states that Cecelia left her home because she disapproved of her remaining out at night and associating with and bringing sailors into the home. Altho Cecelia was ambitious and always worked, the sister states she would steal little things. Cecelia left her sister's home and went to live with her mother in a furnished room in New York. Cecelia was then about sixteen years of age and the sisters heard nothing more of her until the present case came up.



THE BANDIT'S PARENTS

Michael and Annie Roth at home. They deny that Cecelia's home was as described in the probation officer's report quoted. But the bandit refused to see them until just before she went to jail.

The report then goes on to tell of Cecelia's career in New York, living with her mother and working as a laundress for a few months at a stretch in various hospitals. In some of them, she was a good worker, "steady, and no fault could be found with her." In others she was noisy, troublesome, impertinent and considered a ring-leader in upsetting the place. In all of them "Pinkie," as she was called, was a lively girl who wanted to have a good time. This story ends with what appears to have been a genuine love affair with Edward Cooney. Mrs. Catherine Cooney, his mother, said in a statement to the New York *Journal:* "He hadn't known her long enough, I told him. But he would not listen to me and said she was a very fine girl. Before he met her, Edward was always a hard-working boy, and I don't believe that either of them is the bandit they are said to be." On the other hand, as the paper points out, Cooney had a police record and his wife none before her banditry operations.

The story of these episodes starts with their first hold-up last January 5, and runs until the final crime on April 1, which later brought them to grief. In the space between, they were supposed to have committed at least a dozen hold-ups, for the most part of small grocery-stores and shops. They would drop into some little store in the most casual way, hold up the proprietor and clerks, take the few dollars they had been able to make during the day and get away. For a while, the newspapers reported a complete wave of terror, especially in Brooklyn. The crime that resulted in their downfall was an attempt to hold up a branch of the National Biscuit Company in Brooklyn. As an example of the point of view of these two young people and the way in which they conducted their operations, here is part of Cecelia's own story as it has been running in the New York *American:*

Along toward the first of April, Brooklyn began to get too hot to hold us. Nobody was talking about anything but the Bobbed-Haired Bandit.

I went into our own butcher shop one night to get Ed a steak, and there lying beside the cash register was a blue-steel .45, big enough to have blown the head off a horse.

Every day the papers were full of it, and the worst thing of all was they began to get my description right. My little baby was due to be born about the first of May, and when they noticed about that and published it, I was almost afraid to go out on the street any more.

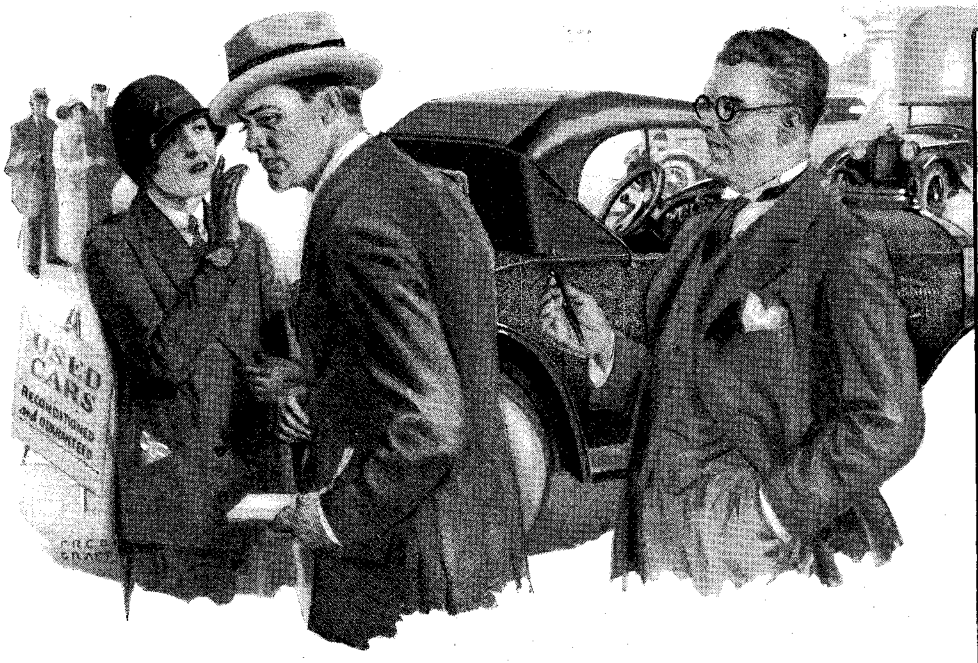
I was nervous and cried a lot, and Ed was all the time worried.

And every cop had orders to shoot on sight. They weren't looking for us to arrest us. They were looking for us to kill us, like they do out West.

Ed got to talking with me one night and said: "We're in dutch, so dutch that we can't stay here even if we quit. It's too late to quit. And we've played a piker's game. What have we got? Pretty good that first night, but since, a hundred dollars, fifty dollars, sometimes not as much as twenty-five. And some people got thousands. We got to beat it, and we got to have money. I been thinking hard. We got to pull one more big one, careful and different, and then blow."

I said, "All right, Ed, anything you say; but what'll we do and where'll we go?"

He had it all planned out. Just a block from us on Pacific Avenue was a big National Biscuit Company office. We'd go there and clean it out, and beat it the same day for Jacksonville. Ed said he knew Jacksonville was a good place, because he'd been there while he was in the Navy, and we could go there, and if we had plenty of money I could have my baby in a



Advice to buyers of used cars

EVERY time three new cars go on the roads, two used cars pass into fresh hands. Which raises the important question, "What is the right attitude towards a used car anyway?"

In buying a used car, here are three cautions to keep in mind if you want lowest possible operating costs and the best running engine:

(1) Make sure it is in good mechanical condition before you buy it, unless you intend to have it properly overhauled and placed in such condition. If any parts are badly worn they should be replaced.

Do not be misled into thinking that heavy oil can take the place of worn away metal. Our advice, based on a wide and careful study of many used cars, is this: Do *not* use heavier oil than that specified in the Chart of Recommendations. While heavier oils may sometimes seem to give better compression, the lubricating system of your car may be designed for the use of light or medium oil. To use heavier oil may rob expensive bearings and other parts of needed protection.

(2) Be sure to get the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your make of car and for *the year in which your car was built.* This is necessary because many engines have changed in design during the past few years. If you buy a 1920 car, for example, look up the 1920 model in the Chart and use the oil recommended. Don't assume that the 1920 and 1924 models use the same grade.

(3) If your car is over five years old, write to us for specific advice. Cars over five years old are not listed in the current Chart. But our files include recommendations for cars as far back as the Fall of 1906 when the first Vacuum Oil Chart was printed.

In writing, be sure to state make, model and year.

Excellent values may be obtained in second hand cars if you are particular to buy reconditioned cars of reliable makes from responsible manufacturers or their agents or in the purchase from reliable owners of cars in good condition.

For Your Touring Needs

Gargoyle Mobiloil in the new convenient one-quart can is now on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the middle Western States. As fast as production will permit this package will be placed on sale elsewhere.

Put one or two one-quart cans under the seat. A handy refill when your oil gets low along the road.

Be prepared!

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches:

New York
(*Main Office*)
Chicago
Detroit
Buffalo
Rochester
Milwaukee
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Albany
Portland, Me.
Springfield, Mass.

Philadelphia
Boston
St. Louis
Pittsburgh
Indianapolis
Dallas
Kansas City, Mo.
Oklahoma City
Des Moines
New Haven
Peoria

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

Don't play
"Guessing"
quart of oil
-make this chart
your guide

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1924		1923		1922		1921		1920	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Amer. LaFrance (Mod. 19)	....	....	....	....	B	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	B	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
American Six	A	Arc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Anderson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Apperson (6 cyl.)	[illegible]	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" [illegible]	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A
Atlas	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Auburn (Mod. 6-63)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Barley Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Bethlehem	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet (Mods. FB & T)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cleveland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Col'bia (Det.) (Con't Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Commerce	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Dodge Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dorris (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant Four	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Elcar (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elgin Six	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Fageol Safety Coach	B	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (2½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Federal Knight (¾ ton)	B	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" " (Model X-2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" " All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Flint	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive (F.W.D.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hanson Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
H. C. S.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Indiana (1 ton)	A	A	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (1½ ton)	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kline	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
LaFayette	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lexington (Con't Eng.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Liberty	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McFarlan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mason	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com'l)	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash Four & Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com'l) (Quad.)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 cyl.)	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Model 30)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard (Eight)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (Con't Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com'l)	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pennant Taxi Cab	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Pierce Arrow (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier Taxi Cab	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
R. & V. Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	B	A	B	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	....	....
Star	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Westcott (Mod. D-48)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. 60)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys-Knight	B	Arc.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Yellow Cab	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....

Makes of Engines
When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks

(Recommendations shown separately for convenience)

	1924		1923		1922		1921		1920	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buda (Mods. RU, WU)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Mod. B5)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. B2)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 12XD)	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. B7)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hercules	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Herschell-Spill'n (Mods. 15, 41, 80 & 91)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lycoming (C Series)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rochester	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha (Mods. Y, Ya & Z)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (CU, DU, EU, FU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Wisconsin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

hospital and we'd settle down, and he'd buy a part interest in a garage or something, and we'd go straight and forget all about the bandit stuff, and after all, if we was lucky, our kid could have all the things we had planned for it.

I went in, with Ed a little behind me.

A clerk came up to me, and I said, "I want to see the cashier"—the cashier was Mazio, the man Ed shot afterward.

Mazio came out of the wire cage where he worked, and I handed him an envelop, and he opened it to see what was in it, while the other man walked off, and it was only a piece of blank paper, and when he looked up, I had my gun on him. When we pulled our guns the girls all ran and the men threw up their hands. One fellow, I think his name was Taggert, edged toward the big safe. You could see he was going to take a chance and slam it shut. I yelled, "Cut it," and pointed my gun at him, and he jumped back with his hands up.

There was a door that opened into a smaller room. Ed stood way back with two guns, and I stood close by the door, and we drove them through it like sheep.

Mazio, the cashier, was the last. Just as he got in front of me, so close he could touch me, he turned and made a grab for me. I don't know whether he just had a brainstorm or whether he had it figured that he would take a long chance and grab my gun and shoot it out with Ed.

Anyway, he jumped right at me and got one hand on my arm, and I stumbled back and fell over a chair and went down on the floor.

He must have lost his nerve as quick as it came to him, for instead of following me up he made a flying jump, too, and went through the door that somebody slammed right afterward.

Almost that same second Ed shot twice. The bullets hit the door low and went through, and there was that scream and then everything as still as death.

P. & A. photograph

THE BANDIT'S GIRLHOOD

During one of the brief periods of comparative ease with her aunt when she was twelve. Her mother, says the report, changed this white lawn dress for rags.

That's why we didn't wait to look for money. We might have grabbed a lot of it. There was the safe door wide open. But who could of thought of money then?

We went in the yellow taxi over the Williamsburg Bridge to the corner of Broome Street and the Bowery. We thought they were after us, so we jumped out and paid the man and picked up another taxi that took us to Pier 36 and the Clyde Line Boat.

When I looked in my coat pockets for the tickets I first found out I'd lost the little note-book that was dropt on the floor of the biscuit company and that the police found it with our addresses in it. I thought I dropt it in the taxi. What was the difference? If they hadn't caught us one way it would have been another.

When they ran out of the biscuit company's office, you see, she explains, they "thought it was murder and the electric chair" for them both. One can picture them thinking about this all the way down to Jacksonville on a slow boat and jumping every time there was a footstep in the corridor outside, or a gruff voice at the window. The girl says in her story "nothing they can ever do to me will be as awful as those days and nights." In Jacksonville they had less than $50 left and they scurried away to a little rooming-house, worse, says the ex-bandit, "than any I'd lived in when I used to work in the laundry." There was a baby coming soon and they had to eat. Cooney, being a good mechanic, decided to get a job around at some garage and this, to continue the girl's story, is what happened:

Next day he went out to try. But he never went to any garage. He didn't dare. And this is why: The New York newspapers had beat us down there, coming on the train, and he got one and brought it home and didn't want to show it to me, but I made him—and there it all was.

They had our names and descriptions and everything, even that I was going to have a baby, and it said the police in every city outside New York had been wired to look for me in a hospital and Ed around a garage or welding shop. It said that Mazio wasn't dead yet, but that he'd been hit in the stomach, and they expected him to die.

The paper said I was the one that shot him. It was that that gave me the idea of claiming I did it when the detectives got us later, which is the only lie I've told except about my parents being dead. I wanted to save them the disgrace, and I didn't care a rap what they did to me after. My baby was dead, and I thought it might help Ed if I said I was the one who shot. But that was all later.

We went through a lot of other plain hell that I wouldn't wish on a dog before we came to that. We were down and out. We were a thousand times worse off than before we ever started to stealing money. It got us nothing and worse than nothing. Anybody who tries it is a fool.

I wanted my baby to be born in a pretty place. I wanted to have nice things. And now I was afraid to have my poor little baby born anywhere—and we were flat broke, and in a worse dump than any I'd ever lived in.

Ed was afraid to try for the kind of jobs he could work at. We were afraid to show our noses in the street. Our money gave out and we hardly had enough to eat. The baby wasn't due until after the first of May. Ed wrote a letter to his mother in Brooklyn, begging her to send him a hundred dollars to pay a doctor. The detectives got that letter. They got everything from then on. We didn't have a chance.

The night of April 10, I got awful sick and had the most terrific pains. You oughtn't to have to worry about things when you are in that fix. I was afraid to have Ed take me to a hospital, afraid even to let him bring in a doctor.

I thought the minute they saw what was the matter with me, I'd be arrested, and then the baby would be born in jail. Even a dump would of been better than that. I'd rather have died.

Ed got scared and thought I was going to die, and called a woman that was in the house to come in and stay with me, and went out and was gone about an hour, and came back with that Dr. Sisson.

Before he went away, he said, "Celia, I don't care what happens to either of us, you can't suffer like that."

I didn't want to go, but they made me. I hardly knew what I was doing. They took me in a place called Humphrey's Sanitarium, and I laid there for two days, wanting to scream every time the door opened, thinking the cops had come to take me away.

At last the baby came—I suppose I could write a lot of bunk about that to get sympathy, but I was too miserable then and I'm too miserable now when I think about it, to put down anything but the plain truth. I just laid there like a person doped when they showed it to me, and I thought, "You poor little kid, we've made a nice mess of things for you." And it was little and pitiful and sickly from the start.

Two days later they let me out. They knew we were broke. You can't blame them for that. Ed was afraid for us to go back to the place on Ocean avenue, and he took me to a rooming-house on Monroe Street that was even worse. It was dirty, and I had no proper things for the baby, not even a can of talcum powder. And you could see it was sick all the time, and I didn't know what to do for it. I wanted my baby to have a chance. And look at the chance it had.

I named it Catherine, after Ed's mother in Brooklyn. She's a good woman. She didn't deserve the disgrace we've put on her. We couldn't have a real baptism or anything. I guess the priest would have done it for nothing, but we waited because we thought the money would come from Ed's mother. I guess God won't hold that against my poor baby.

Two days later it died. I wish I'd died too. We had to get the undertaker to trust us for its little coffin. There was nobody at the funeral but Ed and me, and the undertaker that buried my baby is the man that gave us away to the police.

This is a very different picture from the woman who was brought back in the train closely guarded by detectives. To one

V-63

The REVELATION *of a* RIDE

AS EXPERIENCED BY A CADILLAC OWNER

THE very first thing that happened prepared me for an exceptional motoring experience.

I had pressed the starter and detecting no response from the engine, tried a second time. There came a protesting whir, warning me that this was unnecessary—the harmonized engine was running.

I made a mental note to test that silent motor throughout its entire range of speed.

The clutch sank beneath my foot; getting into gear was like slipping a watch into a pocket; and rounding a corner I received that characteristic reminder from the wheel to straighten up.

Right at that moment, the V-63 influence came over me. It was a feeling of elation, a glad consciousness of having the right car. I knew I was master of traffic.

In and out we glided, stopping smoothly but almost instantaneously with those safe Four-Wheel Brakes, darting on again at the word "Go" —anxious for the city limits.

There is a bad stretch of road there, but the V-63 smoothed it away, riding the ruts with an ease which seemed to deny their presence. I knew then what riding comfort means.

All of this time I had been conscious of that V-Type eight-cylinder engine—or, to put it more accurately, conscious that I was unconscious of it.

And now a fine, clear road pointed straight as an arrow to the skyline challenging a test. The green farms raced by as the figures turned up on the speedometer—45, 50, 60, 70—I held it there.

What a thrill that was! Speed, yes. But speed indescribably exhilarating, speed without vibration or effort—comparable only to a flight through space.

I remember having a curious feeling that we were idling along when the car came down to thirty.

Such smoothness and quietness! Above all, it is the effortless performance of this harmonized engine that sets the New V-63 above and apart.

You may think you know the joy of it, but you do not—unless you, too, have driven the car.

And if you have, I believe you will agree with me that V-63 performance cannot be described or prejudged. It is the revelation of a ride.

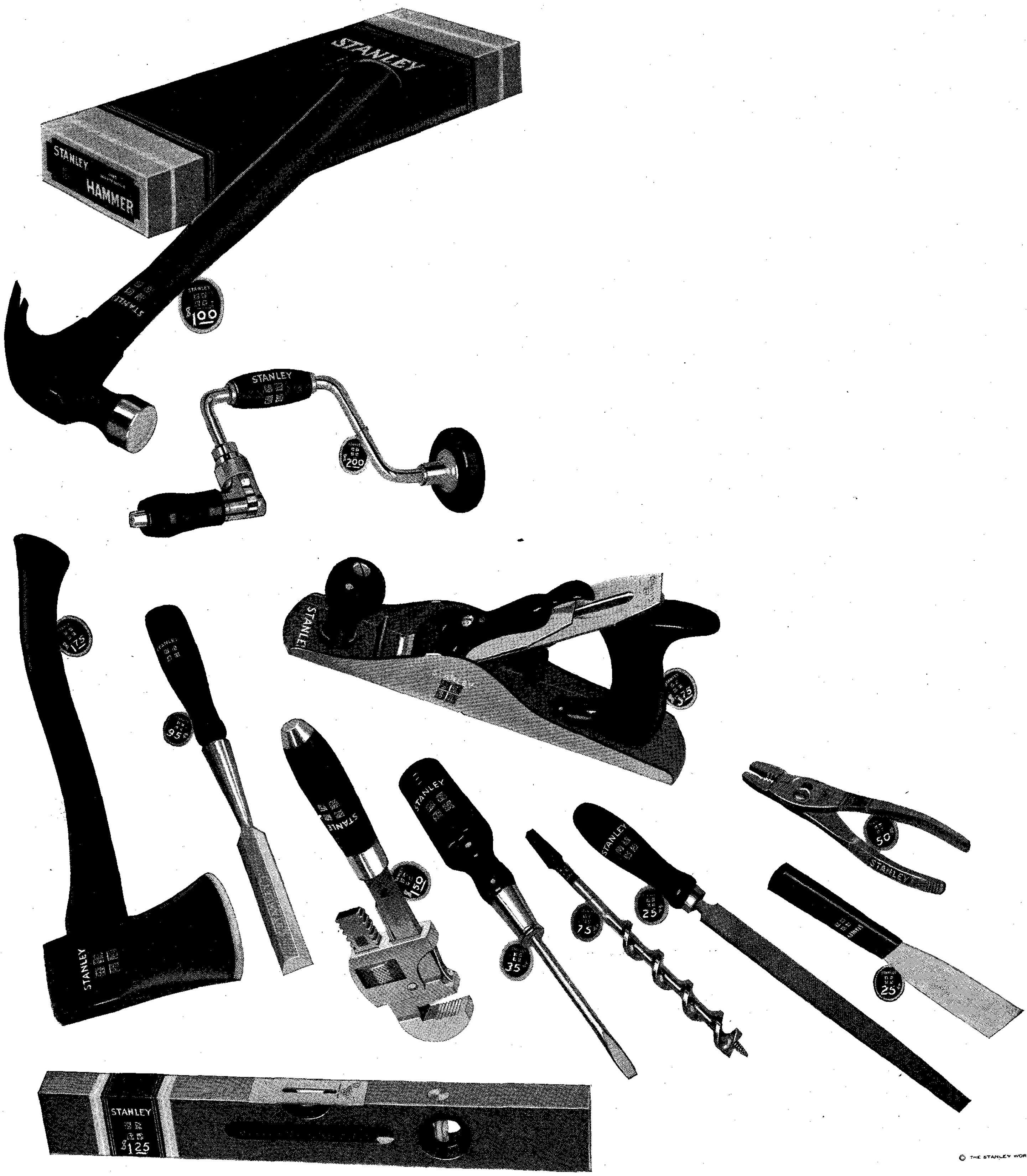
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

V-63

Standard of the world

STANLEY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FOUR-SQUARE TOOLS

A COMPLETE LINE OF THIRTY-TWO

Until now, there has been no line of tools covering the complete range of household needs.

Good tools have been available, but made primarily for artisans, and with features of little value to the home tool user.

Now come Stanley Four-Square Household Tools — a complete line of 32 tools, made exactly to do the odd jobs of the home. Every household has need for one or more of them — to drive a nail in the cupboard, to take the edge off a door that sticks, and for many other little jobs always coming up around your home.

There is a tool for every use, each made with close attention to detail and quality. These tools in handsome black finish embody correct ideas of weight, size and design to fit your home requirements. They can be bought with the confidence that the same dependable quality is maintained in Stanley Four-Square Tools for household use which has marked all Stanley Tools for the past 80 years.

Four-Square Tools are price-tagged, bear the red Four-Square mark in addition to the name STANLEY, and are sold in individual packages.

The Four-Square mark, displayed by any hardware dealer, is a sign that he carries a complete stock of Stanley Four-Square Household Tools.

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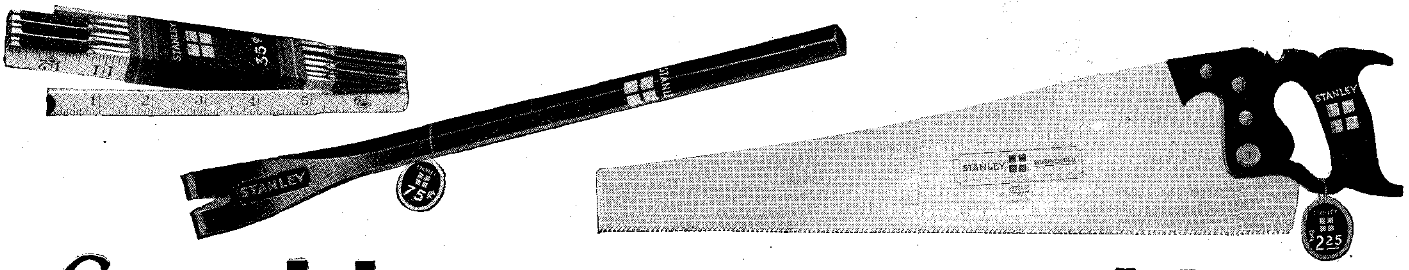
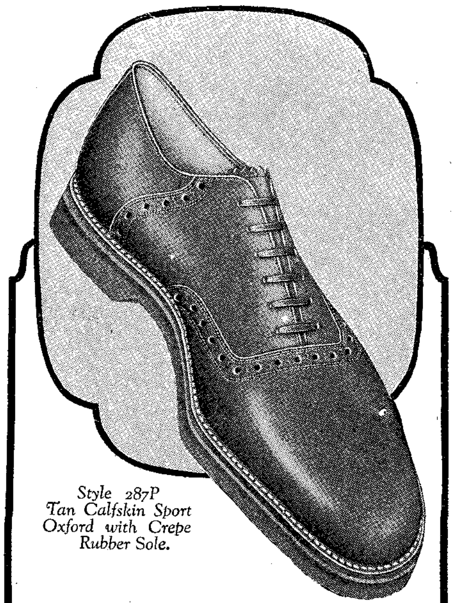


for HOUSEHOLD USES



Style 287P
Tan Calfskin Sport
Oxford with Crepe
Rubber Sole.

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Nearly a quarter of a century of shoe-making experience has taught us how to produce Hanover Shoes—shoes that are styled for comfort and built for wear—the embodiment of good taste and honest value.

FIVE DOLLARS

This price is possible because we are the only shoe makers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.

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Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are scientifically designed and constructed for growing feet. They stand up under the hardest kind of service and, withal, have the grace and style that appeals to boys. $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

reporter she appeared to be a moron bordering on feeble-mindedness. Others were more imprest by the spirit of bravado which she kept up. In the stateroom, it appears, she danced jigs, interspersed with fits of crying. Then she would talk about the interest people were likely to have in the trial, and say: "I'll bet there will be a mob there." Here is perhaps an even more significant picture from the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> Mrs. Cooney had but one desire on Tuesday, as she sat comfortably in her compartment aboard the Florida special that was racing her back here to face her accusers.
>
> "I want a magazine with detective stories in it," she told a group of reporters who boarded the train at Washington. "This monotony is getting on my nerves. If you can't get me one of those, get me one with real live stories in them—shooting and all the rest." Commenting on this, County Judge W. Bernard Vause said today:
>
> "There is no doubt in my mind that this sort of cheap reading was a contributing factor in the criminal acts of this woman. To all appearances she is a woman of a low type, if not feeble-minded. Stories with shooting and robberies in them made a distinct and lasting impression on her.

But the idea of feeble-mindedness seemed to have been dropt during the course of the trial, and it is as thoroughly responsible people that the two Cooneys go their respective ways to Sing Sing and Auburn.

Perhaps a little truer insight as to the psychology of this young woman may be gathered from certain passages in her story, already quoted in part from *The American.* When the Cooneys made their preparatory exploration for the biscuit-factory robbery, they hired a car in order to avoid any chance of recognition by the police. Of this, she said:

> It was fine, going through Brooklyn that way—me now riding in a limousine where I used to work in a laundry. And I felt safe. No cop was going to look for me sitting back in the cushions of a big Packard with a chauffeur, and besides I had the veil on my face.

Later, they took this same car to carry out the robbery itself. On the way they held up the chauffeur, lashed his hands and feet with picture-wire, and bundled him in the back of the limousine where Mrs. Cooney was sitting. This is what she did:

> I had to move my feet so he could turn, and I got to looking down at my own feet. I had on new high-heeled pumps and pretty stockings, and they looked so little with him all hunched there, that I thought how funny it would be if I put one of them on his neck, like Cleopatra I once saw in the movies.
>
> And the more I thought of it, the more I couldn't help doing it, so I put one foot easy and rested it right on his neck, and then I prest the heel down a little, but not enough to hurt him.
>
> And that's the way I rode through the park, piled back in a limousine, with my foot on a man's neck. We passed two or three cars, and I thought wouldn't it be a joke if they knew.

At the very end a still different light is cast on Mrs. Cooney. We get a picture of her in her bedraggled finery, with her black satin shoes and black lace silk stockings, no longer new, and her pink silk hat, a little soiled, wiping her powder-caked face with the back of her hand and flashing one last smile at her husband before she is taken away to jail.

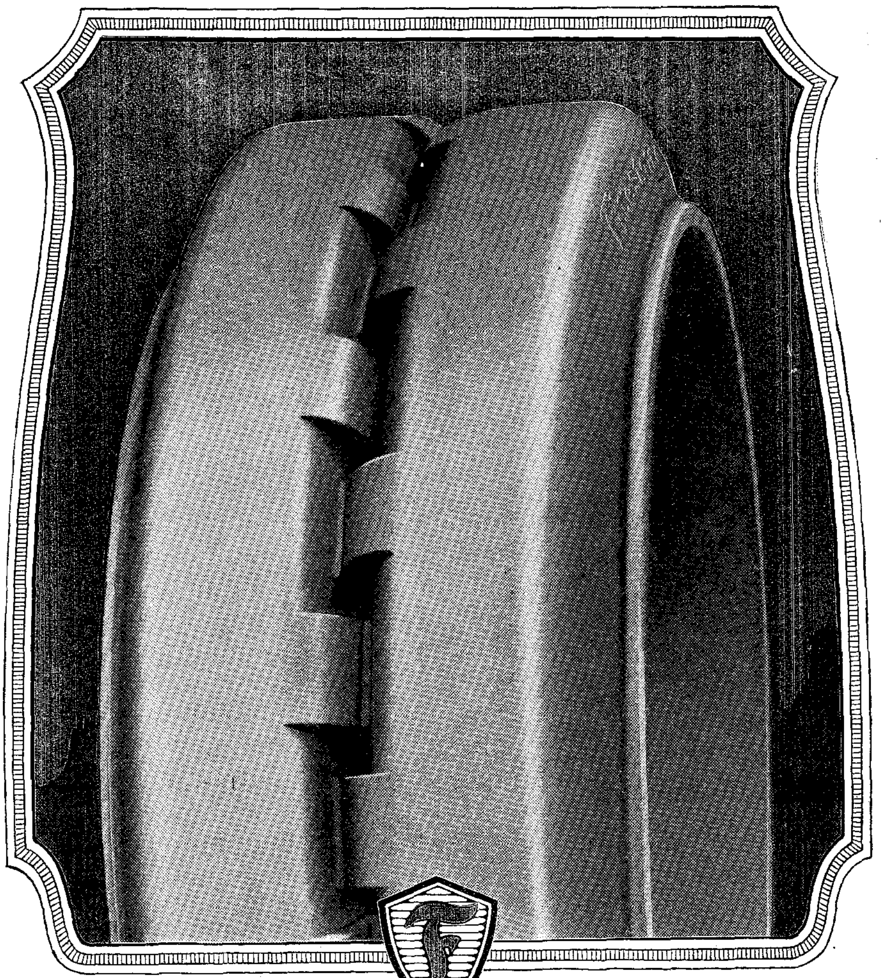
Her exit from the news columns, says the Brooklyn *Citizen,* merits a general "Amen." Wholesome-minded newspaper readers, says this journal, have something of the feeling of old Colonel Newcome, "I want to read about ladies and gentlemen, not about kitchen wenches and horse-boys." But unfortunately, as *The Citizen* points out, we must read about them occasionally or close our eyes to very important facts, for, it goes on:

> The jungle, the jungle in which Cecelia Roth was born and bred, is close, very close, to our city-dwellers, and if its pernicious miasma does not oppress our senses that is because familiarity has bred toleration. Not yet has society made true and adequate provision for protecting the jungle's children.

Other newspapers commenting on the case vary between the two points of view already indicated, namely disgust at the sentimental twaddle which has been written about the case, and an indictment of society for the conditions brought out by the Probation Officer's report. It is left to Walter Lippman of the New York *World* to sum up the latter point of view in a ringing editorial on this girl who "at twenty was married, had borne a child, had committed a series of robberies, and is condemned to spend the rest of her youth in prison." He continues:

> This is what twentieth-century civilization in New York achieved in the case of Cecelia Cooney. Fully warned by the behavior of her parents long before her birth, the law allowed her parents to reproduce their kind. Fully warned when she was still an infant, society allowed her to drift out of its hands into a life of dirt, neglect, dark basements, begging, stealing, ignorance, poor little tawdry excitements and twisted romance.
>
> The courts had their chance and they missed it. Charity had its chance and missed it. Schools had their chance and they missed it. The Church had its chance and missed it. The absent-minded routine of all that is well-meaning and respectable did not deflect by an inch her inexorable progress from the basement where she was born to the jail where she will expiate her crimes and ours.
>
> For her crimes are on our heads too. No record could be clearer or more eloquent. None could leave less room for doubt that Cecelia Cooney is a product of this city, of its neglect and its carelessness, of its indifference and its undercurrents of misery. We recommend her story to the pulpits of New York, to the school men of New York, to the lawmakers of New York, to the social workers of New York, to those who are tempted to boast of its wealth, its magnificence and its power.

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER.— H. S. Firestone



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A Massive Cushion

Recommended for Wear and Traction

Fleet operators who are in a position to check tire mileage costs on a large number of trucks and to make comparisons, endorse the Firestone Heavy Duty Cushion.

Records never fail to show its big mileage delivery, as it is engineered and specially compounded to avoid wiping, cupping and chipping.

The design of the Heavy Duty Cushion was evolved to provide powerful traction and protective cushioning for the truck and load.

The heavy shoulders in the center channel grip slippery road-surfaces with a cog-like hold, preventing engine-racing and conserving all the power in the hard pulls. The pockets between permit easy deflection when bumps are encountered, and prevent excessive heating—a common source of trouble and depreciation in truck tires.

Any Firestone Truck Tire Service Dealer can give you actual performance figures about the Heavy Duty Cushion or any other tire in the complete Firestone line. There is such a dealer within easy reach of your place of business. See him. He offers good tire values and good service.

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Why this unending research of MAZDA SERVICE? To insure organized invention and investigation instead of haphazard discovery. To insure scientific manufacture instead of haphazard production. The main idea is public interest—the improvement of light for national progress.

In the lamp you buy, MAZDA SERVICE is expressed by perfection and economy of lighting. On the lamp, it is symbolized by the MAZDA mark.

MAZDA SERVICE is actuated by a passion for invention, but tempered by practical understanding of the nation's lighting problems. Its two aims are better light and more economical light. For your home, your business, and your city.

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THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES
of GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

SWELTERING IN A SUBMARINE UNDER THE PACIFIC

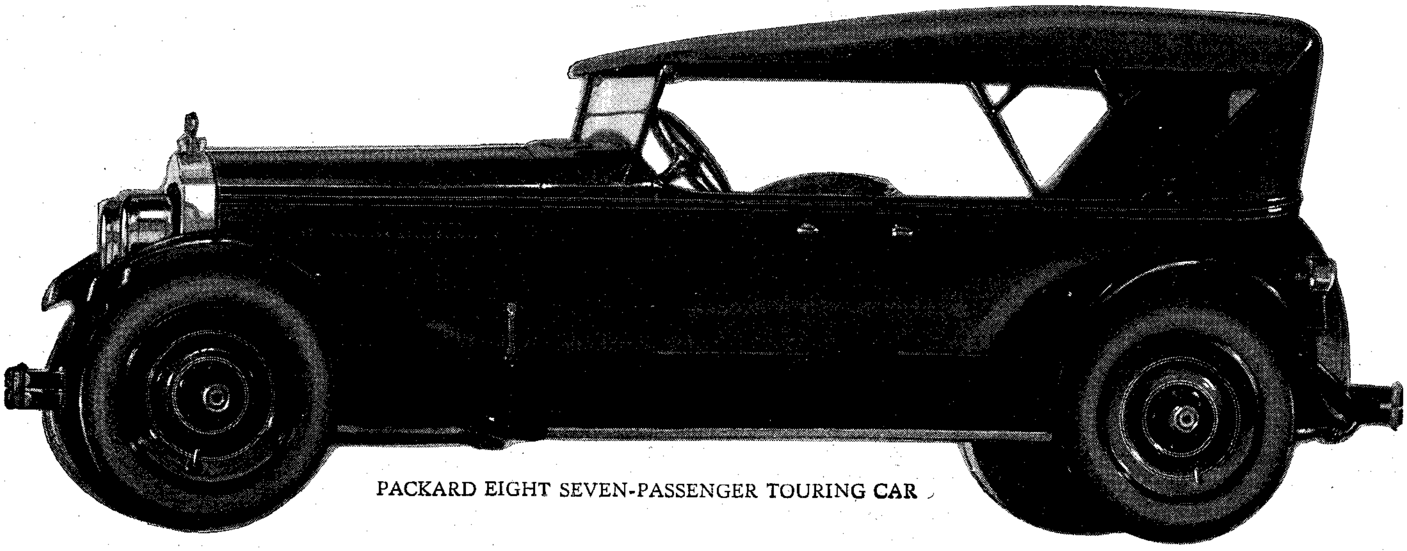
WHEN one of the brave little subs, whether it be Japanese, British, German or American, goes to the bottom and does not come up, a thrill of horror goes through the civilized world. It is only once in a great while by accident that one gets an inkling of the feeling that men have in such a disaster. Occasionally a survivor is shot to the surface in a torpedo tube or is saved in some other way. Unfortunately, however, the men who go down into the sea in submarines do not seem to be a particularly communicative lot. As a matter of fact, few of us have an idea of what is comprised in the ordinary routine of undersea life. In an article in the May *St. Nicholas*, Ernest Dupuy, a skilled newspaperman, gives a vivid picture of a voyage in a submarine from Manila to China. Here is his story of the first diving test:

"A-a-a-all ha-a-a-ands, rig ship for diving!" came the raucous tones, and at once the *S-17* gave a good imitation of a disturbed ant-hill. Men began popping in and out, the mast slipt down inside its sheath, bringing with it the radio antenna, which was then lasht fast; the periscope came ratcheting out from the conning-tower, and from the bows issued two big black flippers. These, it was explained, were the bow-diving planes. There are also stern-planes, but these are always rigged out. Our gasoline-engines stopt, and the electric-motors, driven by huge storage batteries, took up the burden. From somewhere inside the ship came the growling of a Klaxon horn, and every one dropt below, the hatch-cover closing after us.

The first sensation was that of heat. It was *hot*—a damp heat that soaked every one through and through in a few moments. The whole place was filled up with a multiplicity of wheels, levers, gages, and other mysterious appliances, which were being turned and pulled and coaxed and watched by half-naked men with sweat-streaming bodies, who only paused in their work from time to time to shake the blinding drops from their eyes. In *our* sub the temperature while submerged ran from 103 degrees to 110 degrees.

The sensation of stuffiness that comes simultaneously with the shutting out of the air is aggravated by the acrid smell from the batteries, which causes a tingling in the nostrils and throat. We stayed down for a half-hour, during which time the writer had a peep through the periscope, and then the orders were given to rise. "Blowing the tanks" is the technical term for this operation. The sea-water is pumped out, the bow and stern tanks being regulated to keep the ship in trim, while the planes are turned up to make the engines assist. The ship tilts a bit upward during this maneuver, and in a few minutes she is out. The commanding officer is always the first at the conning-tower hatch, as he is responsible that the hatch be not opened until the ship is safely above the water. The hatch is opened, slowly at first, letting in a whiff of blessed fresh air, then it is thrown wide, and, at the word, every one who can comes shooting out to fill his lungs.

ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD



PACKARD EIGHT SEVEN-PASSENGER TOURING CAR

SIMPLICITY

Back of the beautiful simplicity of the Packard Eight are fundamental advances in engineering principles and design which have direct bearing on performance and the cost of operation.

Fewer parts offer less opportunity for friction. Less power is wasted in lost motion. Adjustments, and repairs when needed, are made more easily and at less expense by the accessibility of parts.

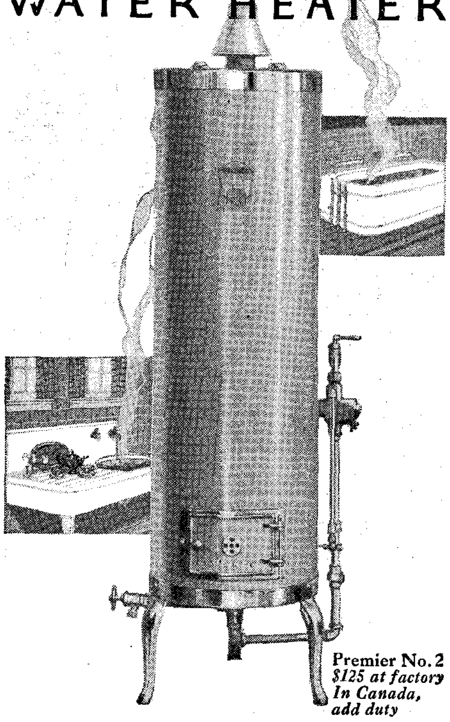
Proof is to be found in a comparison of Packard Eight Standardized service charges with the cost of similar operations on complicated cars.

Further proof of the value of Packard simplicity is the exceptional gasoline and oil mileage which owners report.

You have not experienced the ultimate degree of motoring performance, ease and luxury until you have ridden in and driven the Packard Eight.

Packard Eight furnished in ten popular body types, open and enclosed. Balloon tires optional equipment on all models at reasonable extra cost.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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Instant Hot Water at all faucets

You can have hot water at any fixture in your house any time you want it, when you have a *Premier* water heater.

No one ever has to wait a second, because the *Premier* keeps a big tankful of hot water always ready for use, day and night. It delivers it at full city pressure, piping hot the instant you turn the faucet.

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This convenience and comfort provided for every member of a household is never an extravagance. The *Premier* saves gas in many ways. It has a clean-burning, blue-flame burner and a highly efficient heating element beneath its tank. Liming up and condensation troubles are avoided.

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To get the facts about this new automatic heater, mail this coupon today.

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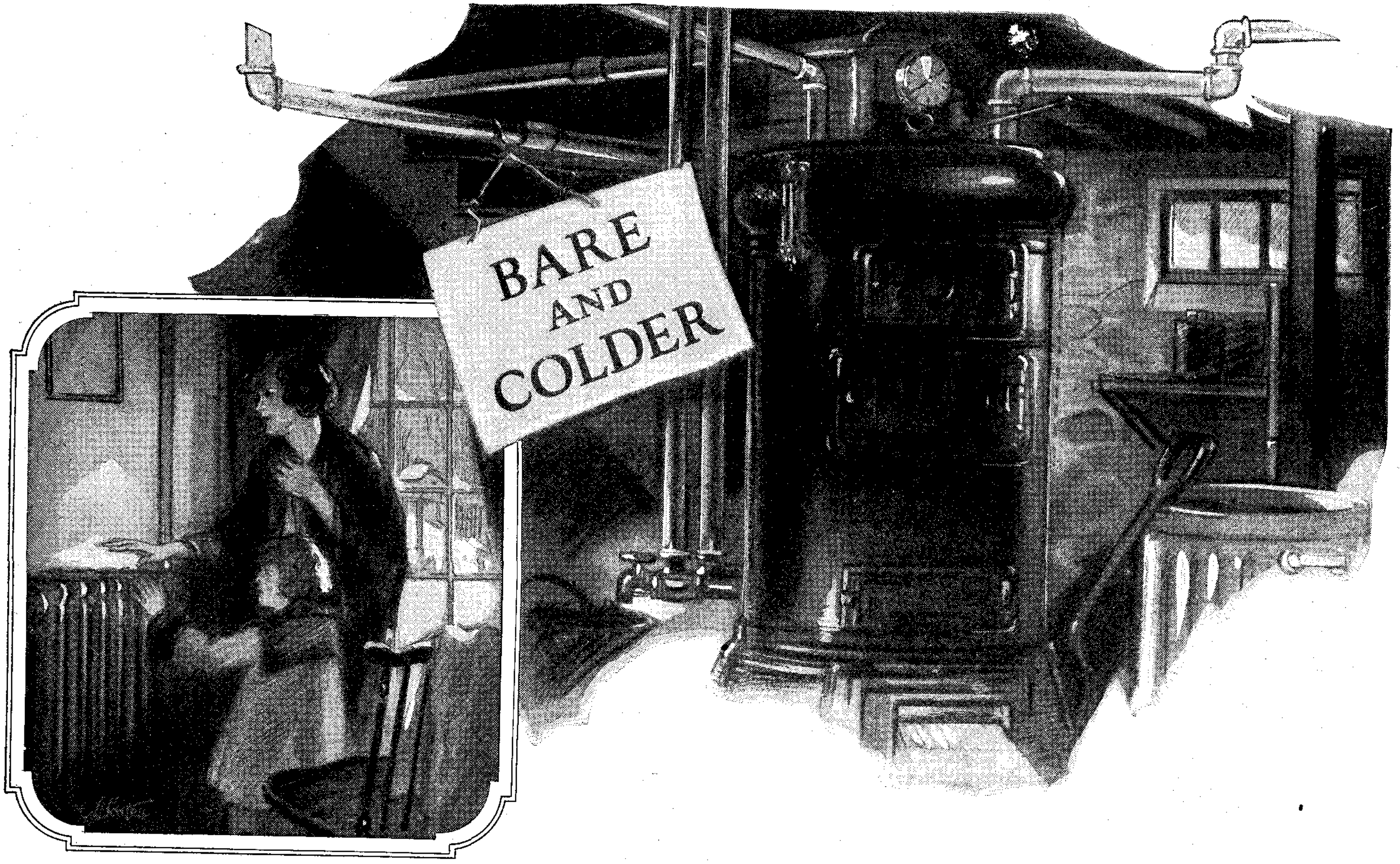
BIRDS · BEASTS · AND · TREES

WHEN WILD ANIMALS GET MAD AND SMASH THE CAMERA

NOBODY could blame some folks for making a rush at the photographer, smashing the camera and messing up the whole place, when you see the pictures, but the wild creatures in the zoos just seem to know the photo isn't going to do them justice, and they proceed to do justice to the camera-man in the rough-and-ready fashion of the great open spaces. So while in the human world the photographer charges the subject, in the animal world the subject charges the photographer. And it's a C. O. D. charge, and an F. O. B. charge, and a P. D. Q. charge, too, as related by James C. Derieux, who interviewed Elwin R. Sanborn, the photographer for the New York Zoological Society, on this subject. In an interesting article in *The American Magazine*, copyrighted by the Crowell Publishing Company and reprinted by their courtesy, Mr. Derieux tells us what Mr. Sanborn does when a llama charges at him suddenly, or what happened while taking a close-up of a rattlesnake's eye. He relates that:

> As a rule, a wild animal in captivity will stand for anything in reason, provided he has become accustomed to it. But the slightest change from routine makes him nervous and irritable. When you try to take his picture, he doesn't understand what is happening; and that's where the trouble comes in.
>
> On one occasion I wanted to photograph a llama at the Zoo. The grazing animals at the park have good-sized enclosures, so I had to go inside the corral in order to get fairly near my subject.
>
> The keeper went with me and, as the llama seemed perfectly calm and unruffled by our presence, I snapt the picture, then turned and began to fold up the camera.
>
> Suddenly, however, I had a hunch that all was not as it should be. It wasn't! Glancing back, I saw that llama coming at me like an express train. There was just time to whirl the camera in front of me before he crashed into it, breaking it all to smash and driving a fragment of glass into my face. The keeper intervened, and the llama, satisfied with his one great lunge, went off in the opposite direction.
>
> He had fooled us at first. Evidently, he had been puzzled and had watched out of the corner of his eye all the time. And when I moved the camera, in taking it down, his nerves and his temper exploded simultaneously.
>
> A skilled keeper got me out of an unpleasant mix-up with a buffalo cow one day. She had a young calf and she was cross, as buffaloes are under such circumstances. I went into the pen to get a close-up picture. She posed well enough for a moment, but then began walking round and round, after the manner of her kind when they are planning mischief. The keeper saw what was coming and said quietly, "Don't move! If you do, she'll get you sure."
>
> But in spite of the fact that we kept perfectly still, the old cow started for us at full speed. The keeper was armed with a piece of scantling, and, aiming this as if it had been a lance, he hit her between the horns, and then side-stept in a hurry. As he did not stand his ground, the buffalo seemed convinced that she had won the battle; so she pranced off across the corral, giving us both a chance to get away.
>
> The hoofed and horned animals are often highstrung. They lack confidence in their surroundings, and that makes them dangerous. When they are not shy, they are often vicious; and when they *are* shy they are likely to hurt themselves by starting on a wild run about the corral. They remind me of a rattle-brained man who gets wrought up out of all proportion to anything that has happened or is likely to happen.
>
> Look closely at a grazing animal, and you will see a wild glint in his eyes, suggesting that he is always poised for a quick get-away. You can often see the same expression, toned down a bit, in the eyes of a domestic horse or cow.
>
> That gleam in the eye tells a story. These animals can fight, and fight well. In their native state, the wild ones have fierce enemies; and to protect themselves they must be set for a great leap and a fast run at the first scent or sound of danger. But man is new to them. They are not quite sure whether to fight him or to run from him. The result is that sometimes they do one and sometimes the other.
>
> I was trying one day to get a good picture of a bull antelope, but he was in the dumps about something. His keeper didn't like to have his ward act that way, so he approached him and cracked his whip, just as a circus ringmaster does. Well! from that moment no one could have complained that the antelope did not show enough pep. He dashed toward us so threateningly that I ducked behind a convenient tree, and the keeper made a run for the fence.
>
> An antelope of this kind has two long, sharp horns that grow almost straight up out of the top of his head. When he attacks he puts his head low to the ground and with a swing brings it suddenly up, hoisting his enemy on the spear-point horns. This one went through that motion just as his keeper was climbing the fence. He missed the man; but so swift was the upward heave of his head that one of the horns made two holes in the keeper's trousers, one where it went in, and the other where it came out. Meanwhile, I had climbed outside the corral, and the keeper, unhurt except for the holes in his pants, jumped down to safety.
>
> We used to have an axis deer, an old buck that was as grouchy a fellow as I ever saw. His horns were sawed off to prevent his hurting his corral mates. I went into his pen one day to get a picture of him. But, like the llama, he got mad when I started to fold up the camera, and came racing at me. With his blunt head he hit me a fair and square blow in the stomach, sending me flying. That one effort satisfied him—and more than satisfied me!
>
> Ordinarily, an axis deer is one of the most timid creatures in the world. But you can't generalize about animals with any more accuracy than you can about people. A mild-mannered man will sometimes surprize you by going on a rampage. You



Weather Predicted

—six months ahead

A PLUMBING or heating man could walk into your cellar to-day, take a look at your heating system—and prophesy with surety the weather that you may expect in the upstairs rooms of your house next winter. If your furnace and piping are bare or insufficiently covered, your bedrooms will be cold and uncomfortable. That was why it was so chilly up there last winter—remember? The fire burned briskly but much valuable heat was lost before it could get to your radiators—and you paid for the fuel that never warmed you.

Insulate Now!

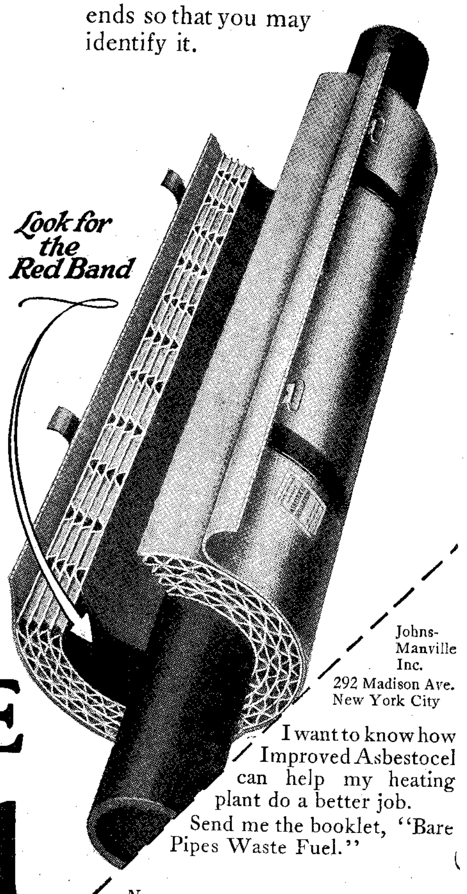
Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel will save you more heat per dollar of cost than any other covering. It keeps the heat in your pipes till it gets to the radiators where you want it. Its admitted superiority, among engineers, is due to its special construction that retards the free circulation of air within the covering. It comes in three-foot sections ready to apply. Ask your plumbing or heating contractor to tell you about it—or we will be glad to do so if you mail the coupon below.

You will find that it will pay you to cover the furnace body, too; and if you are building, by all means cover the risers between the walls with Improved Asbestocel.

Even if your pipes are already covered it would be wise to have this old covering examined. If it is open at the joints or damaged it isn't doing its duty—and you pay for its inefficiency with every coal bill.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Incorporated
292 Madison Ave. at 41st St., N. Y. C.
Branches in 62 Large Cities
For Canada:
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE Co., Ltd., Toronto

IN the Fall, Improved Asbestocel will be much in demand. Deliveries are bound to be slower—and plumbing and heating men are bound to be busy. So see them now and ask them about Improved Asbestocel. Each length is marked with a red band on the inside ends so that you may identify it.


Look for the Red Band

Through Asbestos and its allied products
INSULATION
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FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

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Improved Asbestocel
— saves coal

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I want to know how Improved Asbestocel can help my heating plant do a better job. Send me the booklet, "Bare Pipes Waste Fuel."

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L.D.—5-24

Remington Portable

An ideal gift for graduates

IN college, in business, and in professional work a knowledge of typewriting is a great advantage. And the possession of a Remington Portable is a decided advantage.

It has every feature common to the big machines. It has the *one* and *only* standard keyboard—no shifting for figures—just like the standard office typewriters. It is the easiest to learn—the simplest to operate.

It is a Remington and that insures its durability and reliability.

The Remington Portable is so light it can be carried anywhere, and so convenient it can be used anywhere. And it fits in a case only four inches high.

Price complete, $60.00. Easy payment terms, if desired. Sold by all Remington branches everywhere and over 3500 dealers.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Department 62—374 Broadway, New York

THE DE LUXE PORTABLE—A distinctive model in Ivory Tone finish, with handsome brown leather carrying case. A limited number are available at $75.00 each.

The best aid to self-expression

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

can discover a rule that is true enough; but you'll get into trouble if you think that rule has no exceptions.

A nervy little blesbok once took a notion to drive me out of his pen. He was no stronger than I am, so I grabbed him by the horns and held him off until he quieted down, just as you might hold off a medium-sized billy-goat.

One of the handsomest elks I ever took a picture of was a great bull named Stanley. He and his keeper became fast friends when he was young, and that friendship continued, with interruptions, for many years. The interruptions always came when Stanley had his antlers. He was mean when they were out; but after they had been shed, he was as docile as a dog.

Stanley was like a man who carries a gun—a "pistol-brave" man, he is called. The feel of the gun on his hip gives him temporary courage and makes him arrogant. But when he hasn't a gun, he will be decent enough to you, and may even stand for an insult without protest.

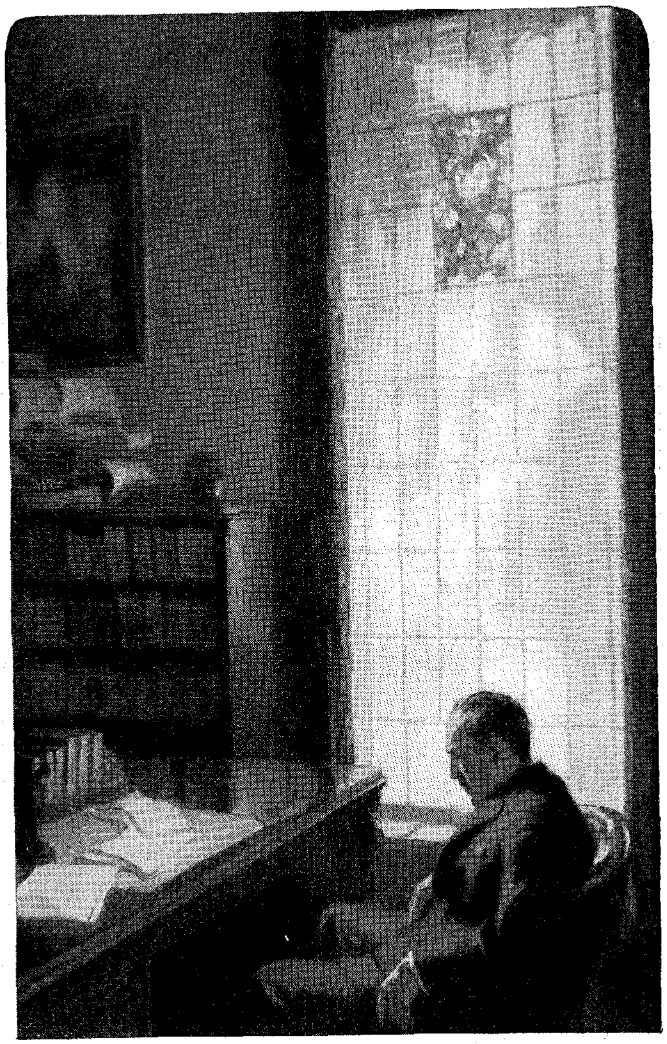
With Stanley, the possession of antlers was like a gun on a man's hip. A double fence had to be built to hold him. Once some carpenters were working on the corral house, and Stanley tore away their scaffold, marooning them on the roof. For good measure he also tore away some of the boards from the side of the house. He was a powerful fellow!

At feed time it was necessary to play a trick on him in order to let the other elks eat in peace and quiet. A gate opened from the big corral into the feeding-pen. Each day, in antler season, a keeper would decoy Stanley down along the fence and feed him; and while he was away a second keeper would let the other elks into the smaller pen for their meal. This scheme worked perfectly until, one afternoon, Stanley looked around and saw the other elks going through the gate. Instantly, he came back at tremendous speed, making an incredibly quick turn at the gate. Bearing down on the second keeper, he bowled him over and gored him dangerously. Then all of a sudden he decided to chase the first keeper out of the adjoining lot. This man, seeing what was coming, got out of the way. The injured keeper, meanwhile, had dragged himself to safety.

I have had some requests for strange pictures, the queerest being for a close-up of a snake's eye! A rattlesnake will remain still for a moment after coiling, so a rattler was selected for this picture. He was taken from his cage and put on a small table, less than two feet square, and highly polished. He coiled up and I placed the camera close to him. Looking through the lens from under the black sheet I could see him just in front of me—an ugly, fierce fellow with a piercing eye and wicked tongue. Then suddenly he wasn't there! And I can assure you that just as suddenly I wasn't where I had been a moment before.

That rattler had made a leap at my hand. But he skidded on the smooth surface of the table and fell short, landing on the floor. I went at the task in a different way after that. First, I focused the camera; then, picking the snake up with a stick, I put him in front of it and snapt the picture before he had a chance to take another leap.

People usually think the cat animals



Why men crack

An authority of international standing recently wrote:

"You have overeaten and plugged your organs with moderate stimulants, the worst of which are not only alcohol and tobacco, but caffein and sugar." . . . He was talking to men who crack physically, in the race for success.

◆

YOU know them. Strong men, vigorous men, robust men—men who have never had a sick day in their lives. They drive. They drive themselves to the limit. They lash themselves *over* the limit with stimulants. They crack. Often, they crash.

You have seen them afterward. Pitiful shells. The zest gone, the fire gone. Burnt-out furnaces of energy.

"He was such a healthy-looking man—"

He was. His health was his undoing. His constitution absorbed punishment. Otherwise he might have been warned in time.

"*For every action there is an equal and contrary reaction.*" You learned the law in physics. It applies to bodies.

For every ounce of energy gained by stimulation, by whipping the nerves to action, an ounce of reserve strength is drained. If the reserve is great, its loss may not be felt immediately. But repeated withdrawals exhaust any reserve. Physical bankruptcy. Then the crash.

The last ten years have been overwrought. Men have disregarded much that they know about hygiene—about health. "Keeping up with the times." Inflated currency, stimulated production, feverish living, goaded nerves. It is time to check up.

It is time to get back to normal, to close the drafts, to bank some of the fires. It is time to remember some of the simple lessons of health you learned in school.

Avoid stimulants. What is good for the boy is good for the man. Life is worth living normally. The world looks good in the morning to the man whose head does not have to be "cleared."

Borrowed Energy Must Be Repaid!

Two million American families avoid caffein by drinking Postum. And two million American families are better off for it. They have deprived themselves of nothing.

The need they feel for a good, hot drink is amply satisfied by Postum. They like its taste. They like its wholesomeness. They prefer the energy—*real energy*—of body-building grain in place of artificial energy *borrowed from the body's own reserve* by drug stimulation.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran roasted. A little sweetening. Nothing more.

It is not an imitation of coffee or anything else. It is an excellent drink in its own right. It has a full, rich flavor inherited directly from nourishing wheat and system-toning bran. Instead of retarding or upsetting digestion, it is an actual help, making the meal more appetizing and warming the stomach without counteracting these good effects by drugging.

There isn't a wakeful hour, a taut nerve, or a headache in it. You can drink it every meal of the day, relish it, crave it, knowing that it is a help, not a hindrance, to health and efficiency.

A Sporting Proposition

You have a good many years yet to live, we hope. A good many years to do with as you please. We are going to ask you, in the interest of your health, usefulness and happiness during these remaining years, to try Postum for thirty days.

To make it a sporting proposition, we will give you the first week's supply of Postum. Enough for a cup with every meal for a week. But we want you to carry on from that point for thirty days. You can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effects of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

There is a woman in Battle Creek, Michigan, famous for her Postum. She has traveled all over the country, preparing it. She has personally served it to over half a million people, at expositions, food fairs, and at Postum headquarters in Battle Creek, where she has 25,000 visitors yearly. Her name is Carrie Blanchard. Men who have tasted Carrie Blanchard's Postum have the habit of remembering its goodness.

We have asked her to tell men about Postum made in the Carrie Blanchard way. She wants to start you on your thirty-day test with her own directions—in addition to the week's supply.

You men who have not cracked—it might be well to accept Carrie Blanchard's offer.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Men have always been partial to my Postum. Anybody can make it as well as I can—but there are a few simple things to remember.

"I have written these things down, and will be mighty glad to send my directions to anyone who will write. I also want to send enough Instant Postum, or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil), to get you well started on your thirty-day test.

"If you will send in your name and address, I'll see that you get the kind you want, right away."

TEAR THIS OUT—MAIL IT NOW

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . ☐ *Check which*
POSTUM CEREAL . ☐ *you prefer*

Name ....

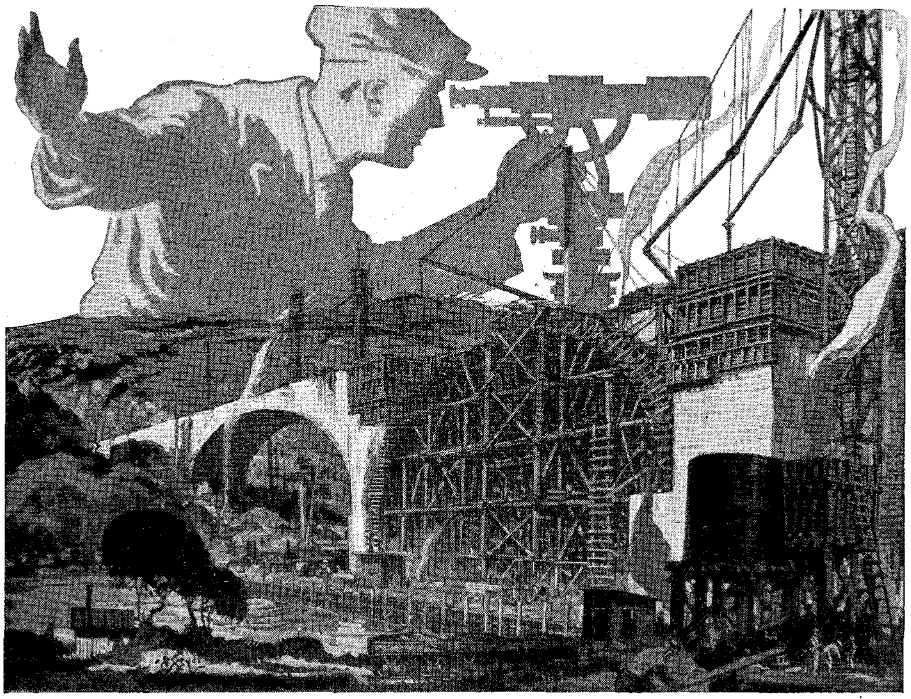
Street..

City.......................................State....................

Canadians address POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,
45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

L.D. 5-24

YOUR GROCER SELLS POSTUM IN TWO FORMS. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is the easiest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks.



BUILDING ECONOMY
with ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

THE ARCHITECT is rendering a service to the Public through his creative talent in design which makes for beauty and utility in structures, and through his ability to select trustworthy materials which insure safety and permanence.

The Engineer, trained to solve physical and mechanical problems of construction and to supervise the proper use of materials, prepares the way for building with confidence.

The Contractor, with his acquired skill through practice and study of modern methods of construction, builds with speed and accuracy.

Because of their intimate acquaintance with design, methods of building, and materials, this group is constantly contributing to building economy; and Atlas Portland Cement fully meets their requirements.

The Atlas Dealer—the only distributor between Atlas plants and the user—with his warehouse and trucking facilities, helps maintain building operations with economy through this direct distribution, and at top speed through his ability to deliver Atlas Portland Cement to the job, promptly, as it may be needed.

Permanent building economy with material at low first cost is insured through the use of Portland Cement, the most essential building material known today. Fire-safe homes, schools, industrial buildings, and many other types of construction that will endure and give dependable service for many generations to come, are built with Portland Cement, the material that is lower in first cost than any other product undergoing a complete process of manufacture.

Thirty-one years ago, in its first plant, the Atlas Company adopted the policy of making one grade of cement only, the highest that science and skill could produce. This policy has been consistently maintained and, as new plants were built or acquired, they were brought under one central control, so that all Atlas plants must always produce "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

The Atlas Portland Cement Company will be glad to answer any question regarding the cement industry or the use of Atlas.

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
25 Broadway, New York, N. Y
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OMAHA BUFFALO KANSAS CITY JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

are more dangerous than any others. Their litheness, sinister beauty, and sinewy strength make them command great respect. But my experience with them has been marred by only one attack. Their cages are small and they can be photographed from a short distance while they are inside and I am outside the enclosure. Possibly that explains why I have had but one run-in with a great cat. Anyway, a snow leopard is the only carnivorous animal that ever got a taste of me. I was inside the cage, and he was beautifully posed on a rock ledge. The picture was taken and he did not move. I looked at him, saw that all was well, and turned to pick up the camera.

So swiftly that my eye could not take in the situation, that leopard jumped down from his rock and grabbed me by one foot. "Don't move!" shouted the keeper, but the advice was unnecessary. I was too scared to move! The leopard held his grip, but did not chew my foot. The keeper shoved a broom into the animal's face, and he gave back, while I slid out through the cage door.

One of the noblest-looking lions I ever took a picture of was a giant, heavy-maned fellow, named Sultan. He had been raised by Hagenbeck, the famous European trainer, and was known, before the Zoo got him, as Negus. He was such an imposing old fellow that Mr. Eli Harvey, the sculptor, used him as a model. One day, perhaps two years after we obtained Sultan, Mr. Hagenbeck came out to the Park. Sultan was lying down with his back to the bars when his former owner approached, but Mr. Hagenbeck recognized him. "Well, there's my old friend Negus!" he said. Instantly the lion was on his feet, showing every sign of friendliness and delight. "I never saw two human friends more glad to meet again," said Mr. Harvey, who witnessed this remarkable example of animal memory.

I have taken many pictures of Czar and Czarina, a pair of Syrian bears which were brought to the Zoo as cubs and became general favorites because of their playfulness. But Czar, when he grew up, developed a sense of false dignity. His keeper had been accustomed to play with him each day, but for no apparent cause Czar resented this familiarity one morning and came near to killing the man. After that no one could play with him.

Czarina had a cub one winter, and in caring for it she broke all rules of wild-animal conduct. She acted as reasonably as any human being could have done. Wild mothers will always fight for their young. An ordinarily quiet, peaceable animal becomes suspicious, and even vicious, when she has little ones. But Czarina had no way to protect this cub from the cold weather. Her keeper decided to build a house for her, so some planks were shoved into the bear-den. Czarina showed no resentment. The workmen went inside the den, and still she did not mind. They actually built a small house and put it over her. But she remained quiet and content, because she saw they were doing something for her which she could not do for herself.

Mr. Sanborn thinks that camels are very easy to photograph; but not very genial in their manners or expression. He says they act as if they preferred not to be spoken to or to speak, like some people. The writer remarks:

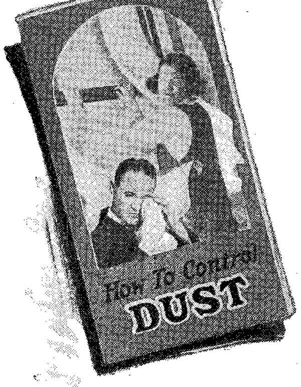
> They remind me of ill-tempered people who never say anything to you and who don't want you to say anything to them.
>
> Beavers can very rarely be found anywhere within range of the camera. I can see them from a distance, but they disappear into some hole in the ground when I come near. The way New Yorkers dive into the subway on a rainy afternoon is nothing compared with the swiftness the beaver shows in getting into *his* subway.
>
> We had a merry time here one Christmas with the chimpanzees and the orang-utans. The keepers fixt up a Christmas-tree for them, put all sorts of fool presents on it and arranged a dinner to be served at a regular table with plates, knives, forks, and spoons as eating utensils. I wanted a picture of this social event, so I got the camera all ready and then set off the flashlight. Immediately there was a wild scramble among the dinner guests. Some of them leapt to the highest perches in the house and hung there; others dived under the table and hid themselves.
>
> We tried to coax the diners back, but they would not come. They felt that a trick had been played on them, and they lost confidence in the whole situation, just as children would have done. If you frighten a group of children they are slow to trust you again. They may look out from behind their chairs and smile a little, but they will not venture forth. That's exactly the way those chimpanzees acted. They would peer out furtively from their places of hiding; but at our slightest movement they jerked their heads back, or covered their faces with their arms.

A FIRST-HAND DESCRIPTION OF THE NIGHTINGALE

THE great Chinese Emperor was dying, in the story of Hans Christian Andersen, and saw all around his bed the clustering evil faces of his bad deeds, and, seated near and waiting, Death himself. The great Emperor cried out in agony for help, and then to his window came the nightingale which sang so wonderfully that the faces around the bed faded away, and even Death gave back the Emperor's life to him in exchange for one more song.

So down all the ages the legend of the song of the nightingale has flitted through story, song and poem, and yet few naturalists have described the real song as heard at first hand. The late John Burroughs knew many birds and had aviaries both in America and Great Britain, but strange to say had never made a complete study of the nightingale. William Sloane Kennedy, who has just published a memoir called "The Real John Burroughs" (Funk and Wagnalls Company) was advised by Burroughs "to be sure and hear the bird sing both by night and day," and this Mr. Kennedy faithfully did. In his most interesting book he tells of Burroughs's regret at not hearing the bird "to some purpose," and also speaks of his own experiences with this supreme star of the bird's Grand Opera:

> Burroughs always regretted, however, one very serious gap in his studies of



Dowflake Controls Dust

Eliminate the Dust Nuisance in your community. Know the joy of living and driving on clean dustless roads.

The application of a dustlayer called *Dowflake* will keep highways dustfree all summer long. *Dowflake* absorbs several times its weight in moisture from the air and holds this moisture in the road surface. It gives the road the appearance of having received a light rain and maintains this moist condition for months.

Dust control on your highways will keep the road dust off your furniture and out of the food. It will avoid dust soiled clothing when you drive. It will double the joy of motoring since you do not have to endure dust in your eyes and lungs.

The elimination of the dust nuisance has become a big factor in road work in the majority of states. Thousands of miles of state trunk line highways have been dustproofed with *Dowflake* every season. Cemetery, Park and Estate superintendents use it regularly. It is fine for private drives, playgrounds, tennis courts, race tracks, in fact, wherever dust annoys, the condition can be corrected with *Dowflake*.

If you are troubled by dust clouds from the highway, write for our folder "How to Control Dust." Your highway officials will assist you in securing Dust control for they know it lengthens road life and keeps roads better at lower cost. We will send you a specimen dust control petition when we receive your inquiry for our folder "How to Control Dust."

Albert S. Blank, City Engineer, Rahway, N.J., says: "Owners and tenants on these roads were so pleased with the results they came to this office to speak of its quality."

J. D. Schafer, Supt. Public Works, Lansing, Mich., says: "Petitions were coming every day from the people to have it used on their street."

E. Guy Doane, Engineer, Tunica, Miss., writes: "It is my opinion that *Dowflake* will pay for itself in the saving of surface which would otherwise blow away."

DOW

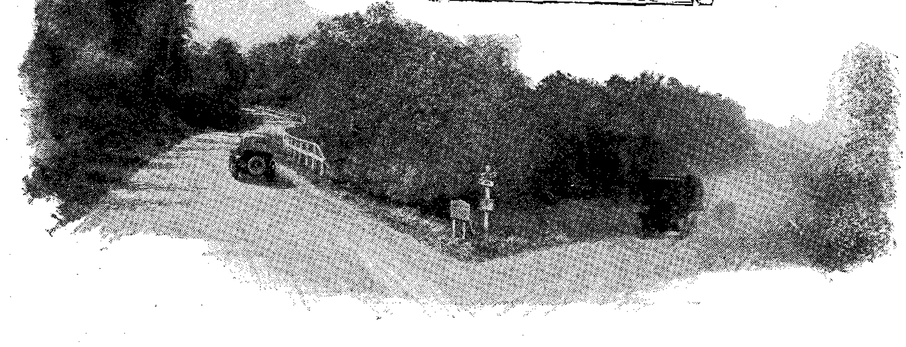
THE DOW CHEMICAL CO., Midland, Michigan:

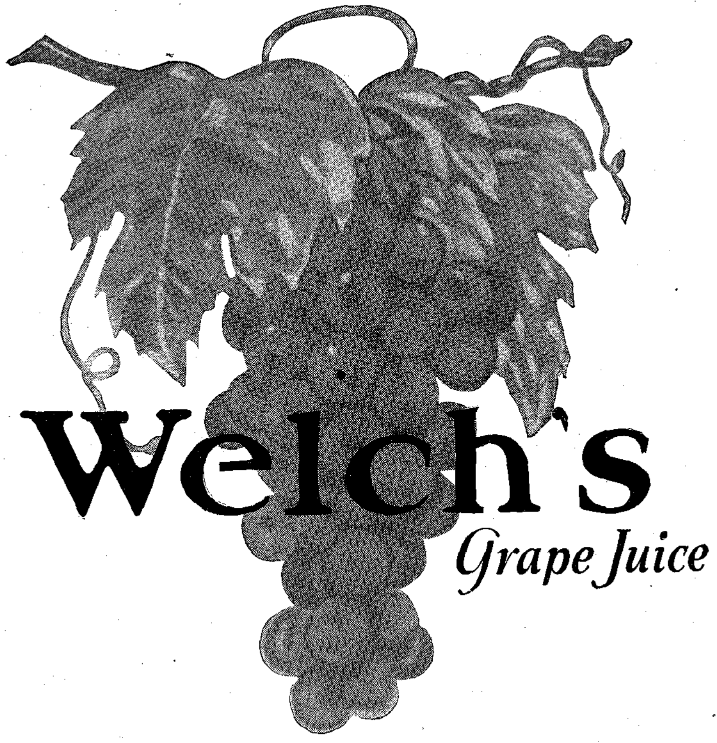
Please send me ☐ "How to Control Dust"
☐ "How to Cure Concrete"
☐ "How to Maintain Roads"

Name ______
Street ______
Town ______ *State* ______

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
MIDLAND, MICHIGAN
BRANCH SALES OFFICES:
90 West St., New York City Second and Madison Sts., Saint Louis

KEEP ROADS UP AND TAXES DOWN WITH DOWFLAKE CALCIUM CHLORIDE





The whole family is for it!

FILL the glasses again—more Welch's all around! There's hearty approval whenever you serve Welch's Grape Juice. No wonder—it's a real joy-of-living drink for old and young and middle-aged. Health and happiness in every drop. In Welch's is captured the concentrated goodness of the finest Concord grapes, ripened by old Mother Nature's favorite recipe. There's the sweetness of summer—the tartness of fall.

Try it when you crave a real fruit drink. You can serve Welch's economically because it is pure. Dilute it and combine it with other fruit juices. Order it by the case. Always have a couple of bottles on ice.

Send for the delightful leaflet of recipes, Welch ways that everyone enjoys.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, New York

REG.U.S. PAT OFF
Welch's
"The National Drink"
Grape Juice
NET MEASURE ONE PINT
From Choicest Concord Grapes
Pure & Unfermented
THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.
WESTFIELD, N.Y. U.S.A.

At your favorite fountain ask for Welch's straight—10c
Or a larger drink with plain or carbonated water—10c

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

English birds: he failed practically to see and hear the nightingale, at least to any purpose, as he admits. This is a great pity, for, as he says, in the lark and the nightingale all that is characteristic in the other songsters is gathered up and carried to perfection. He says he heard here and there single notes of the nightingale, enough to give him an idea of the quality of the song. But, poor man! he heard even this much for less than five minutes altogether.

I feel that in giving a condensed account of my adventures in the study of the nightingale, I am not only filling a regrettable gap in his studies of birds, but am performing a duty to him and to his readers. For, strange to say, no complete study of the nightingale has ever been made, no literary account of the bird been rendered. On the morning of May 2 I had trundled leisurely out over the Campagna to Tivoli by the earliest train, an hour or so in advance of the slug-a-bed tourists, and was loitering down the cool ravine of the falls, on the side still unsmitten by the morning sun, watching the white water-smoke of the cataract shooting out from between the green walls of the chasm, and admiring the thin snow-white streamlets trickling over slopes of turf at one side of the gorge, when suddenly I was thrilled by a bird-note entirely new to me (and I had been hearing birds in England), and of distinguished quality. "The nightingale!" was my inward exclamation. Altho I had not as yet heard its characteristic trill, I felt that such a sound could come from but one bird—the bird it had been one of my objects in coming to Europe to hear and see. The long concert which this bird gave me held me spellbound; but I fear I was somewhat dazed by the unexpectedness of it all, and had to hear others a little later in the neighboring Villa d'Este before my enthusiasm grew to a white heat and I could do full justice to the joyous warble.

In the hedge bordering a pretty sunken road near Hadrian's Villa by Tivoli I had a good view of one of the birds close at hand. It is about the size of our bluebird, not so large as I had expected; a trig and cosy little fellow, the back and tail a vivid cinnamon, the smooth breast and throat dull white, eyes red (more so than our red-eyed vireo's), and an open trustful glance like that of the English robin. Nightingales are not half so shy as the elusive blackcap; indeed, are quite fearless of men. My bird in the hedge scolded me a trifle with a pretty little rattle and chatter, but was a very joyous, human, and canny creature, not at all loony or melodramatic. He does not strike a melancholy attitude as he sings, nor roll his eye in a fine frenzy. He is not responsible for the fact that the poets have been misrepresenting him and caterwauling about him for so many centuries. Whatever he may seem by moonlight or when he sings darkling, here in the hot sunshine he is just a jolly, lively, every-day birdling, who wants to know why you are prowling around and making such a fuss over him, and lets you know pretty plainly that you had better be off and mind your own business.

But the song. What I heard first were two or three slurred whistles; then the unique trill, or shake—"dear, dear, dear, dear, dear," or, "te, te, te, te, te"—the syllable repeated with great rapidity from five to twenty times, this part of the strain sometimes husky and of needlelike fineness. It is the only part of the polyglot performance to which the epithets "intense" and "passionate" can strictly be applied. The rest is a medley of mocking-bird music—gurgles, or water-bubbles; whistles; a rapid "too, too, too, too"; and canary trills and bell-like tones, reminding one of the American chat.

In the cool shade of the water-haunted Villa d'Este at Tivoli the nightingales warble and trill the whole day long. I heard there half a dozen, now singing all at once, and now answering one another from distant points. The air rang with the melody, now soft and low and almost inaudible, and now triumphant, passionate, tempestuous, and piercing with starting power to the very soul, especially when they sang, as they often did, right over my head in their leafy coverts. As the sun mounted higher and the heat increased, the music waxed louder and more joyous, realizing perfectly the description by Sophocles of the nightingales in the grove of Colonos. For here at last I saw Plato's Academe and the antique gardens realized.

I heard Philomel's delicate flute of silver again in Florence; namely, in the orchard behind Donatello's tower at the Villa Montauto of Hawthorne, and across the valley on the slope of Fiesole at the Villa Landor, and at Como; also, during the first week in June, again and again in southern England. At Como, standing at the hotel window at three o'clock in the morning, I could hear the nightingales singing loud and cheerily in the darkness—from "tawny body and sweet small mouth feeding the heart of the night with fire." The night-warbling is simply the irrepressible outflow of the bird's gay-heartedness, who must always be talking, be it night or day. If you clap your hands and interrupt their singing, they will almost at once begin again. I was not specially imprest by the night-song at Como, tho it seemed very strange and pleasing. In a romantic mood and by moonlight, I felt that one could easily be intoxicated by the song of this bulbul o'erbrimming the vales of night with melody. At such a time we seem to inherit a realm in which the dreams of poetry and romance are realities and the every-day world a dream. But imagine the conditions changed. Suppose the birds plentiful here in the United States, and we nervous Americans obliged to listen to them under our windows every night, for two months at at a time; would they not then be voted a nuisance? It is bad enough to be wakened at three o'clock all summer by our present birds. If one is to be kept unwillingly awake, sleepy and cross, what matters it whether it be nightingales or cats that keep up the racket? We are told that Edward the Confessor was much disturbed in his nightly vigils by garrulous nightingales; they were too busy to suit his ascetic mood.

When the nightingale "unloosens the long chain of his melodious thoughts" in the presence of other birds then in song, you perceive at once the unrivaled quality of the tones, the fire and fervor of the execution. He has a wonderful crescendo, ending in a single high note; and certain other notes are piercing, showered out like fine spray. Yet "liquidity" perhaps best describes the tone-quality—a clear liquid-sweet music like the gurgle of water. Power is not perhaps the characteristic feature of the carol. There is in it, however, the power of a prima donna's high notes and her sweetest and lowest tones, and the power of a mellow Mexican flute in the hands of a master. That which distinguishes the song from that of other birds is the initial trill—"te, te, te," etc. (There

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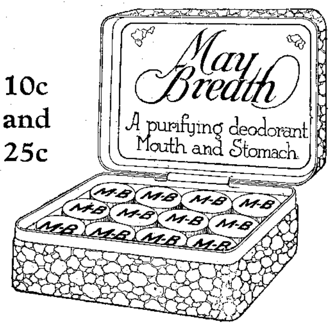

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

is also an occasional "quee, quee, quee" trill, on a lower scale.) It is this peculiar and passionate shake or trill that other birds try to imitate. It is what one might imagine the singing of happy Lilliputian hens in fairyland might be. It resembles the continuous whistle (at its best) of our white-throated Peabody bird, tho the notes do not rise and fall as do those of this sparrow, but are uttered all on a level and with no acceleration—only, when the singer is energetic and impassioned, with a slight increase of intensity toward the close. In the nightingale's husky sinking of the voice, as if he were overcome with excess of emotion, the tones sometimes become almost as low as the whisper of the American cedar-bird.

Mr. Kennedy feels that John Burroughs's study of the nightingale was not on the whole satisfactory, and that he himself, perhaps, has a better claim to knowledge on the subject:

After rather prolonged attempts to get something full and authoritative out of Burroughs's notes on English birds, I finally reached the unwilling conclusion that his notes are quite fragmentary, and, altho brilliant and true in spots, on the whole unsatisfactory. Where he spent hours in the study of a certain bird, I spent weeks. Consequently I do not feel that he speaks *ex cathedra* to me. As for one individual's judgment on a bird over another's, it is not of much importance either way. The best way is to compare notes of different students. So much depends upon when and where you hear a bird. Much depends upon the bird's own mood and condition. And much depends upon your own mood and state of health.

It is a curious and amusing fact, which Mr. Kennedy well brings out, that each writer and poet had his own opinion on the sex of the famous little bird. Its sex varies with different writers, some naming it a "her" while others place it as a "him." Mr. Kennedy says that, as a matter of fact, it is always the male bird who sings his song of courtship.

The actual nightingale and the nightingale of poetry have little in common. With two or three exceptions, the poets all sing of a she-nightingale, as most ladies amusingly speak of the family tom-cat as "she." But it is of course the cock-nightingale that sings, and not the hen. Milton, in his verses on the bird, is twice wrong and twice right about the gender and so is Tennyson. Their nightingale has no sex. This would not matter if it were a question of something inanimate. But the very core of the matter in the case of an impassioned bird-song is that it is the love-warble of the wooing male. Then for two thousand years and more the poets have been calling the Daulian bird "melancholy," and (following the Persians) have pictured "her" as lackadaisically "leaning 'her' breast-up-till a thorn" and moaning out "her" song, whereas, as I have hinted, the real song is the embodiment of joy and the bird itself is in perpetual good spirits. It is, further, not solely a night-singer (tho its name signifies as much), as all the poets except Dryden assume, but emphatically the musician of the bright day, too. The trouble has been that the human singers, in writing of their famous brother-singer of the feathered head and throbbing throat, have taken their imagery at second-hand.

A DOG THAT WILL NEVER BE KICKED AGAIN

WHEN Dan, the sheep-herder, awoke suddenly in the middle of a moonlit night, he sensed, almost before he was fully awake, that danger was near, but some one else had felt that before him, and Sino, the little brown-and-white sheep-dog, was racing in the moonlight straight toward where Dan now caught a glimpse of two flying forms. A huge greyhound, and his companion in crime, a large black mastiff, killers both, were fleeing away, with Sino hard after them. Dan knew that when they had put sufficient ground between him and themselves, they would turn and rend the poor brave little Sino. Gene Stratton-Porter had been sent by *Country Life in America* to write about the activities of a big ranch in Nebraska, and it was there she met Dan and Sino.

In *Outdoor America* (Chicago) she relates the story of how Sino saved Dan's life, but made him lose his best new lasso:

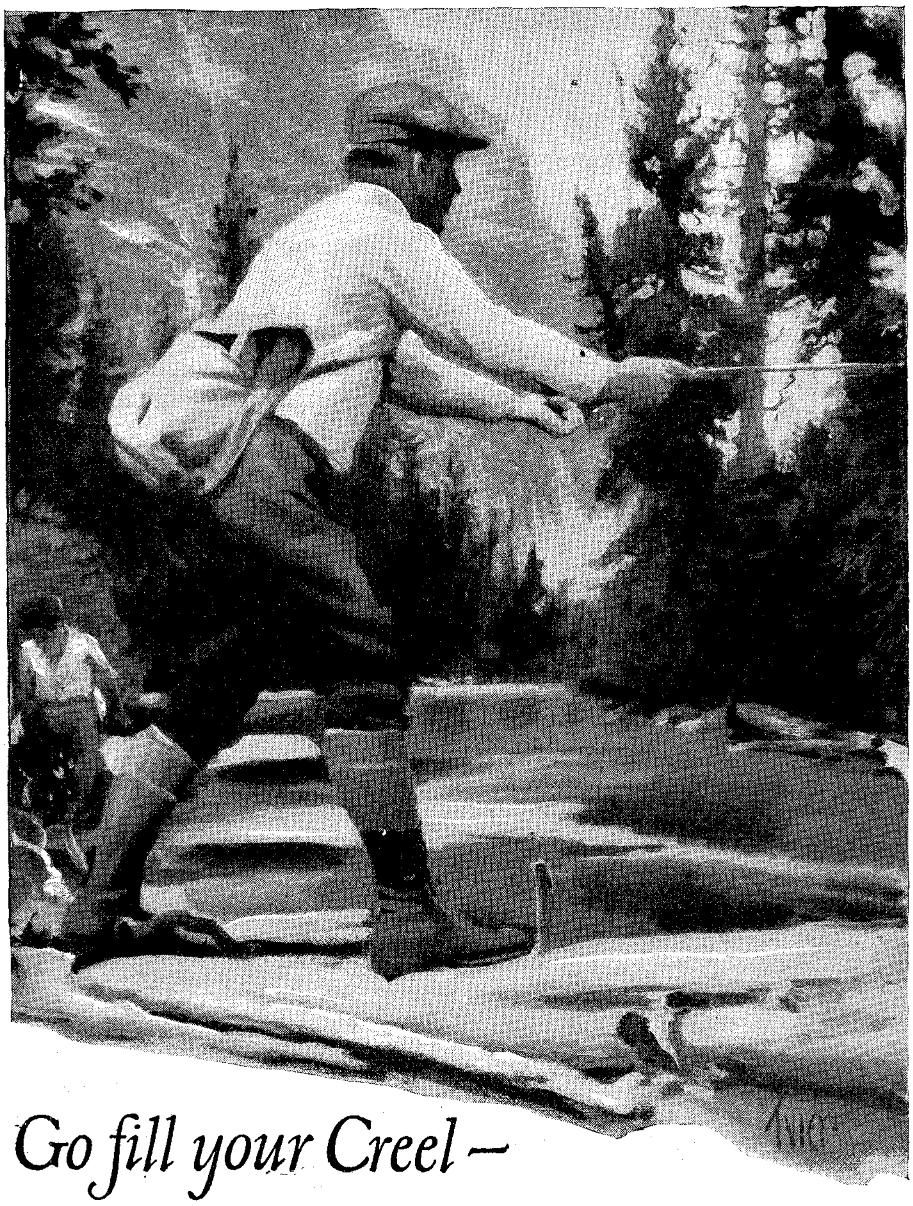
Dan, Deck and Sino were incidental to photographing the beauties and the utilities of the great ranch embracing several thousand acres. I made friends with them because part of my business was to photograph the sheep industry as it flourished on the hills. Far up in a flat place sheltered from the North wind lay the big corral.

Dan must have been a sheep-herder all his life. The requirements of his business seemed habitual with him. The sun and the wind had tanned him to a reddish, tobacco brown.

Deck would have been a good-looking horse if he had not been disfigured by Dan's queer saddle with its high pommel and padding of blankets, with the flapping blinders of the bridle that looked like those I used to see on carriage horses in the country.

So far as Sino was concerned, I am firm in the conviction that he knew more about sheep than Dan. Certainly he did the larger part of the work, and he did it with the assistance of an instinct in his make-up, also with a power of scent and a vision of eye, unknown to men. Sino was not very large. His body was covered with long, silky fine hair. Over his back, extending down each foreleg and including the tail, he was a deep Van Dyke brown, almost black. His face, surrounding his nose and mouth, was white. A faint white line ran from the tip of the nose across the top of his head. On each side of it, directly above the eyes, there was a splash of white. There was white in his ear linings and on his cheeks, and a broad patch of it on his breast, covering his belly, also the inside of both his fore and his hind legs. Being a sheep-dog, he had not much attention until I personally cleaned him up to sit for his portrait at his best, because I felt he had earned the honor of appearing as fine as he could be made to look.

His body was long, slightly suggesting in shape the Dachshund. His legs were short, and in them there were steel springs. He could cover the ground faster than any



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

animal of his size I ever have seen. Pedigree never was mentioned in connection with him.

The three spent not only their days but their nights together. Dan lived in a tent standing very close to the gates of the corral. In this tent there was nothing except a low, ramshackle cot on which Dan slept in his clothing, with the addition of some very disreputable bedding. Sino slept on the floor beside him, while Deck grazed or rested, tethered to a post of the corral in case he should be needed in the emergency of sheep-killing dogs brought in by the new tenants or ranging the country from ranches or towns from Kearney to many miles distant.

One morning as I came up to the corral ready for work, Dan told me in his terse way and with the use of fewer words than I have known any man to employ in accomplishing a story, about how Sino had pulled his sleeve as he lay sleeping that night, and had awakened him to the fact that there was danger in the air. Despite the heavy odor of five thousand sheep in the corral outside, either by scent or by instinct, the little dog had known what was coming quite as well as if he had seen a lean greyhound leap the bed of the irrigation ditch and come racing up the hills with her son, a black villain, half mastiff, foaming with blood lust, at her side. It was then that Sino had rushed to Dan, frantically tugged at his coat until he had awakened him and Dan had sprung up fully clothed as he worked, his knife in one hand, his revolver in the other.

Peering down the moon-whitened slopes, he saw the sheep-killers racing straight toward his corral. As the lean greyhound lifted with an easy sweep, she first saw Dan. Attempting to double in the air, she struck the black rising in his leap. At the instant Dan fired, but the dog's attempt to turn had confused the man and he missed. Then Dan began to shout frantically, he told me, for Sino, the best sheep-dog in Buffalo County, had darted past him and was leaping down the hills after the sheep-killers, either of whom could have crusht him with one snap. Dan told me that as he saw the little dog stretching out in frantic leaps and racing so bravely down the hill, he realized that very shortly the sheep-killers would have put sufficient distance between themselves and him to cease fearing him, and then they would turn and crush the life from Sino, the best little sheep-dog in the Central States, the best in the whole United States for that matter.

Dan told me that he shouted after him frantically: "Back Sino! Come back, you little fool! Come back!"

He realized that the wind was against him and the dog could not hear his voice, or if he did catch the sound of it, he might only feel that he was being urged to the chase. Dan, shouting in anger, could almost select the spot where the sheep-killers, sheltered by the cottonwoods bordering the irrigation ditch, would turn to crush the life from poor little Sino, the bravest and smartest sheep-dog—yes, in the whole world. With a slash Dan severed the precious hair lasso that picketed Deck to the corral, sprang on his back, and leaning flat to make the least resistance to the wind, beat the broncho's back and sides with both hands and feet, and raged at him for going so slowly.

Far ahead sped the greyhound; beside

See the
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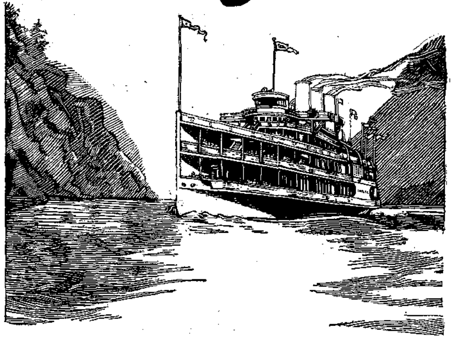

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her raced the black mastiff. Surprizingly close to both of them, Sino, a speck in comparison, seemed scarcely to touch the ground at all. Dan told me that the first thought that came to his mind when they got well under way was to be thankful that he had filled the gopher holes in a private road he had made down to the bridge that led to the boarding-house. He said that the horse's feet pounded out a kind of tune to which he found himself singing: "Glad I filled the gopher holes, gopher holes, gopher holes! Glad I filled the gopher holes, gopher holes, gopher holes!"

As they neared the line of the irrigation ditch it seemed to Dan that Sino was gaining on the marauders, and then, in a wave of boiling anger, he realized that they were purposely slowing down so that Sino might come closer. Then Dan swore fiercely and rode wildly. Almost at the exact spot he had in mind, just before her feet touched the bridge, the greyhound whirled and sprang for her small pursuer, and then Sino realized that his hour had come.

Dan said there was something unutterably pathetic in the yelp of sheer terror with which the little dog turned and doubled back up the trail like a fluff of tumbleweed borne by the wind, while Dan, still using both feet and hands on his horse, raced to the dog's rescue. He said it seemed to him as if Sino had turned to rubber and was bounding from spot to spot in his race for life, while Dan screamed to him: "Come, Sino! Come! Come on, old fellow!"

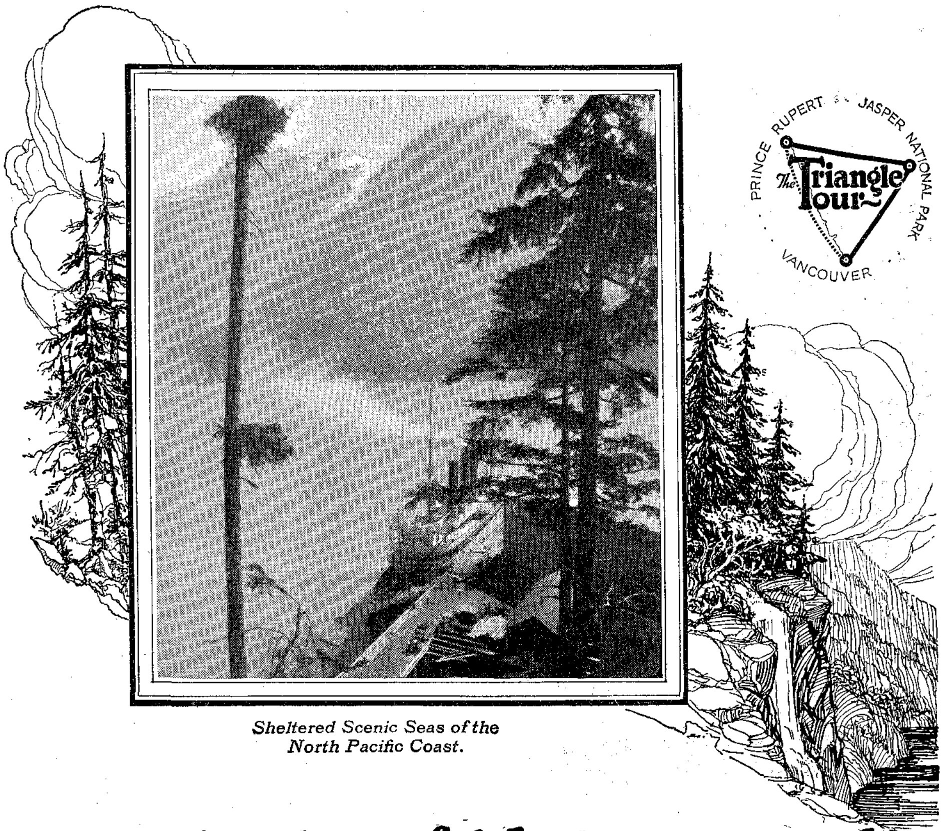
The greyhound leapt and Sino's yelp of terror told that she had grazed him as she alighted.

"I thought I never could hit her from that distance," said Dan, "but I got my gun ready. When she failed to catch Sino, the black mastiff darted ahead of her and as he arose in his leap almost over Sino, I fired point-blank. When he fell, the greyhound turned and ran for the shadows of the ditch alone."

Then Dan told me he sent bullet after bullet at her, but the slim, wavering thing seemed to dodge and take an irregular course to avoid the lead he scattered around her. When she reached the cottonwoods, there was no chance, but Dan said that he knew her, so he would get her the next time he saw her. On the way back, when he passed the black carcass, he slipt from his saddle and "made sure." Sino came bounding to him, Dan told me, panting from his race, bursting with joy over his escape, by every indication a dog can give to man, the gladdest thing alive.

And then Dan, who seemed to be a veracious man and given to telling all of anything once you got him started, told me something that astounded me. After he had reached the corral and had ridden around it carefully, inspecting everything to see that no dogs had come up from the far side, he went back to tether Deck before he went to bed again. When he picked up the lasso, a surge of anger shot through him. He had levied heavily on the tails of the horses of all his friends. He had used his spare time for weeks in the braiding of his black-and-brown lariat. As he caught it up the severed ends slipt through his fingers. He forgot his elation over the black mastiff lying down by the road to the ranch house. He forgot that if once this pair had cleared the corral and begun their bloody work among the sheep, they might have done damage that would have lost him his job before he could have prevented them.

"Damn you!" he growled at Sino, "if



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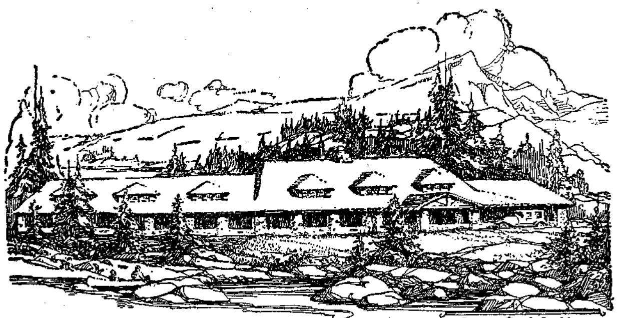

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

you'd had sense to stay where you belong, I wouldn't have cut my lasso!" Then Dan sent Sino flying from the toe of his boot into the tent before them. The dog shot under the cot without a sound, but when Dan was half asleep again, he realized that the little fellow had slipt out and was standing beside him, gazing long and steadily into his face. Then the dog walked soundlessly from the tent and sat at the entrance, guarding the sheep, until a faint streak of light rimmed the eastern hills.

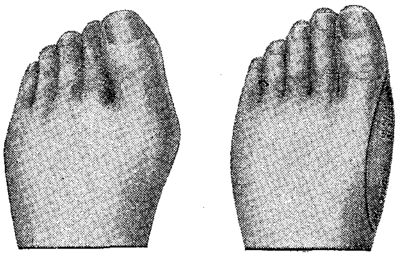
I decided that I would carry a hand camera and go back to Dan to pick up small details around the edges of the flock that would make interesting marginal decorations for my story of the ranch. So I made my way down to the outer circle of the flock. Dan was lying in the midst of it on the sloping hillside, his broad hat-brim over his face, so sound asleep that he did not answer when I called him. Deck, not far from him, was grazing as busily as the sheep that encircled the unconscious Dan, and around the outer edges of the flock Sino raced, realizing his hour of responsibility. He recognized me when he saw me and came running to me. I stooped to pat him.

At that instant Deck reared and threw himself backward in a wild leap. Sino and I saw and heard him at the same time. A growl broke from the throat of the dog. And then the thing happened that you will find difficult to believe. He instantly sprang through the flock and went bounding toward his master, so that I realized from his action that there was something he knew which I did not; something in the movement of the horse, something in the whole situation that called the little dog to duty, when all of my human perception failed to see or to hear anything of menace.

Sino broke through the circle of sheep surrounding Dan. He barked wildly in short dry yelps, and Dan became conscious of the dog's danger signal. He felt Sino brush his shoulder in his leap and then he heard a sickening buzz that he recognized. Still half asleep, he had only sense to realize that the danger lay in front of him so he whirled and rolled over and over in the opposite direction and then he sat up in time to see Sino's wide side-leap as a big rattlesnake struck at him.

Undoubtedly the snake had been harassed and driven in by the circling sheep when they broke over the point in order to give me the shot I desired from the opposite bank. The crack of Dan's revolver came on the instant. The noise scattered the Montana sheep and Sino darted away to his occupation. As I came through the flock Dan, on his knees, blinked up at me. His fingers were shaking. There was a tremor running the length of his body; his red-rimmed eyes were gazing solemnly at the writhing body of the big snake, that snake which carries death in its mouth. I stood looking down at them and it was then that Sino came bounding back with proud feet that spurned the Nebraska hilltops. His brown-and-black tail was waving like a banner of victory. He knew what he had done, even tho he had failed to receive a pat of approbation or a word of commendation.

Dan looked at the dog. I think the man was overtaken by nausea. He said to the



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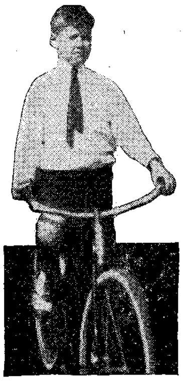

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little fellow: "God knows I got enough for to-day, Sino, let's quit."

He picked up the long switch he always carried with which to turn the sheep when they ran amuck. The disappointed dog went back to his work, systematically and thoroughly if not enthusiastically.

I was out of patience with Dan. That was too callous for any use.

At the moment when the last of the flock entered the gate I made the tailpiece for my story. Dan sat watching me, his long switch across his shoulder. The little dog lay panting where he had dropt in front of him.

"Did you get what you wanted?" inquired Dan.

I told him I was confident that I had.

Slowly he dismounted, took the saddle and the bridle from Deck, put the lasso around his neck, and tied one end of it to a post of the corral. Then he sat down in front of his tent and looked out across the hills and the valleys and the beauty of the lake. I might have been a thousand miles distant for all the attention he paid to me. I stood there a space considering him and wondering what was in his mentality, what the years of isolation and silence had bred in the man. It was at that minute the little dog came up, seated himself before his master, and looked steadily at him with soft, faithful, asking eyes. They were eyes that were gleaming strange lights; accusing eyes, if you will. His ears were raised sharply, and finally, in impatience, he beat the baked earth of the hills with his tail. It made a light thudding that attracted Dan's attention. He looked down.

"Sino," he said thickly, "you're a good little dog."

The tensing muscles of Sino's body could easily be seen at the words. His ears had been raised; now they cocked sharply. His eyes had been gleaming; now a dancing light broke into a thousand flecks in them. He approved, highly approved, of the statement. He emphasized his approval by beating his tail more emphatically. So apparent did his whole body make his appreciation that slowly, as if the words were dragged from him, Dan made his acknowledgment.

"Sino," he said, "if it hadn't been for you last night, I'd have lost this job."

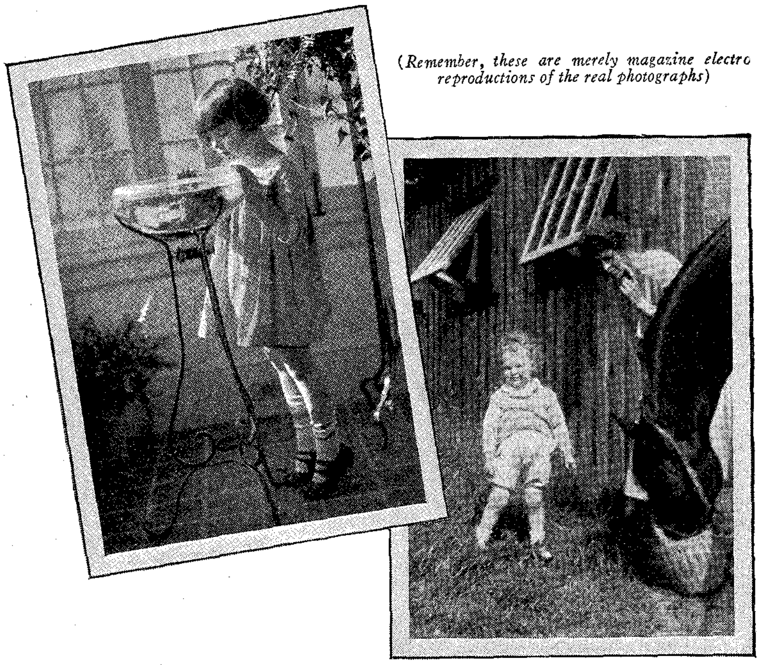
No one need tell me that the dog did not understand and thoroughly appreciate what was being said to him. His head tipped knowingly farther to one side. He gravely considered the statement. Dan's gaze strayed from the dog on over the hills. He forgot what he had been talking about. Sino waited patiently until he felt that Dan had forgotten and then, deep in his throat, "Um? Um? Um-m-m-m-m?" he softly begged for more.

Dan glanced down at him, and under the intelligent and compelling eyes of the dog, the man remembered.

"Sino," he faltered, "if it hadn't been for you, I'd have lost my face."

Sino felt that coming closer to justice. He grew more alert. He arose to his feet and stood in front of his master. Every hair on him was invigorated with approval, while his eyes were big brown pools flecked with white lights of joy and his heart was beating until you could see its thumping through his sides. Then Dan reached the resolution he had so haltingly worked up to.

"Sino," he said suddenly, as he leaned over and laid a hand that was still trembling on the bright rough head before him, "Sino, I ain't ever going to kick you again."



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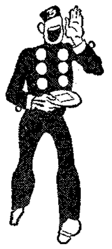

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WHAT THE BRITISH BUDGET MEANS TO AMERICAN TRADE

MASTERLY, as the New York *World* calls it, is the British Labor Government's first budget just presented to the House of Commons by Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer. It seems to have met the somewhat grudging approval of practically all British parties. On the one hand, say the papers, he has stolen the fire of British Liberalism by foreshadowing the complete restoration of free trade. On the other hand, he is taking advantage of a temporary surplus in the treasury to materially reduce or eliminate the "nuisance taxes" which bore heaviest on the poorer taxpayer. His estimate of outlay, for the fiscal year ending April is, we are told, $3,476,000,000, by far the lowest figure since before the war. But most important of all to Americans is the fact that in spite of the dominance of America in the automobile and motion picture industries, as the Baltimore *Sun* points out, Mr. Snowden advocates the elimination of important war-time tariffs on such products, which may affect this country to a surprizing degree.

Speaking as he did before six ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer, this budget, points out the Newark *Evening News*, is a personal triumph for Mr. Snowden since so far none of the six has been able to pick any real flaw in his "lucid explanation of the intricate finances" of the Government. Former Premier Lloyd George in a syndicated press dispatch admits that:

> When he sat down, the wildest Socialists in the House gave him such an ovation as they have not yet accorded to any of his colleagues, and the following morning British stocks rose in the market after financiers had read and digested his budget. A truly remarkable achievement, which reflects credit on Mr. Snowden's adaptability.

The two chief features of this surprizing budget generally commented upon by American newspapers are the repeal of the McKenna duties on imported articles such as automobiles, etc., and the application of the present surplus so as to effect chiefly a radical reduction in the cost of food. It is the British breakfast table, points out the Boston *News Bureau*, which is the chief beneficiary—the tariff on tea being cut 50 per cent., sugar even more, and less important items like coffee, cocoa, chicory, etc., also cut 50 per cent. The principal attacks made on this budget were against the cutting out of the McKenna duties, and against the scrapping of preferential Empire duties demanded by the Dominions in their last Imperial Conference. What action will be taken by the Dominions remains to be seen, but an Associated Press dispatch informs us that the House of Commons formally ratified the budget resolution to abolish the McKenna duties by August 1.

The tremendous effect of this last action on American trade with Great Britain can scarcely be realized at present, point out various financial authorities in this country. To start with, the Boston *News Bureau* points out:

> The McKenna duties, now marked for extinction, covered automobiles, films, motorcycles, clocks, etc. It is the removal of the 33 1-3 per cent. duty on autos that chiefly will count; and it is small wonder that makers of British cars are loudly complaining.
>
> That British industry has hitherto been operating on a small scale, claiming now, however, to be on the verge of a substantial output. The British output yearly has been at about the Ford numerical rate for a fortnight. There are nearly twenty-five cars on American roads for one on British.
>
> Will the new arrangement mean a large invasion of the British market by light and relatively cheap American cars, particularly as supplanting Canadian purveyors who have been enjoying a one-third preferential of the duty?

The answer to this question may, perhaps, be contained in the information we receive from the New York *Daily Financial America*, that this provision of Mr. Snowden's has raised a cry from British manufacturers throughout the Isles who see their market flooded with American automobiles. Says one financial writer, in *The Herald Tribune:*

> Owners of automobile manufacturing companies' securities were heartened considerably yesterday by cables from abroad setting forth the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the 33 1-3 per cent. import tax on automobiles be removed. They were confident that the adoption of such a plan would mark the opening of a new era in the American automotive industry and would open a good-sized market which has been "pinched in" if not closed. One reason American sales in England have not been greater is this very tax which makes it necessary to charge higher prices for imported vehicles. Its elimination would bring the price of American motorcars within the reach of many Britishers who, while they might wish to purchase one, are now unable to do so. British production of automobiles last year was only 76,000 cars and trucks—about what the Ford factories produce every two weeks. At the end of last year there were about 655,000 motors registered in the United Kingdom, which compares with something more than 15,000,000 in this country. Those American builders who have Canadian plants for the purpose of taking advantage of the one-third rebate allowed on importations from the Dominion will not be affected so favorably as the others, should the proposal be adopted.

The reaction on manufacturers and exporters in this country has been almost immediate, as a study of the financial journals will show. For instance, in the New York *Journal of Commerce* we read:

> Exporters in this city express keen satisfaction with the announcement by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer that provision had been made for the removal or reduction of the McKenna duties on sugar, tea, coffee, chicory, motor-cars, pianos, watches, clocks and musical instruments. They said that the change was sure to stimulate increased exports to Great Britain, particularly with respect to cheap motor-cars.

The United States Sugar Association issued the following statement in part:

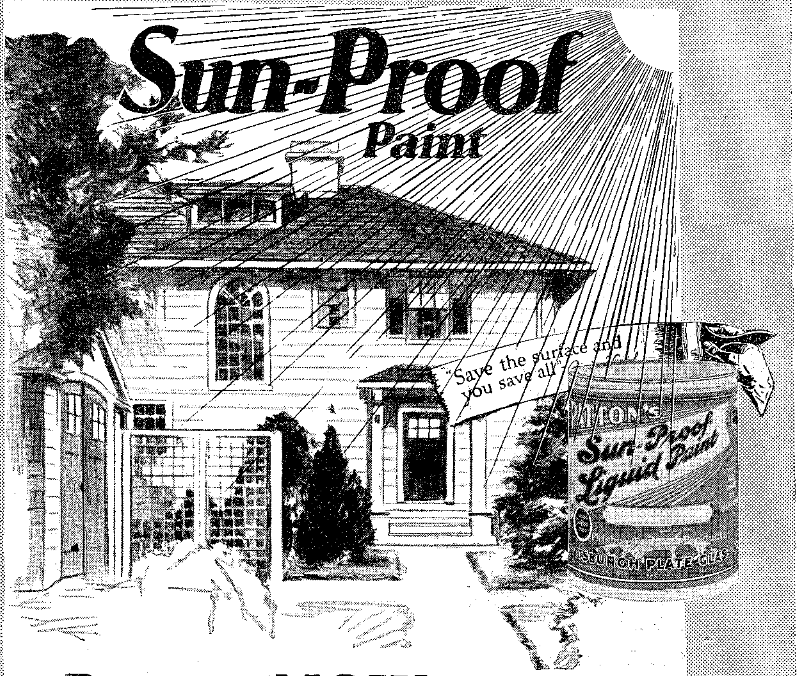
> "Instead of going into effect August 1, 1924, as first supposed, the reduction in duties on sugar takes effect to-day, and cables announce an immediate reduction in the price of English refined from 58s 9d to 44s 9d, or 14s, the exact amount of the tariff reduction. The entire reduction in the tariff on refined sugar is reflected in the reduction in price of refined sugar.
>
> "Advices from British sugar interests are to the effect that this reduction in tariff and consequent reduction in prices will result in an increase in consumption averaging 10,000 tons per month in Great Britain."

Naturally it was not without considerable debate that the abolition of the McKenna duties was passed by the House of Commons. The bitterest debates, as the New York *Times* points out, were on the sweetest subject—sugar. A combination of traders in the United States, Sir William Ormsby-Gore is quoted as having asserted, was being formed to market surplus sugar in Europe. Furthermore, said he, Mr. Snowden was repudiating a bargain made with the colonies at the Imperial Conference. *The Times* continues:

> In reply the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented figures to show that the West Indies under preference had been producing less sugar than before. So far as breaking faith was concerned, he again reminded the Conservatives that they had asked the country for a verdict on protection, and the country had turned them down. He declared that the sugar amendment was proposed in the interests of the West Indian planters and at the expense of consumers in Great Britain, and that every penny of the West Indian preference in the last five years had gone to increase the planters' profits.

As to the fear express by those who foresee a flood of American automobiles, the Government has no fear that the expiration of the McKenna duties will cause the closing of British automobile manufacturing works. This information is contained in a London dispatch to *The Journal of Commerce*, which goes on to say:

> William Graham, financial secretary to the Treasury, said that there was no evidence of a glut of motor-cars in the United States, and no indications of preparations for "dumping" here.
>
> The best answer, added the Treasury spokesman, was the experience of 1923 when America produced 4,000,000 cars and absorbed 96 per cent. of them herself, sending only 4 per cent. to the entire remainder of the world.



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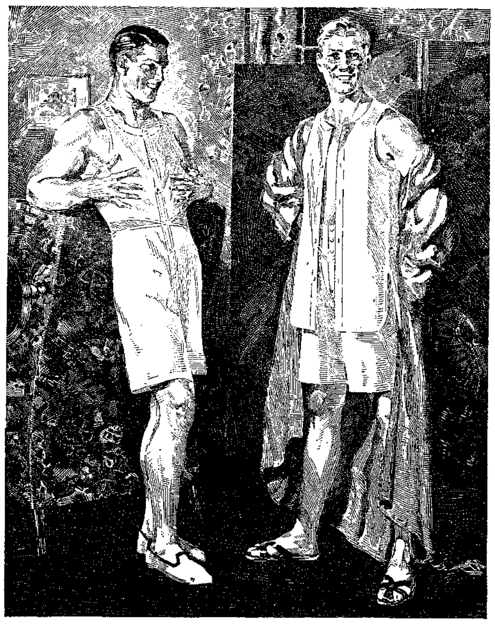

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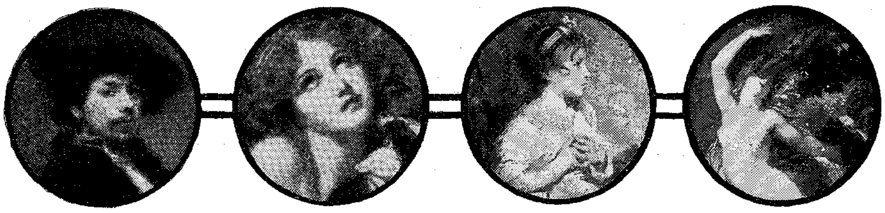

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

May 7.—Officials of the Cuban Government report the insurrection practically at an end.

M. Krestinsky, the Russian Ambassador to Germany, quits Germany following the refusal of the German Government to apologize for a recent raid by police on the quarters of the Russian commercial delegation in Berlin.

Prime Minister MacDonald announces his willingness to give the House of Commons an opportunity to pass a resolution similar to that recently adopted by the United States Senate, favoring another conference for the limitation of armaments.

Half a million men are idle in the Rhenish Westphalian mine field, following a lockout by the operators because of the refusal of miners to work more than eight hours a day. Labor in the mines operated by the occupying Powers continues.

May 8.—Charles Ammon, Parliamentary Secretary to the British Admiralty, reiterates in the House of Commons the desire of the Government to coöperate with any plan of President Coolidge for reduction of armaments.

C. R. Nasmith, the new American Consul at Newcastle, England, calls on the Lord Mayor as a preliminary to the reopening of the Consulate, and thus ends the dispute between the American and British Governments over the revocation of the exequaturs of the former Consul and Vice-Consul on the charge that they had discriminated against British passenger ships in issuing visés to travelers.

May 9.—A hundred townspeople and six native soldiers were killed in a disturbance at Kirkuk, Mesopotamia, on May 4, according to advices received at the British Colonial Office in London.

May 10.—Riots all over the country mark the election in Japan in which the Government is defeated. One man is killed, several scores are injured, and more than 800 persons are arrested for violation of election laws.

May 11.—Communists and Fascisti clash at the unveiling of the new statue of Von Moltke at Halle, Germany, and eleven Communists and six police are killed. The old monument of Von Moltke was blown up some time ago, supposedly by Communists.

Premier Poincaré's parliamentary majority, which he had maintained for two years, is swept away in the election, the opposition parties winning 342 seats as against 229 seats for the National Bloc and affiliated parties. Premier Poincaré will retain office until the new Chamber convenes.

May 12.—Following a cabinet meeting, Premier Poincaré notifies President Millerand that the resignation of his ministry will become effective June 4. The new chamber meets June 1.

The Irish Free State Government offers £10,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of five men participating in the attack on unarmed British soldiers at Queenstown, March 21.

DOMESTIC

May 7.—The conferees on the immigration bill agree to postpone putting into effect the Japanese exclusion clause to March 1, 1925, before which, it is provided, the President is requested to enter negotiations with the Japanese Government over the "gentlemen's agreement" now in effect.

A plan to unify the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is ratified by the Methodist Episcopal General Conference in Springfield, Massachusetts, by a vote of 842 to 13.

May 8.—Senator Lodge introduces a resolution proposing a plan for a new World Court which will be made a part of the Hague peace organization and be entirely separate from the League of Nations. It is provided that its decision must be accepted as compulsory by all the member nations.

Establishment of diplomatic relations between the Republic of Panama and Colombia is announced by the State Department.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, meeting at Cleveland, adopts a resolution opposing exclusion of Japanese subjects from America by legislative enactment. Another resolution unanimously approves American adherence to the World Court in accordance with the recommendation of President Coolidge.

May 9.—William J. Burns resigns as Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice.

The House, by a vote of 191 to 171, directs the conferees to leave the date on which the immigration bill, including the Japanese exclusion clause, is to become effective on July 1, 1924, as originally fixt.

May 10.—The American Navy is placed second on a basis of 5—4—3 in relation to Great Britain and Japan, instead of the 5—5—3 ratio authorized by the Washington Disarmament Conference, reports Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt to Chairman Butler of the House Naval Affairs Committee.

The conferees on the immigration bill agree to make the Japanese exclusion section effective July 1, 1924.

The Senate passes the tax bill containing the Democratic income tax schedule by a vote of 69 to 15. The bill goes to conference with the House.

May 11.—Maj. Frederick L. Martin, who was in charge of the globe-encircling flight, and his mechanic, Staff-Sergt. Alva L. Harvey, reported missing April 30, announce their safe arrival at Port Moller, Alaska, where they walked after their machine crashed against a mountainside.

May 12.—Representative John W. Langley, Republican, of Kentucky, is found guilty of using his influence to have Federal Prohibition Director Sam Collins of Kentucky issue permits allowing whisky to be transported contrary to law.

A bill to authorize the funding over a sixty-two-year period of Hungary's $1,685,000 debt to the United States, as negotiated by the Debt Commission, is passed by the House and sent to the Senate.

The Senate ratifies the extradition treaty with Bulgaria signed at Sofia, March 19, 1924.

The Senate passes a resolution, reported by Chairman Smith from the Interstate Commerce Committee, directing the Interstate Commerce Commission, with the least practicable delay, to lower

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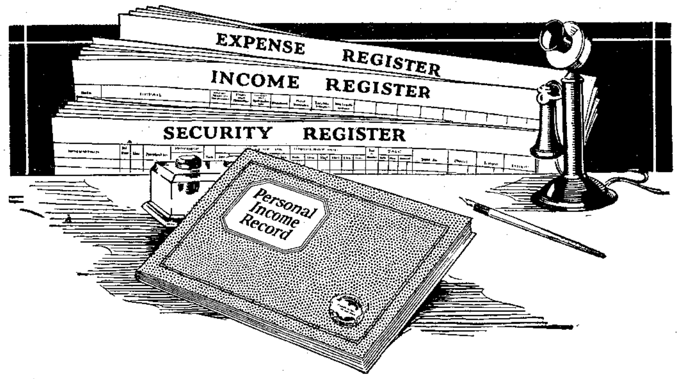

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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

freight rates on agricultural products and live stock.

May 13.—President Coolidge's veto of the Bursum pension bill to appropriate $58,000,000 for increased pensions to veterans of the Civil War, Mexican War, Spanish-American War and certain Indian wars is upheld in the Senate by a vote of 53 for the measure to 28 against it. Senator Bursum introduces a new bill, with the rates slightly changed from the original and costing about $5,000,000 a year less.

The Senate Committee investigating the indictment in Montana of Senator Wheeler, Democrat, of that State, unanimously decides to close its inquiry without taking further testimony, and directs Chairman Borah to draft and submit a report for committee approval.

Representative John W. Langley, of Kentucky, Republican, is sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Atlanta penitentiary by Judge Cochran in the United States District Court at Covington, following the Representative's conviction on the charge of conspiring illegally to transport whisky in 1921. Three others receive similar sentences. Representative Langley and Milton Lipschutz, one of the others convicted, are released on bond pending an appeal.

Cracklings

The hours I spend with thee, dear heart,
Are fraught with joy and bliss, although
At times I'd like to kick apart
My Radio, my Radio.
Each word a shriek, each song a blare
But still I tune and tune in vain—
I listen in unto the end, and there
You screech again.
"B" batteries and ampliphone,
O tuning coil that makes me cross,
I wish that I could cure your static groan.
But you're a loss, sweetheart, a total loss.
—*Paul J. Artale, in "The Chase."*

No Place to Go but Home.—JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA (after the decision of Supreme Court of U. S. A.)—"Now we have no place to go—finally we must immigrate to some comet or to star."

SON—"Well, star is also belongs to U. S., Pa—look the flag."—*A Jap's translation of a joke in The Japanese American (San Francisco, Cal.).*

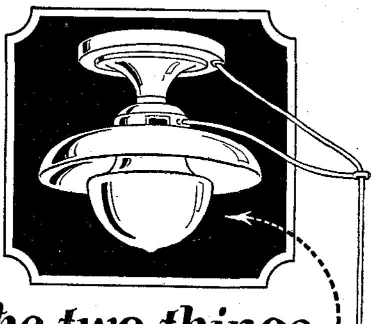
The Perfect Hypocrite.—TEACHER—"Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

JOHNNY—"Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."—*Quotable Anecdotes, by D. B. Knox. (Fisher Unwin).*

Then He Wound the Cat.—We've all heard about the absent-minded professor who poured the syrup down his back and scratched his pancake, but the one that worries us is the one who poured catsup on his shoelace and tied his spaghetti.—*Gargoyle.*

For Cutting Portions.—"Shall we scrap our old postage-stamp perforating machine?"

"I think I know where I can sell it to a beefsteak restaurant."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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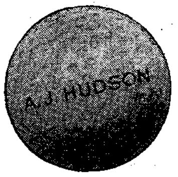

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

agreeable, pleasing.—"T. J. M.," Glasgow, Scotland—The distinction to be drawn in the meanings of these two words may be stated as follows: *agreeable* connotes the possession of ability to give pleasure by bearing, conversation, manner, etc. *Agreeable* also signifies "in conformity with" or "comformable to," as, conduct *agreeable* to the moral law. We speak of *agreeable* manners or conversation; fruits *agreeable* to the taste; *agreeable* company.

Pleasing implies imparting pleasure to. One's conduct or carriage may be *pleasing* to an audience. We love the company of a *pleasing* man because he charms; cultured men are always *pleasing*; a *pleasing* address is the stamp of a well-bred man.

agreement, bargain, contract.—"B. W.," Louisville, Ky.—There is a marked difference in the meanings of these words. *Agreement* signifies a state of verbal accord as conveyed by promise; *bargain* is a mutual *agreement* between two or more persons and binding them by *contract* to transfer rights to property for a consideration, and to pay such consideration on receipt of the property. *Bargain* also connotes something purchased at a low price. *Contract* is a general term that implies any kind of stipulation, but differs with *agreement* in that it is a formal writing whereas an *agreement* may be either verbal or written—"The agent was compelled to draw up a *contract* so as to bind the purchaser to his *agreement*." One makes an *agreement* for the purchase of a house subject to the completion of a *bargain* between a landowner and a builder who has signed a *contract* to build the house.

all, every.—"J. S.," Bronx, N. Y.—Strictly, *all* implies generality, *every* particularity. *All* is often used with the plural number, as, *all* men, *all* things, but we say "for *all* time." *Every* is used invariably with the singular number, as, *every* man, *every* house, *every* chance, etc. Altho *every* is commonly used by itself, it sometimes associated with *one*, especially when the intention is to use it as synonymous with *all*. So, *every one* particularizes, while *all* generalizes. *Every one* embraces *all*, but *all* used promiscuously does not necessarily include *every one*.

almost, nearly.—"G. C. H.," Atlantic City, N. J.—These words are frequently used as synonyms, but there is a distinction. *Almost* is preferably applied to matters of degree, while *nearly* refers chiefly to quantity, time, and space. The task that has been begun and approaches completion is *almost* done, while that which is to be undertaken is *nearly* under way. Thus, while *nearly* implies the beginning, *almost* regards the end of an act. "It is *nearly* six o'clock" means that it is on the point of striking six. The hair of a gray-headed man may be *almost* as white as snow. Of a plain woman we may say she is *almost* as ugly as some one else. But *almost* is not used with a negative and *nearly* may be: "She is not *nearly* as handsome as her sister."

alone, only—"E. A. V.," Hayle Place, Maidstone, England—The distinction made in the meanings of these words may be stated briefly as follows: *Alone* means sole, solitary; hence, it indicates the state of a person or thing. *Only* signifies unity, and is used to indicate that of which there is no more than one. A man when by himself is said to be *alone*; a child that has neither brother or sister is an *only* child.

also, likewise.—"V. H.," New York City—*Also* and *likewise* are distinctive in meaning. *Also* implies addition; as, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be *also*"—*Matthew* vi: 21. Love is not merely generous but *also* prodigal. *Likewise* means "in the same manner" and it denotes agreement or connection between the words it unites. It couples actions or states of being; as, "He is an orator; *likewise* a statesman."

always, continually, perpetually.—"E. M.," San Francisco, Calif.—*Always* implies at all times; on all occasions. *Continually* indicates that which is done without interruption for a limited time. One should *always* put duty before pleasure. A business man is interrupted *continually* by visitors. The speaker who wishes to please his audience should *always* talk well, but not *continually*. That which is done *perpetually* is done without intermission and without any regard to time, as, the earth is *perpetually* in motion.

amaze, astonish.—"S. A.," Greenwich, N. Y.—Closely related as they are, these terms are to be carefully discriminated. We are *amazed* when overcome by bewilderment or perplexity, but *astonished* when strongly affected by something that awakens wonder within us. *Amazed* at the grandeur of nature's work, we are *astonished* to find it so perfect. A man's actions may *amaze* us when they differ from what we expected, but we are not *astonished* when we know the reasons that impelled him to them.

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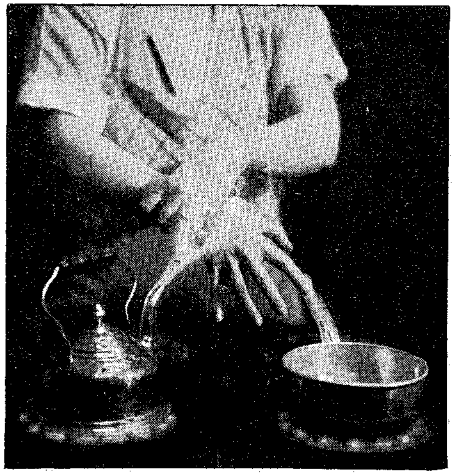

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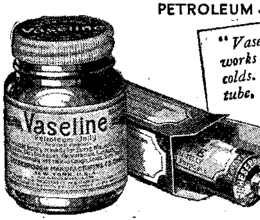

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Tally One.—
MAN FREED BY WIFE ELUDES PURSUERS—*New York Evening Post Headline.*

Wakeful Feature.—MOTHER—"Is daddy asleep?"

BETTY—"Yes, mother—all except his nose."—*London Humorist.*

Mistaken Identity.—"So Bill got nipt in the stock market. How did it happen?"

"Oh, the usual case of a lamb mistaking himself for a fox."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rail and Hedge.—"Well, Senator Flubdub is back home looking after his political fences."

"I suppose that will be a relief from his usual hedging."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Garden Hint.—"How did you manage to get the weeds down so well in your garden?"

"I blindfolded the neighbor's hens and they scratched out as many weeds as they did vegetables."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Unselfish or Forehanded?—CUSTOMER—"I want to buy three lawn-mowers."

DEALER—"You must have a big place."

CUSTOMER—"No . . . but I have two neighbors."—*The National Magazine of the Hardware Trade.*

Pickles Here and There.—At a recent luncheon, twenty-six varieties of Australian wine were served. Americans must take consolation from the fact that they can go thirty-one better than this with pickles.—*London Opinion.*

One Left Out.—THE BORE—"Did I tell you of my adventure in Patagonia?"

HIS VICTIM (having listened to about twenty adventures)—"Interesting yarn?"

THE BORE—"You bet!"

HIS VICTIM—"Then you haven't told me."—*London Humorist.*

When in Doubt.—LADY PIANIST (who, after an hour of it, has nearly played her visitor to sleep)—"What would you like me to play now?"

THE VISITOR (dreamily)—"Oh! I dunno —I should keep right on with trumps!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

Something Wrong.—"Who shall I say is asking for him?" inquired central of the man in the booth.

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Wait a minute—the wires are crossed."—*Punch Bowl.*

No Hero After All.—He had risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave, and, of course, her father was duly grateful.

"Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter."

"None whatever, sir," replied the amateur life-saver; "I am already married."—*Chicago News.*

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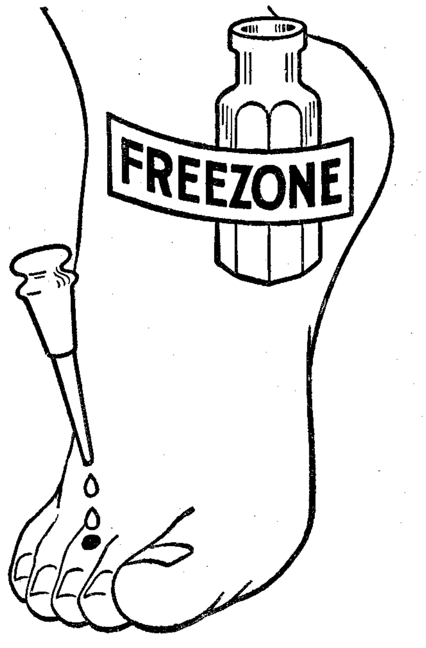

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